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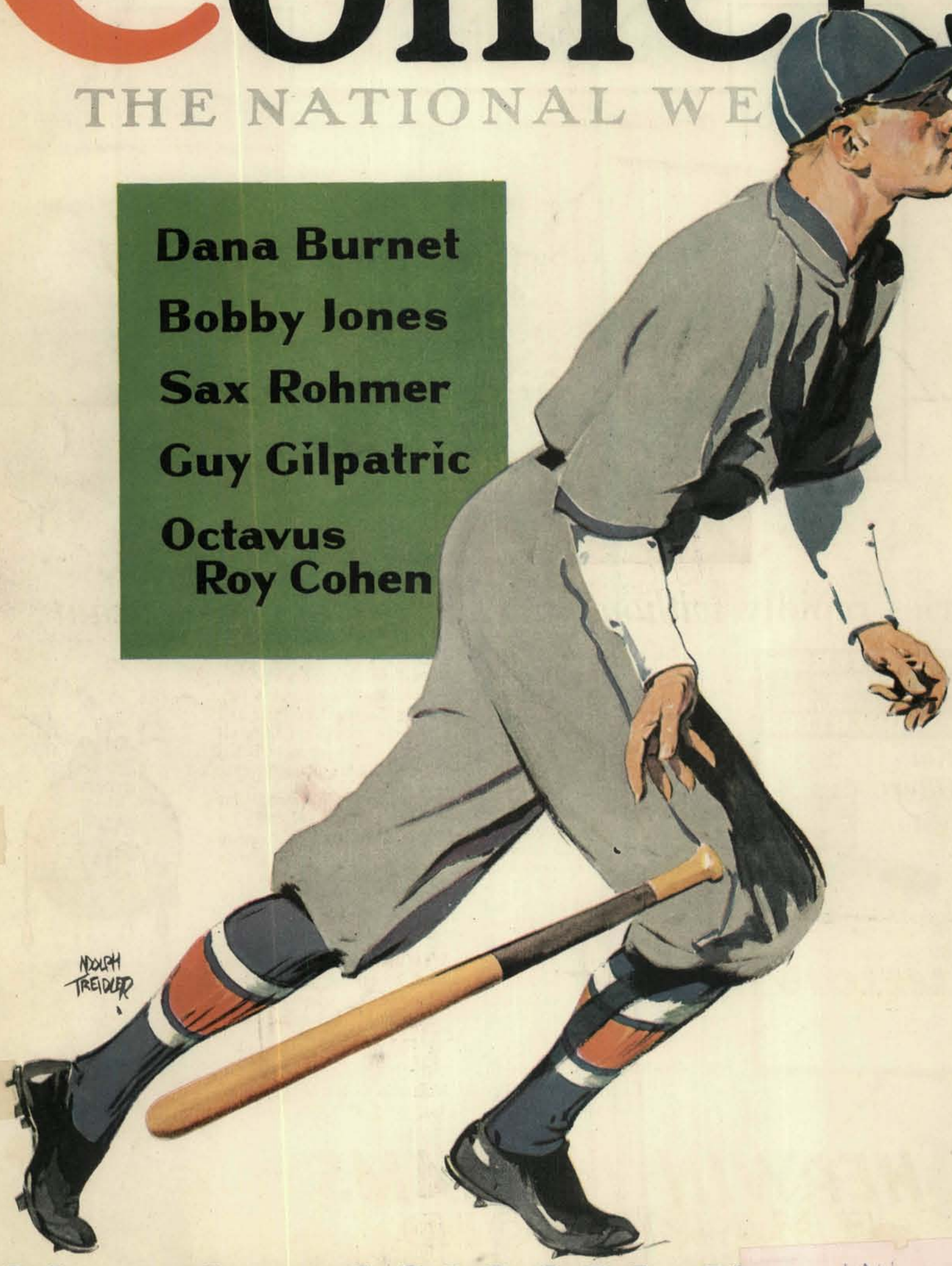

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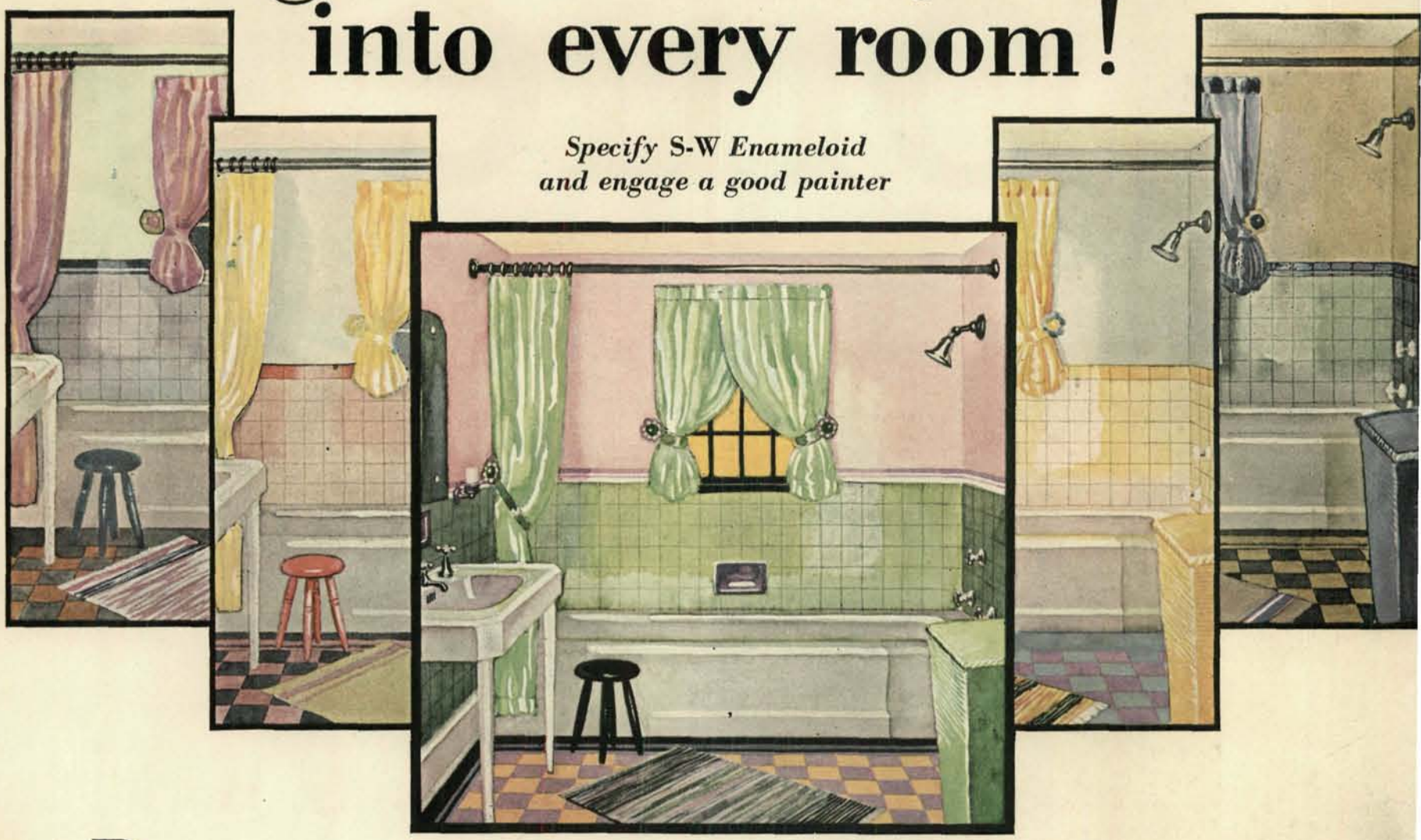

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IN every civilized land on the face of the globe; densely populated cities, rural districts . . . *everywhere* that being on time is of *importance*, people rely on Big Ben. Millions have found him as dependable as the sun.

His friendly call speaks a "language" that is universally understood. To *all* nationalities it means but *one* thing: "Time to Wake Up!"

Big Ben is attractive in design, in finish . . . strictly *modern* and a quality alarm *through* and *through*. He is dustproof. His cheery alarm sounds on a back gong . . . rings steadily or repeats. His large handy keys are easy to wind. The graceful, felt-cushioned base makes him stand firm and solid. Precision built in every detail and squarely backed by a Two Year Gold Seal Service Guarantee issued by the *manufacturer*. Baby Ben, just like Big Ben only smaller, carries the same positive guarantee.

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ALARMS POCKET WATCHES AUTO CLOCKS

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

April 26, 1930

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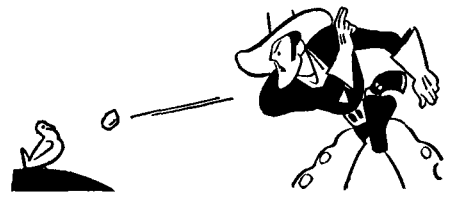
DEVIL AND DIPLOMAT

Next Week

IN THE course of the World War Winston Churchill filled nearly as many offices as our own William Gibbs McAdoo, although William Gibbs is one up because he sat in so many chairs all at the same time. Churchill moved from one to another. He was the First Lord of the Admiralty, which is what the British strangely call their Secretary of the Navy, when the war began. In 1917 he was Minister of Munitions. He was Secretary of State for War in 1918 and Secretary for Air at the same time. He is a brilliant statesman, soldier, journalist, and if he wanted to wear all his medals he'd have to put on four coats.

Mr. Churchill has written a series of articles for Collier's about the crucial crises of the war. The first, "Panic in the East," appears next week. It is about the Battle of Gumbinnen, which is not even a name to the unwarlike reader, yet it caused the rise of Hindenburg and Ludendorff and prevented the capture of Paris. It's this sort of thing which makes Collier's readers so much in demand at social gatherings.



OKLAHOMA JACK GILLIGAN, the self-confessed movie star, is in trouble again. Mrs. Pentwoolder of the S. P. C. A. threatens serious trouble because Jack throws rocks at pigeons. Ordinarily we would be the last to defend this practice because we number pigeons among our feathered friends and, except in the morning, find their cooing rather pleasant. But we have seen Jack's long letter to Mrs. Pentwoolder and if she is the woman we think she is the subject will be dropped immediately. If Mrs. Pentwoolder had nearly lost her husband because of a Spanish girl and a homing pigeon which wouldn't go home she wouldn't go around writing letters to people. We print the correspondence in "One-Man Pigeon," by Jerome Beatty.

—

THAT painful but fascinating play "The Last Mile," the scenes of which are laid in the death house of a state's prison, is described with many a commiserating sigh by Mr. Alexander Woollcott. When we saw "The Last Mile" we thought we should leave at the end of the first act with a broken heart. We stuck it out, as everyone else did, and find now that the shock left no permanent effect except a strengthening of our opposition to capital punishment.

—

WHY, we have wondered, doesn't someone write a good love story about a radio announcer and a studio hostess? Because, we were told, radio announcers are already in love—with their own voices. That was ignorance, of course. John B. Kennedy, who has had ample opportunity to observe the radio fauna, reports that they are just like the rest of us and has written "Isis Was a Queen" to prove it. Thank *you*, Mr. Kennedy.

—

WE burst into May with all these and many, many more. "Fu Manchu's Daughter," May Edginton's "Reckless Cinderella," David Thibault's "Rat Trap," Grantland Rice, Wallace Irwin, Gerald Mygatt, Uncle Henry, to mention a few.

Any Week

MRS. ROY EDWARD CORRUS of Indianapolis informs us that while Senator Reed Smoot was saving her and her children from the horrors of sex in print, her son in a burst of enterprise and curiosity possessed himself of a copy of Lady Chatterley's Lover, of which Mr. Smoot spoke at such length and warmth, read it at a sitting and passed it on to his sister.

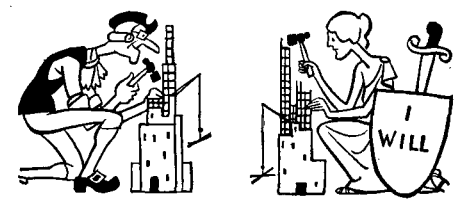
"As yet," says Mrs. Corrus, "neither child has been arrested. After all, they have as much right to read it as Senator Smoot has to advertise it."

—

COINCIDENCE threw us for a loss last week. We were having dinner at a friend's house and took occasion to speak highly of the Roquefort cheese (our favorite) that he served. Such an opportunity presenting itself, we told him of several letters we received after publishing Marie Beynon Ray's recent article on cheese.

Mrs. Ray's article had it that Roquefort was made only in France, of sheep's milk, in caves. These letters assured us that the best Roquefort in the world, no less, was made in Grove City, Pennsylvania, of cow's milk, in the most sanitary surroundings. We made some light remark about patriotism being patriotism and Roquefort being Roquefort.

"No doubt, no doubt," sighed our friend. "By the way, this Roquefort you're eating, with what looks to me like relish, came from Grove City."



"FIRST," writes Mr. E. M. Frantzinger of Mobile, "the newspapers tell us that Walter Chrysler has built the tallest building. Then along comes Al Smith, the man they just can't keep down, saying his new skyscraper will be taller. Now somebody in Chicago, Al Capone probably, threatens to raise them ten stories. Why doesn't somebody with vision build a 200-story Temple of Toil and stop all this nonsense?"

The reason why they haven't gone higher in New York is that the law requires the building to be stepped back so many feet for every hundred feet of rise. Presently you reach a floor area so small that it is a commercial loss—so much room taken up by elevators, washrooms and corridor that there's no more room for offices. If you just can't sleep until you know why your own town hasn't erected Mr. Frantzinger's monster, call up your Chamber of Commerce. Not that we couldn't tell you if we had the room.

—

MR. J. R. DOWD of the United States Customs Service at Newark, New Jersey, wants to know what story in Collier's the girl on the cover for March 29th is reading. He sought to track down the story by locating the advertisement shown on the page opposite what fascinates the girl. Finding no such advertisement, he wants an explanation.

All we have to say is that if we return from Europe with our baggage full of contraband, we don't want any such thorough inspector as Mr. Dowd looking into our things.

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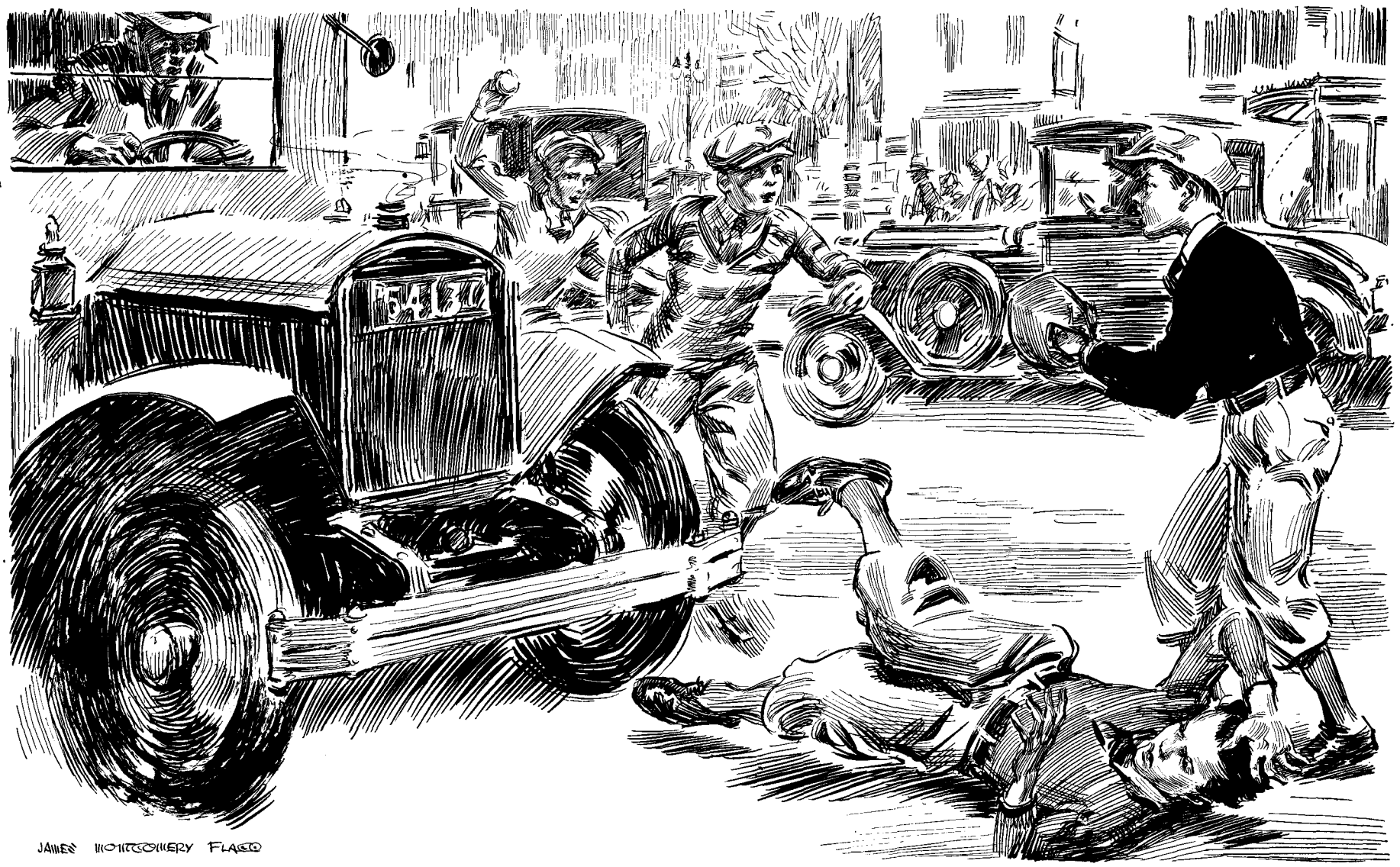

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Help the Healthy

More children between five and fifteen are killed by accidents than by diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid, appendicitis and measles — combined

MANY of the boys and girls who are killed by accidents are daring, adventurous, fun-loving, bubbling over with high spirits, ready to take chances, heedless of danger.

If children are not provided with proper playgrounds they will play in the streets—where most accidents happen. If they haven't been taught watchfulness on streets and highways, they are in danger every time they leave the house.

Twenty thousand children under 15 were killed last year by accidents—nearly 30 per cent of them by automobiles; the rest by drownings, burns, the careless use of firearms, falls and other causes.

You guard a delicate child instinctively. Guard the healthy one thoughtfully. Teach him that only he can protect himself against dangers greater than disease.

People who have not learned reasonable caution in childhood are likely to continue to be heedless in later years. Eighty thousand people, 15 years of age or over, were killed by accidents last year. Falls on stairs or from rickety stepladders, chairs, boxes and window sills cause thousands of deaths at home.

Accidents are the sixth greatest cause of death for people of all ages; the first cause of death among children from 5 to 15.

Send for Metropolitan's booklet on accident prevention. Ask for Booklet 530-C. Mailed free upon request.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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WALTER E. HOLLAND
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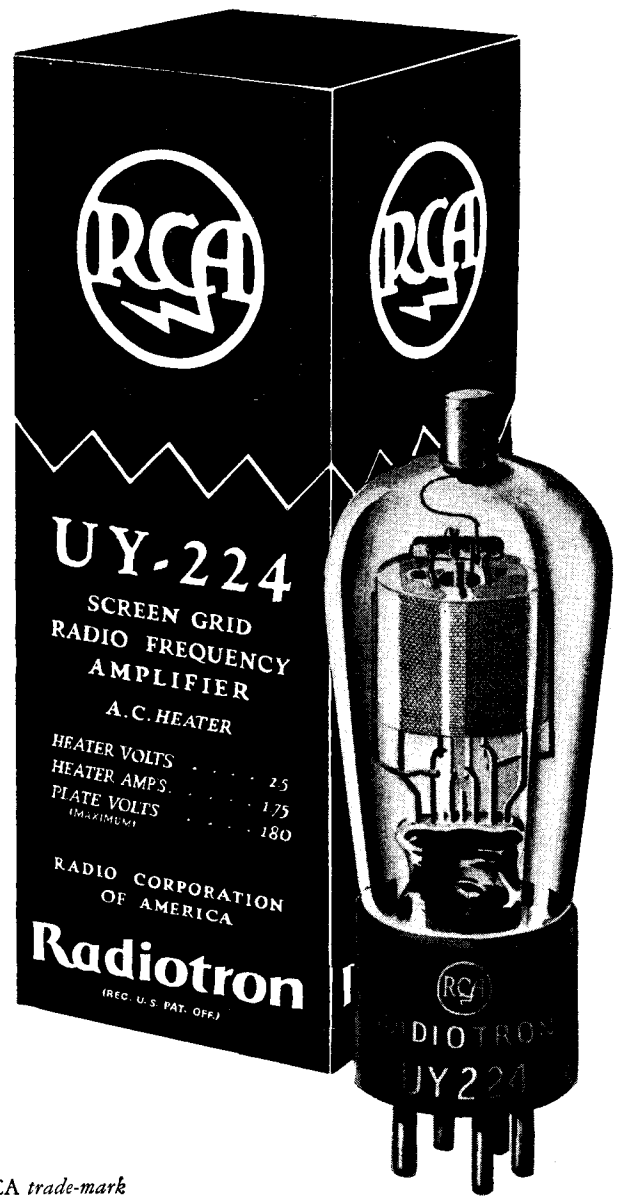
RCA RADIOTRON CO., INC.
HARRISON, N. J.



RADIO ENGINEERS ADVISE:

Replace all the vacuum tubes in your radio set with RCA Radiotrons at least once a year. This is the only sure way to maintain good performance and minimize disagreeable noises and other troubles caused by inferior tubes. RCA Radiotrons will give you the maximum in selectivity, sensitivity and *tone quality.*

Old tubes may impair the performance of the new

Look for the red and black carton RCA *and the famous* RCA *trade-mark*

RCA Radiotron

THE HEART OF YOUR RADIO SET

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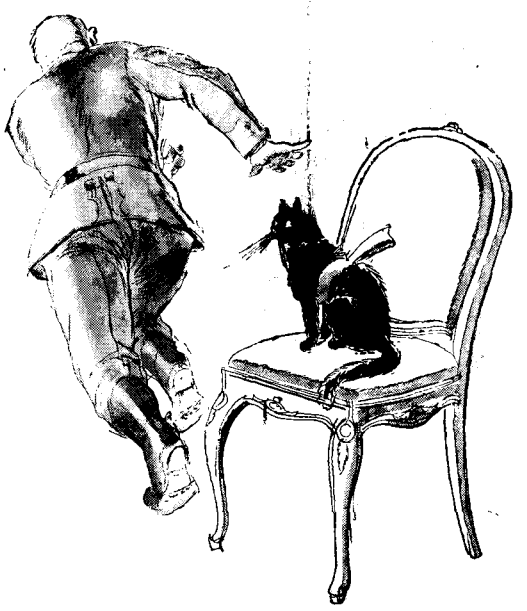
Collier's The National Weekly for April 26, 1930

KANSAS

"For God's sake," screamed the Englishman hysterically, "keep that cat away from me!" *"Mein Gott!"* shouted the colonel, overturning the table



The Great Whiskerino

The heroic adventures of a small but very potent black cat who seriously disturbed the serenity of the well-known Western Front

By Guy Gilpatric

FARNBOROUGH, Hants, is on Salisbury Plain, a scant half hour's flight from the ancient altars of Stonehenge, which mark the exact astrological center of cosmos. Successively, in the course of some thousands of years, Salisbury Plain has served as a place for whiskered druids to celebrate their mystic rites, as a camping ground for fog-chilled Roman legionaries whose ghosts still inhabit it, and as an airdrome for bored young gentlemen who would much rather be in London.

It was at Farnborough that Captain Geoffrey de Haviland flew and smashed the first of that long and honored line of airplanes to bear his initials, DH. There, in 1911, the Royal Aircraft Factory reared its ugly head. The war had been booming along for three years before The Great Whiskerino was even thought of, but precisely eight weeks and three days after the thought, why, there was The Great Whiskerino.

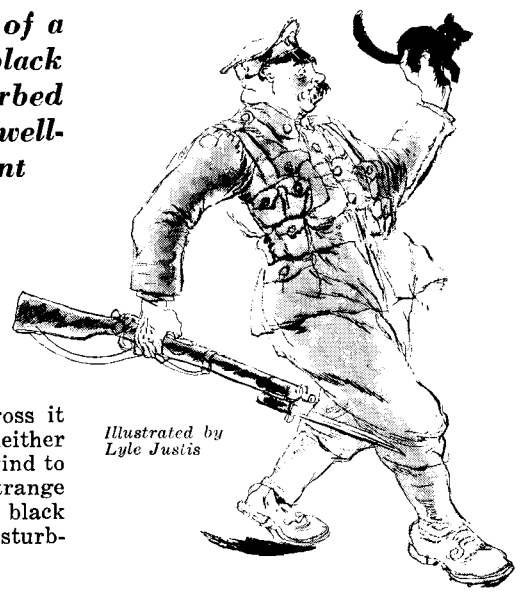
History, you see, is always in the making on Salisbury Plain. . . .

Some of Whiskerino's brothers were Maltese, and some of his sisters were striped. Some of the former were tortoise shell and some of the latter were white. But though sweet and patient old Martha, the Royal Aircraft Factory's senior cat, loved them all with maternal impartiality, she knew from the first that Whiskerino was a Cat of Destiny. He was coal black, and had about him something . . . well, something that made you think of the mysterious rocks of Stonehenge when they cast long shadows in the moonlight, and of the awesome wraiths of mist which rise out of Salisbury Plain and stalk across it on silent nights when there is neither moon to make them visible, nor wind to make them move. It was the strange something that you sense in all black cats, but in Whiskerino it was disturbingly intensified.

And his eyes. Such eyes! . . .

While the rest of them scampered and frisked on the pile of rejected SE5 wing coverings in the corner of Number Seven fabric room, Whiskerino would sit aloof in rapt meditation of knowledge denied the comprehension of mortal cats and men. And if perchance a venturesome brother or sister sidled toward him in skittish invitation to play, he would swipe out once and accurately with whichever paw was handiest and continue his cogitations while the wounded one ran mewing to its mother for solace. Yes, plainly—and the news spread—Whiskerino was a wizard, an adept, a seer.

Lady Diana Manners, from the BE2C fuselage department, came over to see him, as did Colonel Tousey, boss cat of the motor factory. Bolo Pascha, mascot of the factory test pilots, trotted from the experimental hangars two miles down the Farnborough Road, bringing with him a mole which he had bagged on the way. And all of them, as they sat in a semicircle around this strange black kitten, mur-raowingly agreed that here, beyond all doubt, was one of their tribe to rank with the cats of Bubastis of ancient Egypt, with the one-eyed familiar of the demonic Doctor Dee, and with the feline natives of New England who, according to report, rode broomsticks astern of aviating witches.



Illustrated by Lyle Justis

The sentry hoisted him in a hamlike hand, and strode toward a side door

Whiskerino, thus made aware that his superior powers were apparent to cats, did not learn of their effect upon humans until he was some seven weeks old. Then, early one morning when Martha was off ratting, he strolled out of Number Seven fabric room and down the long factory corridor. All was silent. The work day had not yet begun. Whiskerino had all the world to himself, and to a very tiny kitten it seemed a very big world indeed.

At the end of the corridor was a great open door which gave onto a yard, and with tail hoisted like a grenadier's plume he stepped jauntily through it. As he did so there came a terrifying *hiss-s-s*, a thunderous stamping, which caused him to crouch, turn, and flee. From a striped sentry box beside the gate emerged an elderly, beet-nosed Territorial who was shaking his fist, "Blarst your black 'ide," he blustered, "w'y did you 'ave to walk across *my* post, you and your blinkin' black bad luck?"

WHISKERINO paused in the corridor, half-minded to put a curse on the fellow—not just a jinx, but something really worth while, with pestilence, starvation, and boiling oil in it. He was just trying to think up a good sinister formula when a bugle sounded, and with rhythmic clump of hobnails a column of uniformed mechanics hove into view headed for the very door within which he was standing his ground.

"'Alt!" cried the sentry to the sergeant who led the column. "'Old 'ard, Sergeant, look what's ahead of you!"

The sergeant looked, spied Whiskerino and stopped dead in his tracks. "Secshun . . . *'alt!*" he ordered. Then, turning upon the sentry: "Well, my man," he roared, "wot in 'ell did you permit it for? You're 'ere to guard this h'entrance, ayn't you? That means to keep things out, don't it? And that means to keep out black cats and bad luck, which is the syme things, ayn't they?"

"Yuss," agreed the sentry, "but I didn't let 'im in, I didn't. 'E *was* in, 'e was."

"Well, then, chivvy 'im out, why don't you? Do you want 'im to walk across the path of this 'ere detachment and give a 'undred men 'ard luck, to s'y nothink of every ruddy airplane bein' built in this 'ere shed?"

The sentry—belted, bandoliered, and

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with bayonet fixed—reluctantly advanced down the hall, emitting loud *shushes* and stamping his feet.

Whiskerino, who, it must be remembered, was very young and out in the world for the first time, forgot for the nonce his magic powers and departed in scurrying panic. So great was his fear that he ran right past the entrance to Number Seven fabric room and came to bay in the corner of the assembling department. Here he prepared to sell his life dearly. But even as he spat anathemas and unsheathed his little claws the sentry stooped down, hoisted him helpless in a hamlike hand, and strode toward a side door which opened on the Farnborough Road.

"There, you narsty little jinx!" he said, tossing Whiskerino clear to the center of the highway. "Tyke your bad luck with you and—*hup!* . . . Oh, I arsks your pardon, sir!" For the kitten had landed perilously in the path of a bicycle ridden by a young gentleman with a Royal Flying Corps glengarry cocked over his right eyebrow and an oil-smudged blue-and-white ribbon beneath his pilot's wings.

The young gentleman swerved his bicycle, saving Whiskerino's life, and sprawled beside him on the road. The sentry dropped his rifle and ran to the rescue.

"Stand at attention, you!" snapped the fallen one, sitting in the dust and prodding experimentally at his left collarbone. Then, hoisting the kitten into his lap: "Not hurt are you, Whiskerino, old fellow?—I've got the name straight, haven't I? Ah, of course—with those whiskers what else could it be?"

Quite unceremoniously he tweaked Whiskerino's notable mustaches, and then tucked him into a capacious tunic pocket with only his head protruding. Somehow, Whiskerino felt angry at himself for liking it.

"And now," said the young gentleman ominously, rising to his feet, dusting off his breeches, and turning upon the sentry, "I've a good mind to crime you, my man, for cruelty to animals and—er—whatever they call making officers fall off bikes. Why the deuce were you chucking this kitten about?"

"Sergeant's orders, sir. 'E's 'ard luck, sir. 'E crossed my path, 'e did; then 'e crossed the sergeant's, and now 'e's crossed yours. It's meant 'ard luck to all of us, you can see for yourself, sir. If you'll permit a word of adwice, Captain. . . ."

"I won't; but I'll give you some!" snapped the young gentleman. "Never abuse another black cat while I'm about, or you'll have some *pukka* hard luck. Why, you silly superstitious ass, don't you know that black cats are good luck—the best jolly luck in the world?" He retrieved the bicycle, swung himself and Whiskerino aboard, and pedaled down the highway toward the hangars.

"I say," came a voice from the factory window, "do you know 'oo that young gempman was?"

"No, and I'd 'ardly care to," sulked the sentry, starting back to his post.

"Well, p'raps you'll chynge your mind when you 'ear it was Captain Ruthven, V. C.!"

"What, Captain Ruthven, 'oo's shot down seventy 'Uns? That kid? Well," and a look of sorrow came over his walrus face as he gazed down the road, "if I'd only known, I'd 'ave killed that cat, I would, as my juty to King and Country. And instead of that, I threw black death across a 'ero's path!"

FIVE hours later Whiskerino was in France, having made the trip in a pocket of Captain Ruthven's leather flying coat. He hadn't cared for flying at first, but after a bit he concluded that the airplane was a new kind of witch's broom, and that he and the captain were on an astral journey, so he went to sleep. Suddenly the roar of the engine gave place to a bubbling whir, and his head became filled with the banshee screech of wind through wires. There was the gentlest of bumps as wheels and tail-skid grounded together. Then Captain Ruthven, sliding himself up in the cockpit so he could see over the nose, taxied toward an irregular line of Bessoneau hangars which stood beside a long white road with tall feathery trees bordering it. Mechanics ran out and seized the wing tips, and a group of grinning officers strolled out too.

"There," said Captain Ruthven as he cut the motor. "Come up, Whisk—we're home!" And very gently he hoisted the kitten out of his pocket, set him on his shoulder, and slid over the combing to the ground. Then:

"Hello, warriors—how's everybody and what's new? How are you, Sanderson?"

"Fit, Skipper. The war's been a dreadful bore without you. So this is the new Hush-Hush plane we're going to win the war with! Any good?"

"Not worth a damn. But the poor dears at Farnborough have spent seventy thousand pounds experimenting with it, and I've got to give 'em a report. —Yes, thank you, Sergeant, I'm quite fit. Roll it inside, won't you, and put a guard over it—he needn't bother to stay awake, of course. Come on, Whiskerino—I'm for tea."

"Whiskerino?" exclaimed Cosgrove of B Flight, spying the kitten. "Oh, my word, are you mad, Skipper? Chuck the beast off your shoulder!"

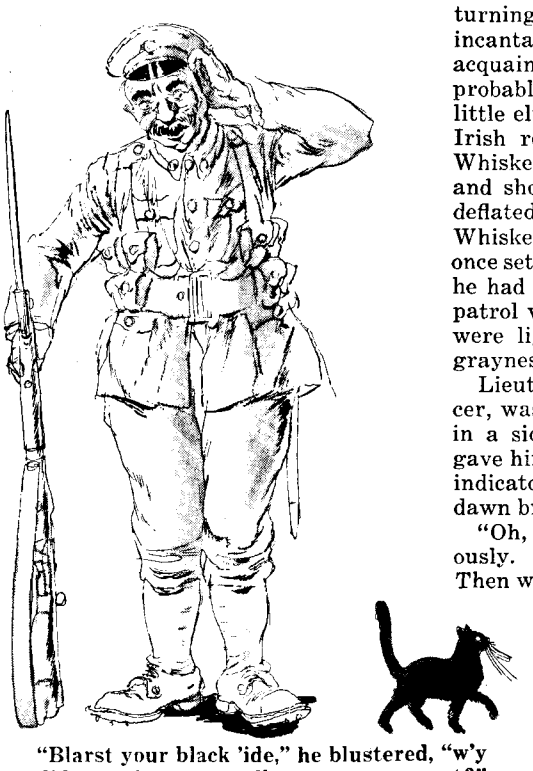
"Yes, by all means, Skipper!" urged Sanderson. "Black cats are rotten luck—oh, rotten."

"Tosh!" said Captain Ruthven, leading the way toward the mess. "You chaps'd better get used to Whisk, because I've appointed him Squadron Mascot to succeed all kewpies, rabbit's feet and billikens that may be serving at present."

"But really, Skipper—here, Steward, let me have the check, it's seven whiskies and soda—all through history, black cats have been fatal. Why . . ."

"I give you The Great Whiskerino!" interrupted Captain Ruthven, raising his glass. "And, Steward—bring a saucer of milk for the new Squadron Mascot. I'll lay odds that in a week he'll solo on liver."

Thus, with due dignity and in the face of great opposition, Whiskerino took up his duties as mascot of No. 9 Squadron, R. F. C. While he was conscious of a deep obligation to Captain Ruthven, and a consequent responsibility for his well-being, he strove none the less impartially to bring good luck to the entire squadron; yea, even unto the skeptical young gentlemen who hated him, avoided him, scatted him, and who pinned their faith on silly four-leaf clovers, pairs of even sillier worsted puppets named Nanette and Rin-tin-tin, and the number thirteen. Conscientiously he gave up a good portion of his days and practically all of his nights to casting spells for the protection of each pilot, and for the luck of the organization as a whole.



"Blarst your black 'ide," he blustered, "w'y did you 'ave to walk across *my* post?"

Due to the exigencies of life at the front, the work was difficult—even trying. The stores of the squadron included little of the equipment essential to the duties of a wizard; in fact, there wasn't even catnip. And besides, the proximity of the guns had frightened away such elves, gnomes and fairies as ordinarily would have come to his assistance; and so he was forced to shoulder the burden alone.

That squadron casualties were remarkably few may have been due to his efficiency as a mascot, or to the fact that the sector was quiet. But, he might in all fairness have asked you, what made the sector quiet?

Still, nobody but Ruthven gave him credit. As he grew older and bigger and handsomer and wiser, he became ever so much more effective, and he knew it. He worked out some formulæ based upon the teachings of Merlin, Cagliostro and Paracelsus which were practically infallible.

THERE came a week when the squadron bagged eleven Huns, and while Captain Ruthven was vociferously grateful for the three which fell to the Vickers gun of his Hush-Hush, the other young gentlemen either took the glory solely unto themselves, or shared it with certain silver charms they wore on their identification disks, or with Teddy bears, rag dolls and similar false gods which cluttered up the cockpits of their fighting planes.

Ah, well! Through all history the way of the wizard has been hard. . . .

There came a time in the war when the Hun saw fit to broadcast the justness of his cause and the futility of the Allies', by means of propaganda. It was the sort of drivel periodically dished out by both sides, beginning "Soldiers, lay down your arms! Our quarrel is not with you, but with the governments which exploit you"; and so on, in the usual grandiloquent vein. Countless reams of this propaganda were sent across the lines on little yellow balloons, which were eagerly sought by the Allied forces and chased for miles whenever they hove into sight. Of course no one bothered to read the propaganda, but the balloons were fashioned of excellent silk which one could have made up into elegant pajamas for fifteen francs, in any of the villages behind the lines.

Now it chanced that one morning just before the dawn, as Whiskerino was returning from a night spent in howling incantations at the moon, he made the acquaintance of a leprechaun. It is probable that this leprechaun, wizened little elf, was deserting from one of the Irish regiments; in any event, he led Whiskerino around behind the hangars and showed him a propaganda balloon, deflated and limp, drooping from a bush. Whiskerino, scenting malign magic, at once set about overcoming it. By the time he had finished, the busses of the dawn patrol were warming up, and the pilots were lighting cigarettes in the murky grayness.

Lieutenant Cosgrove, the liaison officer, was preparing to go up to Division in a side-car when he saw that which gave him pause. He glanced at the wind indicator, stirring soggily in the predawn breeze. Yes, it was from the west!

"Oh, my aunt!" he exclaimed rapturously. "Watch me, chaps, watch me!" Then walking toward the mascot, "Here, kitty, kitty, kitty!" he coaxed. "Was it a wuzzy, wuzzy old Whiskerino, wuzzums?"—and very gingerly he took the cat in his arms, wrapped him in the balloon, and clambered into the side-car.

"Carry on," he ordered, "and not a word about this to the O. C., mind! Just stop at the first observation balloon we come to—we'll borrow a bit of hydrogen gas and give our precious Whiskerino a joy ride over to Germany. Jolly stunt, what?"

It was noon before Captain Ruthven began to feel disturbed. He had missed Whiskerino at breakfast, and even though he had hammered on his porridge dish with his spoon—a summons which should have brought the mascot trotting from the uttermost reaches of the airdrome—there was no response.

"Oh, he's just off ratting, Skipper—he'll turn up for lunch," Sanderson reassured him, casting a furtive wink at

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"You're 'ere to guard this h'entrance, ayn't you? That means to keep things out, don't it? And that means to keep out black cats and bad luck"

the rest of the crowd. But lunch time came, and still no Whiskerino.

"Damned queer!" growled Ruthven. "He's never washed out like this before. He's not in any of the hangars, either. I hope he turns up before the two-o'clock picnic." And for the remainder of the meal he dabbled with his food in frowning silence.

The two-o'clock patrol was ready to go—busses on the line, motors ticking over, impatient pilots goggled and safety-belted. But Ruthven's Hush-Hush, with his patrol leader's streamer flapping from its rudder, was attended only by the mechanics. At length Ruthven appeared—walking slowly, peering from side to side, and pausing occasionally to call, "Here, Whisk-Whisk-Whisk!" At length he dashed down his cigarette, climbed into his machine, waved away the chocks, and jammed open the throttle. With an ear-splitting roar the Hush-Hush cocked up its tail, charged savagely across the grass, and leaped into a breathlessly steep *chandelle*. One by one the others joined it in the air and headed for the lines.

"WHY, 'e was as pale as death!" said a mechanic, gathering up chocks and priming-can and starting for the hangar. "My Gawd, Alf, you don't s'pose that damned cat really *was* lucky?"

"I don't know," said Alf gloomily. "Orl I 'opes is that nothink 'appens to the skipper!"

As a matter of fact, things across the lines were even quieter than usual. Ruthven led his patrol up and down, back and forth, for the better part of two hours. Once he headed for a Hanover two-seater which was engaged in regulating a .77 battery, but the Hun fled when the formation was still miles away. Even Archie was quiet. . . .

Everything was strange, today. It was funny what could have happened to Whiskerino. Ruthven told himself that he really wasn't superstitious—well, that is, not very. . . . Of course the rest of the crowd thought he was; but that was only because all of them were. Right now probably, they were thinking he had his wind up about losing his luck. He scowled back at the wedge of busses which bobbed and see-sawed in the nothingness behind him, and sneered. He'd show 'em!

Wobbling his wings for attention, he signaled the wash-out and as the formation headed for home, he turned back alone into Hunland.

Between two clouds was a space like a broad avenue, and Ruthven flew into it. The sun was shining on the great white walls, and the sensation was like flying down the Champs Élysées.

Ruthven knew it was a dangerous place. Well, he wished those chaps could see him in it! All this talk of luck. . . .

A dozen streaks of lightning ripped through the cowl. He wheeled the Hush-Hush with the stick yanked back to his belly. The engine tore itself half out of the bearers and stopped dead. The Hun was diving out of the cloud to the right, his twin Spandau guns spitting gobs of white-hot hate. It was a black Fokker with a red nose—redoubtable charger of Rittmeister Wolff, the gifted Prussian ace. Ruthven shuddered, swung the half-stalled Hush-Hush around so he'd get the bullets in the front, and closed his eyes.

HE WAITED for the final burst; waited . . . waited. He hoped he'd get it in the head, and die before he went down in flames. Well, if he caught fire first, he'd jump. He fumbled with his belt. He felt the Hush-Hush sliding off on a wing, whipping down into a screaming, slashing spin. Instinct forced him to open his eyes and straighten her out. Then, fearfully, he turned and looked behind him. Far in the distance, the red-nosed Fokker was slanting down in a bee line for home, motor full on!

"Well, I'll be damned!" exclaimed Captain Ruthven. "He acts as though he'd seen a ghost!"

He was down to eight thousand now, and he grimly set about stretching his glide to get him across the lines. But—again that rotten luck!—today, for the first time in weeks, the wind was from the west, and against him.

Well, he reflected, things weren't so bad at that. Better to live on acorn soup in a German prison camp than to have had Wolff ride him down!

He pancaked into a field beside a troop-filled road, ripped open the dumping-panel of the tank, stood off and fired a Very flare into the escaping petrol. By the time the Huns reached him he had kicked off his flying suit and was sprawled comfortably on the grass.

A corporal's guard escorted him respectfully to the road, where they commandeered a truck. After a twenty-minute drive they entered the park of a château which he had often seen from the air, and which was evidently a divisional headquarters. There he was received by a smiling infantry captain who ushered him into an office, offered him cigarettes, and made sounds which he evidently thought were English.

(*Continued on page 64*)

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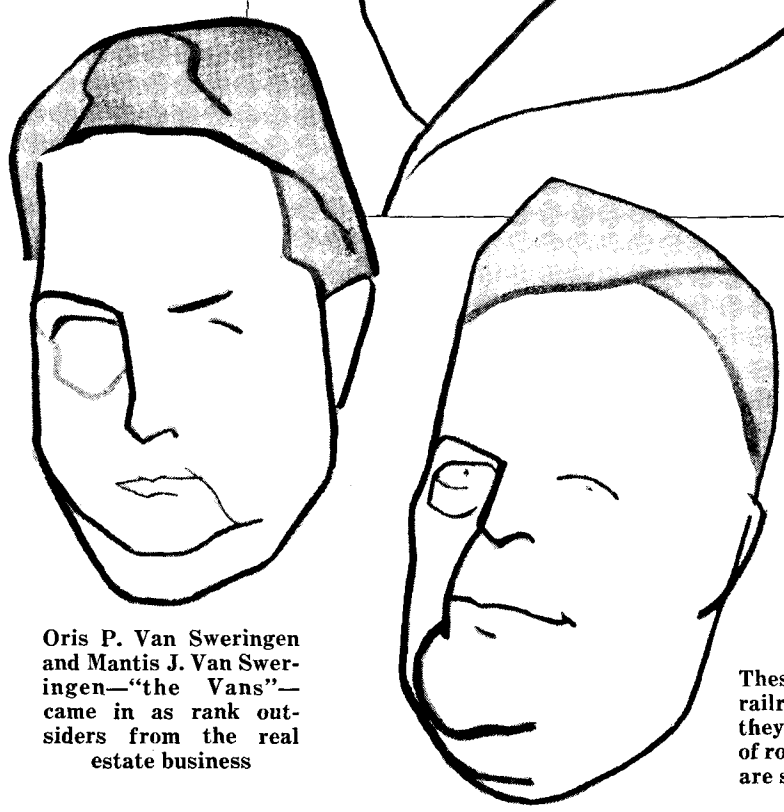
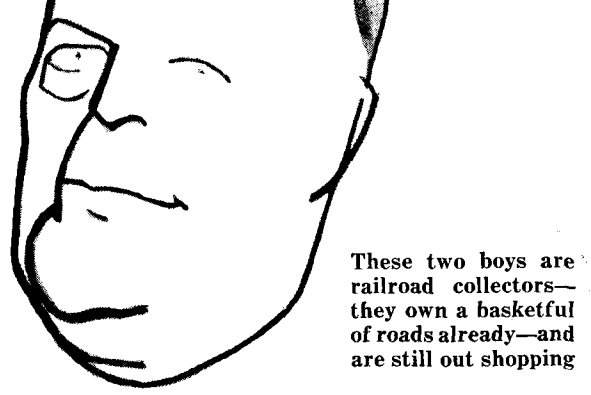
Trying to make one trunk railroad grow where eighty branches grew before is today's hardest problem for our big cab and caboose men. Mr. Flynn has made a thorough study of consolidation, and tells you here, in a nice way, just what it's all about

Leonor F. Loree, the *grizzled, iron-handed* ruler of the Delaware and Hudson, has his own plan



Oris P. Van Sweringen and Mantis J. Van Sweringen—"the Vans"—came in as rank outsiders from the real estate business



These two boys are railroad collectors—they own a basketful of roads already—and are still out shopping

IF YOU like a fight, take a peek at the scrap that is now going on to force the sixteen hundred railroads of the United States into about twenty separate systems. It is called railroad consolidation—which is really spoiling a good show with a terrible name.

If you like a Chinese puzzle you can get that too. Just take the fifty volumes that represent the hearings of the Interstate Commerce Commission on the subject for the last nine years and try to understand them. Fortunately, you don't need to suffer all that in order to know what railroad consolidation is all about. It is really possible to see it in its general outlines, and when you do that you see a big five-ring circus with a first-class fight going on in each ring.

It's a fight for traffic. The Iron Horse is a hungry animal. Traffic is its oats. This is a fight for more oats for the steaming steed.

The best fight is in the East, where Daniel Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio, the young Van Sweringens of the Nickel Plate, and old Leonor F. Loree, the grizzled war horse of the Delaware and Hudson, are trying to build new trunk line systems, to give battle to the powerful Pennsylvania and the equally powerful New York Central.

Down in Baltimore is a tall, erect, benevolent-looking gentleman who has been known as the big chief of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad since 1910. His white hair and gold-rimmed spectacles give him a scholarly air. This is Daniel Willard, the man who took the Baltimore and Ohio twenty years ago, when it was emerging from the shadow of the Pennsylvania, and built it into a strong and powerful competitor of that system.

Willard left Massachusetts Agricultural College when he was eighteen, and joined the old Connecticut and Passumpsic Railroad as a fireman. He has moved up through all the grades—locomotive engineer, division superintendent, general superintendent, general manager, vice president and president.

Willard was one of the first rail executives to approve when Congress ordered the Interstate Commerce Commission to prepare a plan for consolidating the railroads. This whole business of consolidation had come to an abrupt stop around 1902 when Roosevelt pounced on Hill and Harriman in their famous Northern Securities Company and drove that concern out of business. Up to then the history of all our roads was a story of countless consolidations.

I once heard the late Alfred H. Smith, then president of the New York Central, say that the Central represented the consolidation, over a period of seventy years, of six hundred railroads. At the present time it is still a vast aggregation of some one hundred corporations all operated through stock ownership or under lease by the New York Central Company.

Trying to Save the Small Roads

After the Supreme Court dissolved the Hill-Harriman combine there were no more consolidations. After the war, however, when the time came to hand the roads back to their private owners, consolidation got a new impetus.

It all started with an Iowa lawyer who was a United States senator, Albert B. Cummins, who had done some railroading in his early days, and thus always took a lead in railroad legislation. Senator Cummins declared that if the roads were brought together into a score of systems, from three hundred to five hundred million dollars a year could be saved in operating economies.

But his chief reason for advocating consolidation was a totally different one. There were then, and still are for that matter, some sixty thousand miles of railroad owned by small companies which are being starved to death. They serve communities which do not furnish very much traffic and they cannot exist on the rates which are made for the roads as a whole. Cummins declared their only hope was to be taken over by the strong roads.

When the railroads were turned back to their owners by the government under the Esch-Cummins law in 1920, that statute directed the Interstate Commerce Commission to prepare a plan under which all the roads would be merged into a limited number of strong, balanced systems. The Commission thereupon named a Harvard professor, William Z. Ripley, to prepare a tentative plan, something that everybody—rail men and reformers and financiers and the Commission—could use as a basis for discussing the final plan.

And so the professor sat down at a big table, with a couple of thousand railroad schedules, his maps, and his financial statements; and amused himself for about a year with the fascinating job of rearranging all the 268,000 miles of railroad into systems after his heart's desire. He made twenty-one systems. The Commission cut his plans to nineteen systems and published them. And that was the beginning of the row.

Willard said he thought the Commission's plan was pretty good "in a general way." And well he might, for it gave him a starting point for creating a new and powerful trunk line which would challenge the Central and the Penn.

Enter the Van Sweringens

Of course the Pennsylvania was against all this. So was the New York Central. They were big enough, and in virtual control of the richest railroad territory of the world. It is not in human nature to expect men to help build up rivals for themselves.

Countless millions of words flowed into the ears of the Commission about this. But they can be boiled down to these simple facts: First, that these two great roads were not in sympathy with the plan at all; and, second, that the Penn did not want Willard to have the Wabash or the Lehigh, and the New York Central didn't want him to have the Central of New Jersey.

Then two other claimants appeared on the scene. The Van Sweringen brothers, dapper, boyish-looking promoters of Cleveland, and Leonor F. Loree, grizzled, domineering, iron-handed ruler of the Delaware and Hudson, demanded attention.

The Van Sweringens came as rank outsiders from the real estate business. Loree was a veteran railroader, a survival and a type from the days of Harriman and Hill.

Back in 1916 "the Vans" built a trolley line to their lots. The line needed a downtown terminal near Cleveland's Public Square, and the property they selected as a site was controlled by the Nickel Plate road, then owned by the Central. The Van Sweringens tried to interest the Nickel Plate in a plan to build a joint trolley and railroad terminal, but without success. But the New York Central, knowing that the Interstate Commerce Commission was about to order it to get rid of the Nickel Plate road, was looking for a buyer. The Van Sweringens settled their problem, therefore, by buying the Nickel Plate.

They did it on the installment plan, making a down payment of two million dollars and another $6,500,000 in notes every little while. John J. Bernet, a vice president of the New York Central, was made president of the Nickel Plate. Bernet is a young chap as railroad presidents go—just sixty-two years old, but a railroader of the old school.

In no time the Nickel Plate was doing a thriving business. Then the Van Sweringens bought from the receivers another batch of roads—the Clover Leaf system, consisting of four excellent small carriers, and the Lake Erie and Western. They next got, in order, the Chesapeake and Ohio and its subsidiary,

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the Hocking Valley; the Erie; and the Pere Marquette—a nice collection of tracks, giving them a system of almost nine thousand miles.

All this time the Interstate Commerce Commission was studying consolidation, and hearing all the railroad presidents tell them how little they thought of Ripley's tentative plan. So the Commission told the big men in the East to meet and see if they couldn't work out a plan that all could agree on. They sat down, back in 1924, in the luxurious office of Samuel Rea of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

They were an oddly assorted group: Rea, seventy years old and ready for retirement, who had been railroading since he was a chain boy on the Penn at thirteen, just after the Civil War; Pat Crowley, just made president of the Central, another old railroader, who had started when he was ten as a messenger boy with his father at the old Cattaraugus station; Daniel Willard, whose prestige was now rising to great heights; Bernet and his principals, the Cleveland realtors—mere boys beside these veterans.

A Plan That Almost Worked

They spread out a big map of the East and started parceling out its 58,000 miles of railroad. They arranged it all into four systems.

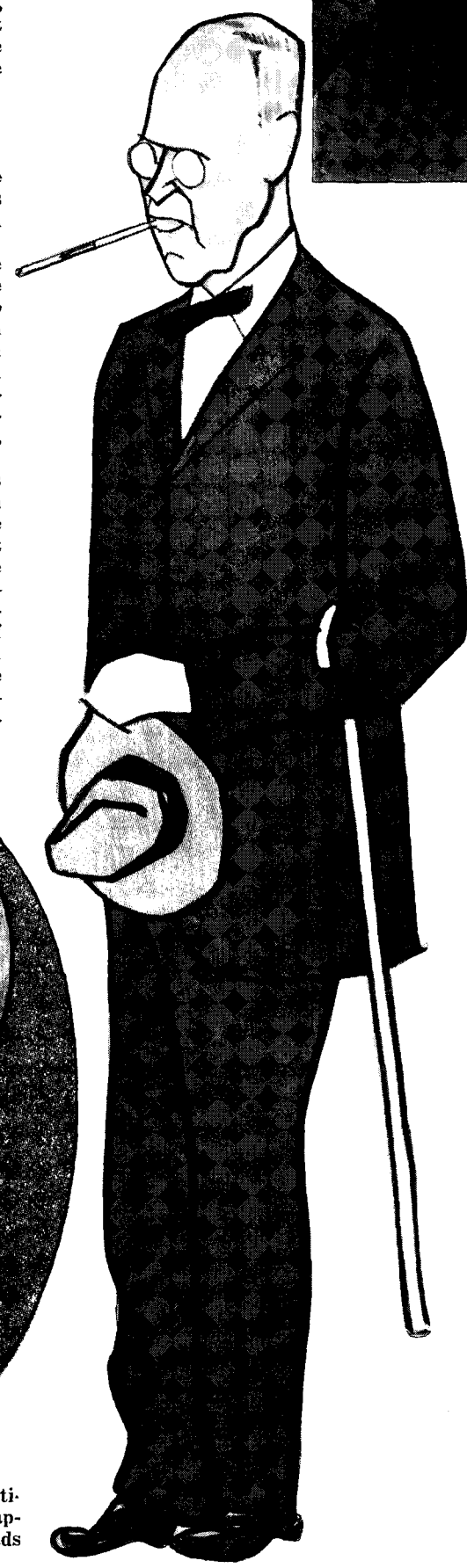
Everybody was satisfied but Rea. He didn't want to see the Lehigh go to the Central, the Lackawanna and Erie to the Nickel Plate and the Reading and Jersey Central to the B. & O. The truth was that the Pennsylvania was not in any hurry for consolidation and immediately a mild war of words started between Rea on one side and Willard, Crowley and Bernet on the other.

And then in the midst of this comes Loree with a brand-new plan—a fifth trunk line system. He proposed to the Interstate Commerce Commission to put together his small line, the Delaware and Hudson, with the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh, the Lehigh Valley and the Wabash and a group of small roads and some two hundred and eighty-three miles of new road which he would build and thus make a new system, which would compete with the Central, the Penn, the Nickel Plate and the B. & O.

Arthur Curtiss James goes in for the business of owning rail stocks, and amuses himself by playing with yachts

Illustrated by William Auerbach-Levy

Below: General W. W. Atterbury, President of the Penn, who approves of consolidation—if it doesn't affect his roads



Daniel Willard, President of the Baltimore and Ohio, first rail chief to approve the plan for consolidating the roads

Now just imagine the Northeast section of the United States, north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi (leaving out New England), and in that a tangle of tracks—bewildering to the eye as you look at them on the map, but actually forming five complete railroad systems—each system tapping the valuable coal and iron fields of Pennsylvania, Virginia or Michigan, each entering the great cities of the seaboard and each reaching Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, Chicago, Buffalo and all the great inland industrial centers. You will then have a picture of what was now proposed.

Loree was aflame with his plan and ready to do battle for it. Battle is the word, for he is as warlike and bellicose as Willard is gentle and peaceful. Loree is noted for his collection of hates—among them the Interstate Commerce Commission, Congress, and above all the trade unions.

His road is amazingly efficient and profitable, just as the B. & O. is. But it is unpopular in every community it serves and Loree doesn't give a tinker's hoot about that. "You can't make profits for your stockholders and cater for popularity at the same time," he says. And if you kick at the time a D. & H. train takes he will advise you brusquely "to take an automobile."

The first impression of the other rail chiefs was that Loree was in reality acting for the Pennsylvania crowd. His road was encouraged by the Penn leaders as a kind of monkey wrench in the consolidation machinery. But Loree moved with such swiftness and resoluteness that the big four had to recognize him and take him into their later conferences. Whatever the Penn thought of it, he at least seemed to be in deadly earnest.

While Willard and Crowley were trying to get the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh road, they woke up one morning to find that Loree had secured an option for a lease of it. He got control of the Wabash and then went into the market to buy enough stock to control the Lehigh Valley. When the time came for electing a new board of directors of the Lehigh, President E. E. Loomis found himself up against a real old-time political battle.

Loree was there with a basketful of proxies. When it was all over Loomis had cast 514,466 votes and Loree 508,342 votes. But Loree had another 46,700 votes said to belong to the Wabash Railroad, which the election commissioners wouldn't let him cast then, because they had been acquired within sixty days of the election. It was a close victory for Loomis and afterward Loree boasted that the result proved he was really in control.

Meanwhile Loree had presented another ambitious plan for a separate system in the Southwest. He was made chairman of the board of the Kansas City Southern. That road bought the Katy—Missouri, Kansas and Texas—which in turn owned the St. Louis Southwestern. And now Loree asked the I. C. C. to approve that consolidation. Thus, with a little 865-mile road in the Southwest and a 560-mile road in the East, this daring railroader proposed to build up two powerful systems totaling over 15,000 miles of railroad.

But then the Interstate Commerce Commission disapproved of Loree's plans, and his powerful and astute antagonists began to whittle away at them. His option on the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh expired. He tried to renew it but the road balked. Then one day he learned that the Van Sweringens had bought it.

His plan in the East involved piecing together a string of little roads between Pittsburgh and Chicago. One of them was the Wheeling and Lake Erie. In the midst of all his widespread negotiations he learned that Crowley, Willard and the Van Sweringens had slipped in and bought that road right out of the middle of his proposed path to Chicago.

With these setbacks and all his plans disapproved, Loree then sold his Lehigh and Wabash stock to the Pennsylvania Railroad. It is said that the Delaware and Hudson made from twenty to sixty million dollars on that deal, so there was balm for his wounds.

Atterbury Stands Pat

Meantime a new president had risen to the head of the Penn—General W. W. Atterbury. Atterbury is a Yale graduate. There are several college men among these rail antagonists—Atterbury of Yale, Willard of M. A. C., Loree of Rutgers. General Atterbury, like the other two, learned his railroading right from the ground up—from the Altoona shops of the Penn to its highest post. He comes by his title of general honestly, for he went into the army during the war and built military lines in France for Pershing. Atterbury doesn't seem to think any more of helping along consolidation than Rea, his predecessor, did. He has the Wabash and Lehigh now and he has said that only the Supreme Court will take them away from him. He doesn't need them so much for his road. But it is important that he keep them out of the hands of others.

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After studying consolidation for several years and hearing everybody interested, the Interstate Commerce Commission made up its mind in 1924 that the idea of a "complete plan" was not such a good one. Everybody believes in consolidation in theory. Wilson and Harding urged it. Coolidge was especially insistent and Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, went so far as to say that if the roads didn't get together voluntarily some kind of force would have to be used.

But the Commission seemed to recoil with a little terror from the colossal task imposed on it by Congress' requiring it to prepare a "complete plan" of consolidation. By "complete" is meant a plan which arranges all the railroads in the country into a limited number of unified systems. The task seemed too great and the Commission asked Congress to be relieved of it.

At this point a new movement for consolidation legislation started in Congress, headed by Congressman Parker in the House, and Senator Fess of Ohio in the Senate. The movement for abandoning the complete plan idea was discussed for several years, until the last session, when the commissioners made up their minds that Congress intended to do nothing and that the Commission must carry out its mandate to prepare a "complete plan" of consolidation.

Accordingly, on December 21, 1929, the Commission published such a plan providing for twenty-one systems in the country—five systems in the East instead of four. It approves in the main the Van Sweringen system—puts the Erie, Chesapeake and Ohio, Pere Marquette, Nickel Plate, Hocking Valley and the Lackawanna and a whole batch of smaller roads into one system. It gives Willard his system, including the Reading and Jersey Central, but takes from him his coveted Western Maryland. But it utterly blasts Loree's plan. It even hands his own road, the Delaware & Hudson, over to the Boston and Maine. And the Lehigh, the Wabash, the Wheeling and Lake Erie and the Western Maryland and a long list of other roads are all put together into a fifth system under the general direction of the Wabash.

Thus stands the situation in the East today. What will happen?

I have asked every one of the BIG FOUR what they are going to do about it. But they are very chary. Apparently the Van Sweringens are going to proceed to get as much as they can under the new report.

Indeed, as I write, they are out to control the Missouri Pacific, a completely consolidated system in itself, and the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, giving them a vast network of rails reaching from the seaboard to Utah. But will the Interstate Commerce Commission permit it? At any rate the swiftness of their moves and the activity of Willard may drive the Pennsylvania and the New York Central to action.

But back of it all lie so many obstacles that it is difficult to see how it is ever to be brought about, unless Congress does what both Coolidge and Hoover have several times threatened—forces consolidation by law.

And yet it isn't all fight. Many consolidations have been effected with the full approval of the Commission. One of the most notable has been in the Southwest. Professor Ripley laid out one system which he called System No. 19. It put together the Missouri Pacific, Texas Pacific, the Gulf Coast Lines, the International Great Northern along with the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, the Kansas City Southern and several smaller roads.

The Missouri Pacific

Just about this time the Missouri Pacific was in a tight hole. It had a deficit of $1,413,700 and the hole was growing tighter every day.

The Illinois Central had a vice president named L. W. Baldwin, another college railroad man, like Willard and Atterbury, who has held all kinds of jobs on all kinds of roads. He was picked to pull the Missouri Pacific out of its hole just after the Ripley plan was published. And he did. By a series of brilliant yet quietly carried out moves, Baldwin assembled under the wing of the crippled Missouri Pacific the best part of the roads assigned to System 19—the Texas Pacific, the Gulf Coast Lines and the International Great Northern—11,437 miles of road and a one-half interest in the Denver and Rio Grande with another 2,598 miles—a magnificent 14,000-mile system.

Thus, while the consolidation plan as a whole remains as yet unfulfilled in the period since the plan was first ordered, the Interstate Commerce Commission has approved the acquisition by larger roads of more than thirty thousand miles of road. In a single year—1925—the Commission approved acquisitions of twenty-six small railroads involving three thousand miles.

Arthur Curtiss James is another powerful leader in the railroad world, and his figure looms large behind these plans. He is the largest owner of railroad stock and his name, in railroad circles, is connected with one of the most ambitious railroad plans in the country.

Over twenty-five years ago, E. H. Harriman, at the height of his spectacular career, with his vast dreams for the Union Pacific and the system of ships and rails that would girdle the globe, heard that James J. Hill, the patriarchal builder of the Great Northern, was buying up control of the Northern Pacific, his principal competitor. This troubled Harriman, but when he learned that Hill and Morgan, with virtual control of the Northern Pacific, were buying the Burlington for the Northern Pacific, he was genuinely alarmed. He saw his unfinished plans for the Union Pacific threatened if Hill should get control of that powerful group of his northern competitors.

Harriman was a master strategist and he permitted the Northern Pacific, guided by Hill and Morgan, to go on buying Burlington stock without hindrance. Secretly and swiftly he launched an attack against the Northern Pacific. His brokers promptly began buying Northern Pacific shares for him.

But Hill learned of the move and began frantically buying Northern Pacific stock. Morgan was on the high seas and could not be reached. For a few days the market was almost mad with excitement. And then the impossible happened. Harriman had bought a majority of Northern Pacific stock.

But Hill had done the same thing. Too many gentlemen had been selling short and the shorts had been driven into a corner. Northern Pacific stock went to 1,000 and Wall Street enjoyed a panic. But Hill and Harriman both controlled the corner.

Roosevelt in Action

Harriman quickly saw his chance. He arranged for a truce, and an agreement was made by which both warriors turned over all their stock to a newly formed company called the Northern Securities Company—a holding company—which thus owned both Northern Pacific and Great Northern, the two roads in turn owning the Burlington. Hill retained control, but Harriman gained a voice and was able to protect the interests of his Union Pacific.

But then a new, intractable figure appeared on the scene—Theodore Roosevelt. He denounced the Northern Securities Company as an unlawful combination and he directed Attorney-General Philander C. Knox to proceed against it. The Supreme Court declared it an unlawful trust and prohibited it from voting its shares in the control of the two great roads. The directors then dissolved it, but distributed the stock in such a way that Hill finally got complete control.

Ever since, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, both together controlling the Burlington, have been regarded as Hill roads. But now that old fight flames up anew. The Ripley plan proposed to break up this combination. It gave the Burlington to the Northern Pacific and saddled the Great Northern with the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul.

This brought a violent protest from the rulers of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern. It also set them apart a little, for both roads now declared that in the event of divorce each wanted the custody of the child—the Burlington. The Interstate Commerce Commission in its latest plan attempts to solve the problem by keeping the Great Northern and Northern Pacific together in one system but takes the Burlington away from both and makes it the center of another independent system.

This brings us back to Arthur Curtiss James. He belongs to that group of rich men's sons of which young John D. Rockefeller and the present J. P. Morgan are representatives. His fortune, which originated with his grandfather, Daniel James, a pioneer in copper and gold, has increased enormously, until he is now one of the ten richest men in America.

He has an ambitious plan of his own. He is the dominating stockholder in these roads. The Great Northern and the Northern Pacific run to the coast from St. Paul. The Burlington connects St. Paul with Chicago and then moves across the mountains to Denver. The journey to the coast, to San Francisco, is completed from Denver to Salt Lake City on the Denver and Rio Grande, and from Salt Lake City to the coast on the Western Pacific. Recently James, personally, bought a controlling interest in the Western Pacific. If he could get the Denver and Rio Grande he would have another magnificent Chicago-to-the-coast trunk line, giving him three lines to the coast over the northern route.

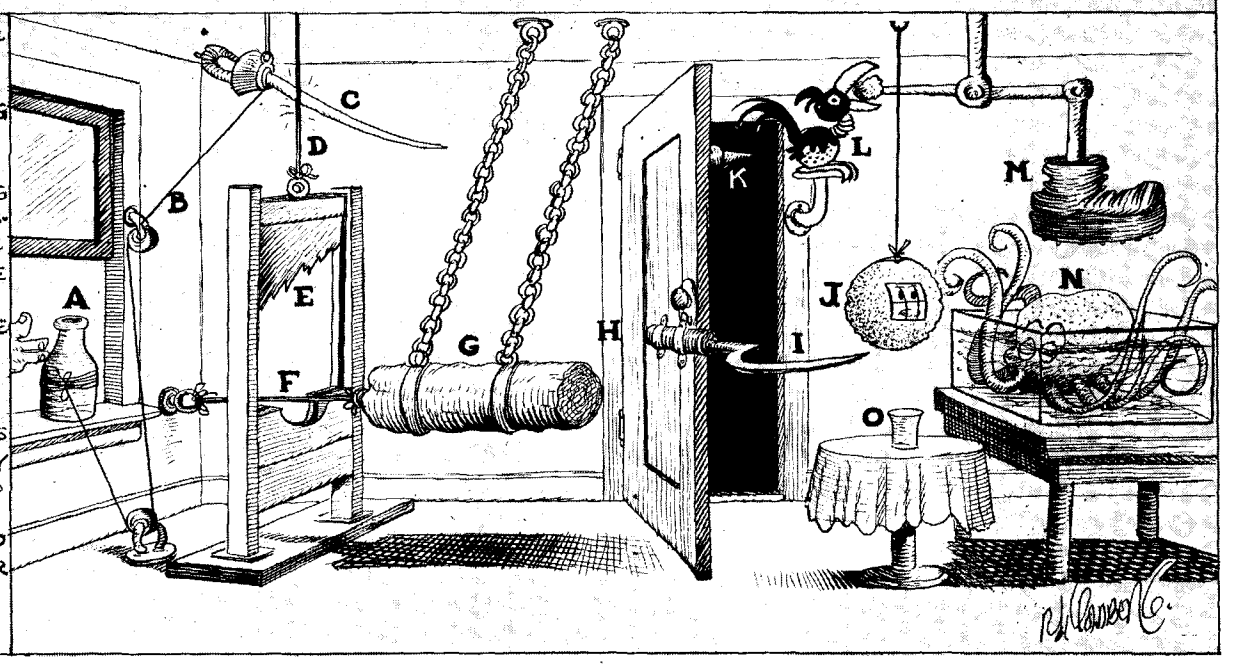
(*Continued on page 60*)

The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS STEPS INTO AN OPEN ELEVATOR SHAFT AND WHEN HE LANDS AT THE BOTTOM HE FINDS A SIMPLE ORANGE SQUEEZING MACHINE. MILK MAN TAKES EMPTY MILK BOTTLE (A) PULLING STRING (B) WHICH CAUSES SWORD (C) TO SEVER CORD (D) AND ALLOW GUILLOTINE BLADE (E) TO DROP AND CUT ROPE (F) WHICH RELEASES BATTERING RAM (G). RAM BUMPS AGAINST OPEN DOOR (H) CAUSING IT TO CLOSE. GRASS SICKLE (I) CUTS A SLICE OFF END OF ORANGE (J) AT THE SAME TIME SPIKE (K) STABS "PRUNE HAWK" (L) HE OPENS HIS MOUTH TO YELL IN AGONY, THEREBY RELEASING PRUNE AND ALLOWING DIVER'S BOOT (M) TO DROP AND STEP ON SLEEPING OCTOPUS (N). OCTOPUS AWAKENS IN A RAGE AND SEEING DIVER'S FACE WHICH IS PAINTED ON ORANGE, ATTACKS IT AND CRUSHES IT WITH TENTACLES, THEREBY CAUSING ALL THE JUICE IN THE ORANGE TO RUN INTO GLASS (O).

LATER ON YOU CAN USE THE LOG TO BUILD A LOG CABIN WHERE YOU CAN RAISE YOUR SON TO BE PRESIDENT LIKE ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



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Not My Business

Why a brilliant golfer like Bobby Jones should ignore the golden glow of professionalism to putter away his life at a mere law practice, is a question you have either asked or have been asked. Apparently Mr. Jones has heard it too, and here's his answer

By Bobby Jones

National Open Champion

SINCE I began to play golf at the age of six, I can't say truthfully that I had any very definite reasons for taking up the game. And at the time I started to play I had no conception of what my attitude toward golf should be in future years. When I was a boy I played more golf than baseball or football simply because I liked it better, which was after all a fairly good reason, I suppose.

One does not and should not choose his sport with the same care he would use in deciding to what business or profession he will devote his life. Sport, for the average business man, is no more than a means of obtaining diversion, recreation and exercise. It is of no importance whether he chooses polo, tennis, golf or what not, so long as he enjoys it and feels better for it.

But in the lives of some people sport does assume real importance. In these days the public is spending vast sums for entertainment, and gate receipts at football, baseball, and hockey games are running into unprecedented figures. Even golf matches are drawing their share. So a young man who happens to be proficient in one of the popular sports, sees open to him a road to profit which is bound to appear attractive.

To choose a career from the ordinary businesses or professions the youngster is obliged to take a shot in the dark, for, with no actual experience, he cannot foresee just how congenial the work will be nor how well fitted he is for it. But when he considers professional sport he is at least assured of his ability to play the game, and he thinks that even as a business, sport will retain all of its old thrill and fun. And sport offers by far the more certain reward.

I suppose I have often been called a jackass because I have not seen fit to play professional golf. I am commended in some quarters for maintaining the ideals of amateur sport, and censured in others for foolishly refusing to grasp the bonanza of wealth supposed to be waiting for me if I should turn pro. Yet, although I began to play golf quite by accident and played for years without exactly knowing why, I have had very definite reasons for not accepting golf as a profession; but the idealistic part of the thing is entirely apart from that decision.

Pro Data

Amateurism, in my opinion, is entirely a matter of convenience, depending upon the financial condition of the individual. It is nice for a man to make a hobby of his favorite sport, to play it or leave it alone as he likes. But to enjoy this luxury he must be able to earn a living from some other occupation or must possess an income sufficient for his needs. In other words, it is fine to be an amateur if one can afford it.

No question arises in my mind concerning the right of an individual to commercialize his proficiency in sport if his happiness and well-being will be promoted by so doing. If enough people will pay money to see Walter Hagen play golf to make it profitable for him to play, and if he wants to play, I cannot see why the situation is vastly different from that of Caruso's being paid to sing or of a lawyer's receiving money for drafting a contract. That there is a demand for professional golfers is shown by the fact that many of them earn quite a respectable amount of money. The calling is a legitimate one and there appears no good reason why a man should not accept it if he desires.

For me there was no temptation in professionalism until I had all but completed the college education which my father had determined I should have. Naturally my services as a golfer were not in demand prior to 1923, when I won the American Open Championship. And by that time I had seen a lot of golf, had indulged in strenuous seasons of competition and had been on barnstorming tours exhibiting for the Red Cross during the war.

I had found out the vast difference between playing golf for pleasure and golf as a business, and that professional golf involved considerably more than long putts and twenty-dollar bills. I had learned that a good many pros who had full-time positions with clubs, where they maintained a shop and gave lessons, earned comfortable livings, but that the only men who drew really attractive incomes were those in demand for exhibition purposes. And I also had learned something of what exhibition tours meant and I did not like them.

Night after night on Pullmans, and round after round of golf played before thundering crowds, with no chance for relaxation and little possibility of enjoying what the rest of us think of as home. And when the tournament season arrives it means more traveling at one's own expense in an effort to win more titles in order to induce more invitations to exhibition games.

I am not trying to sympathize with the professional nor to create the impression that he deserves more compensation than he now gets. Rather I am trying to point out to the business man who thinks he would like nothing better than to play golf every day, the fact that even a fascinating pastime may, when one is forced to it, become actual labor.

So far as commercializing sport is concerned, it is hard to say what is and what is not. Obviously a well-known golfer is more attractive to certain business houses than an unknown college graduate, yet it would be distinctly unfair to deny a man the right to engage in certain businesses simply because he could play golf. So, too, writing on the game for publication as I do, is a means of livelihood which is made possible solely because of one's golfing reputation. Yet the amateur rules permit such a thing on the grounds that writing is not teaching or playing the game for a consideration, and because its value is based on knowledge of the sport rather than on the playing of it.

Vital Questions

Golf is among the cleanest of sports. I suppose there are as few surreptitious violations of the amateur rule in golf as in any other sport, chiefly because its professional branch is so well organized. This condition could not exist if those men minded to make a living from the game had no professional field to which to turn, and were compelled to play as amateurs and to conceal whatever remunerations they were able to earn. The man who expects to live on golf has to devote so much time to it that he cannot afford to conceal his practices, so far does the money to be made from open professionalism exceed the little things received behind the back.

These are vital questions for the young man to consider: First, will professional sport be congenial? Second, will it pay? And, third, will he be happier to sacrifice what has been his pleasure in order to make it his business?

The decision rests entirely with the individual, but whatever course he chooses he must stick to it. A genuine sportsman does not pretend to be something which he is not, nor does he compete with others except upon equal terms.

This, I think, explains why I have chosen to follow the law, even if at a safe distance, rather than golf as a profession. In short, I have answered in the negative all three of the questions propounded above. And having made the decision there has been no course open to me but to adhere to the rules, accepting no advantages not expressly permitted to all others who call themselves amateurs, and with whom I am to compete on an equal footing.

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Won't you be William?

When romance begins with love and ends with shooting, that's just commonplace. But when it begins with shooting—that's news

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

THEY met in the woods on a hill above Silver Springs, Virginia; and their first meeting came perilously near to being their last. For the cause of their introduction was a sixteen-gauge shotgun, which suddenly went bang, discharging a load of bird shot into the thicket where Dick Ballard was resting.

Young Mr. Ballard, who had sat down on a rock to enjoy the landscape, rose hastily and said in a loud, clear voice: "What the hell!"

Instantly a frightened feminine voice exclaimed: "Oh, my soul! I thought you were a quail! Have I killed you?"

"I don't think so," said Dick.

His left hand felt as if it had been stung by a bee. He looked down and saw a thin streak of blood across the back of it. Indignantly he stepped out of the thicket.

"Do I look like a quail?" he demanded.

Then he found himself gazing into a pair of troubled blue eyes, and his resentment vanished. For the girl who had almost murdered him was a very pretty girl. He put his wounded hand in his pocket.

"Well, never mind," he said. "I'm still alive."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" breathed the girl. "I mean, I'm so glad—!"

"So am I," said Dick.

"I'll never go hunting again!" she declared, with such a distressed look that Dick grinned reassuringly.

"It's all right," he said. "You missed me."

"You're very nice about it."

Dick drew his cigarette case from his pocket.

"I'm a nice fellow," he said. "Will you have a—? Hello! What's the matter?"

"Your hand!" gasped the girl. "It's bleeding!"

"Oh, that," he said, and again tried to tuck his hand out of sight. But she caught his wrist and held it.

"You're hurt! I *did* hit you!"

"It's nothing."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"But you must have it attended to at once," she said decisively. "Come home with me—I live in one of the cottages at the Hillcrest—and I'll put some antiseptic on it."

"I'm stopping at the Hillcrest myself," said Dick.

"Are you? So much the better. Do please let's hurry."

THEY started along the pine ridge toward the hotel.

"I'm Dick Ballard," he said. "I come here every fall. Thought I knew everybody in the place. But I haven't seen you before."

"This is my first visit to Silver Springs," said the girl. "And I don't go around much. I'm working."

"Working?"

"Trying to finish a novel."

"Oh, so you're a writer!"

"I hope so," said the girl.

"Do I know your name, I wonder?"

"No. I'm just beginning. It's Sylvia Hammond."

"Charming!" said Dick.

"Is it?" said the girl.

"I think so."

They came out of the woods and walked toward the lavish hotel that sprawled, with its accompanying brood of cottages, on the high, hunched shoulder of the hill. Below lay the village of Silver Springs, and beyond stretched the valley, blurred by a blue haze. . . .

A path wound among the cottages, which were separated from one another by discreet masses of shrubbery. At the first of these cottages Sylvia Hammond stopped and said: "This is where I live."

"Nice," said Dick.

"I like to be alone."

"You live alone here?"

"Yes. Come in."

Dick followed her into the cabin; but it seemed that Miss Hammond was not so completely alone as she had said. For on the sofa in her living-room sat a large and rather alarming old lady, in a rusty black dress, whose hands were folded primly in her lap and whose steel-blue eyes looked steadily toward the door. As Dick met that challenging gaze he stopped short. As for Sylvia, she simply stood and stared.

"Aunt Jane!" she gasped, finally.

"Yes," said the old lady. "It's your Aunt Jane, come all the way from Wisconsin to surprise you. Ain't you goin' to kiss me, Sylvie?"

"Oh, Aunt Jane—!" cried Sylvia and, dropping her shotgun, rushed across the room and flung her arms around the grim figure on the sofa. "Aunt Jane!"

"I DON'T know as I'd ought to've come without lettin' you know," said the old lady. "But, anyway, here I be!"

"Darling, I'm so—so glad to see you! But why—? How—? I can't believe you're really here!"

"I'm on my way to Floridy," said Aunt Jane.

"Florida?"

"Yes. Doc Smithers thought I'd ought to go for my rheumatism. He's an old fool, but—well—fact is, I figgered it would be a good chance to stop off and see you, Silvie."

"Oh. . . . Yes. . . . Of course! *Dear* Aunt Jane!"

"But Land o' Goshen," said Aunt Jane. "There's your young man standin' like a bump on a log, waitin' for you to introduce him to me. Not that I don't know who he is," she concluded, with a smile that only increased the formidable grimness of her countenance.

Dick was startled. He glanced at Sylvia, and was astonished to see the look of dismay on her face. To add to his bewilderment, Aunt Jane said sharply: "Well! What's the matter with you two? This is William, ain't it, Sylvie?"

"Yes!" said Sylvia, looking straight at Dick. "This is William. . . . William, this is Aunt Jane, of whom I've spoken to you so often."

"Oh!" said Dick. In the shock of learning that his name was William it was all he could think to say.

"Hmmm!" said Aunt Jane. "Quite a

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By Dana Burnet

"Oh, dear!" wailed Sylvia, "I guess I'll just have to marry you, William!" Dick drew himself up to his full height. "Not at all," he said. "A gentleman at least knows how to die. Good-by, Sylvia!"

strappin' fellow, ain't you? You can come over here and kiss me if you've a mind to."

"Ah!" said Dick. "Ah—thanks!" And crossing the room, he saluted the somewhat leathery cheek presented to him.

"Now," said Aunt Jane, "we can all set down and talk."

Dick distinctly heard Sylvia gasp.

"No, no!" she said.

"Why not?"

"Because—you see, darling . . . William must go to see a doctor about his hand."

"What's the matter with his hand?"

"I shot him," said Sylvia.

"She shot me," said Dick.

"Land o' Goshen!" said Aunt Jane.

"I was out hunting," explained Sylvia, "and my gun went off, and the first thing I knew I had shot William. It's not serious, though."

"It's not serious," said Dick.

"But he might get an infection," continued Sylvia, hastily.

"That's right," said Dick. "I'd better go at once. You'll excuse me, won't you—er—Aunt Jane?"

"Of course I will," said the old lady; and added: "The very idea, Sylvie! I never knew a girl so careless of her chances as you be!"

"I know it. I've given up hunting," said Sylvia; and added: "I'll walk out to the gate with you, William." She put a firm hand on his arm. "Be back in a moment, Aunt Jane," she said over her shoulder, and pushed Dick toward the door.

"Well!" he exclaimed when they were out of the house. "Will you kindly tell me who William is, and why *I* am William, and why—?"

"I can't tell you now! It's too complicated. . . . But I'll explain everything later."

"When?"

"Tonight! Yes . . . I'll meet you tonight after Aunt Jane has gone to bed. Say about ten o'clock—up by the spring?"

"It's a date," said Dick.

"And I *am* grateful to you for playing up and pretending to be William."

"I could see you were in some kind of jam," he said.

"Jam's no word for it!" said Sylvia, and went thoughtfully back into the house.

AT TEN O'CLOCK that night Dick Ballard hurried up the hill and entered the small latticed summer-house that marked the location of the Silver Spring. A few minutes later Sylvia joined him. He took her hand and drew her into the shadow of the springhouse.

"Well?" he demanded eagerly.

"Aunt Jane's in bed and asleep."

"Good! I've been dying of curiosity all afternoon." They sat down on a bench. "Now! What about this mysterious bird, William?"

"I'll tell you. May I have a cigarette?"

HE PRODUCED his cigarette case. They both lighted up. Sylvia blew a cloud of smoke through the lattice into the moonlight and commenced abruptly: "In the first place, Aunt Jane wants me to get married. I'm her favorite niece. My three sisters found husbands at home—we live in Belvidere, Wisconsin—but I wasn't looking for a husband, so naturally I didn't find one."

"Naturally!" said Dick.

"I didn't want to find one. I don't now. I want to write. But Aunt Jane has old-fashioned notions. She's pioneer stock, you know. And she felt it was a disgrace that I couldn't get my man."

"I see."

"So she gave me a check for five thousand dollars—she has loads of money!—and told me to strike out for myself. Her idea was," added Sylvia, "that I'd stand a better chance in the more thickly populated sections of the country."

"A sound idea," said Dick. "So you came East?"

Sylvia nodded.

"I went first to Bar Harbor. I started my novel there. Then I moved down to Newport, then to Easthampton, then here—"

"But where does William come in?" asked Dick, noting that Sylvia's hair had a silver sheen in the moonlight.

"William," said Sylvia, "is a character in my novel."

"A wha—? A character in your—?"

"Yes. He's only a minor character, but I'm awfully fond of him, and unfortunately I got to describing him in my letters to Aunt Jane."

"Ah-ha!" said Dick.

"You see she kept writing and asking me if I'd met any attractive young men and I—well—I put into my letters some of the episodes about William that I intended to use in my novel."

"And they were all pure fiction?"

"Quite pure," said Sylvia. "But finally I got to the point—I was forced to it by sheer dramatic necessity—of telling Aunt Jane that William was in love with me. And that's what got me into trouble. Because Aunt Jane sent me a long night letter urging me to accept William. And like a perfect idiot I wired back that I had."

"Lucky William!" said Dick.

(*Continued on page 46*)

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Leading to Marriage

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Arnold Bennett

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

"Crowther," said his master, "you well know that you have no right to come in unless I ring"

THIS is the story of the episode which led to Mr. Capstain's second marriage.

The illustrious Mr. Capstain sat down at his desk in his vast house in Belgrave Square, London. He was a man of business, a director of the biggest manufactory of its kind in the world. No manufactory could have been directed with less friction. Never a strike there! The delegates of trades unions never troubled there! Mr. Capstain was not only the director, but the working staff, the everything, of the manufactory. He happened to be a novelist, playwright and journalist. He knew that he was not a genius, but he also knew that he was the most popular, the most efficient, and the most prolific literary performer of his time. He made more money and spent more than any other author on earth.

The hour was midnight.

At midnight his day's labor began. He toiled till 7 A. M., with an interval at 4 A. M. for light refreshment. He breakfasted at 7 A. M., went to bed, slept six hours, arose at 1 P. M., lunched at 2 P. M., and had then a glorious stretch of ten hours in which to see the world. This wonderful plan of existence he had taken from the life of Balzac. Herein was his sole resemblance to Balzac.

In the blaze of the electric light he passed his hand over some notebooks. He looked at his fingers. Dust. He rang the bell. A butler entered.

Mr. Capstain was reputed to be the only man in London who employed two butlers. This one was the night-butler, necessary because of Mr. Capstain's nocturnal refreshment and early breakfast.

"Crowther," he asked blandly, "who dusts this room nowadays?"

"The new head housemaid, sir."

"What's her name?"

"Maisie, sir."

"Her surname?"

"I don't know, sir. She's only been here ten days."

"Has she gone to bed yet?"

"Oh no, sir."

"Send her to me."

Mr. Capstain had spoken blandly, for the reason that he never allowed himself to be other than bland. He believed in harmony, as the best aid to industry. He never had the slightest dissension even with his two widowed sisters, who lived with him and on him. They adored him, though he was a plump fellow of forty-five, with a bald head, a manner exasperatingly imperturbable, and an ironic tongue.

The new head housemaid came in. A young lady of pleasant but serious features, very neat.

"Yes, sir." A rather cultivated voice for a housemaid, even for a head housemaid.

"Maisie," said Mr. Capstain at his blandest. "By the way, what is your surname?"

"Dyton, sir."

"Well, Maisie, I told Crowther yesterday about the inefficient dusting of this room. Did you get the message?"

"Yes, sir."

"See here, then." Mr. Capstain passed his hand again over the notebooks, and showed dusty fingers.

"I'm sorry, sir."

"You possibly don't realize that this room is the most important in the whole house. Everything comes out of it, including your wages."

"I'm sorry, sir. I had to go out. I was detained, and there wasn't time—"

"EXCUSE me, Maisie," Mr. Capstain blandly stopped her. "Your affairs are not mine. You've been here ten days. You and I are at liberty to cease business relations at the end of the first fortnight." Mr. Capstain knew this interesting fact about the conditions of British domestic service because part of his equipment as a novelist was to know everything. He continued: "At the end of your fortnight you will have the goodness to leave. One of my rules here is never to give an order twice."

"Yes, sir."

Maisie turned to leave. Mr. Capstain scribbled "New housemaid" on a notepad.

At the door Maisie turned back and remarked:

"I suppose you wouldn't like me to suggest a plot to you, sir?"

"A plot?" repeated Mr. Capstain, alert.

"Yes, sir."

"If it suits me, I'll pay you five pounds for it," said Mr. Capstain unperturbed.

"Well, sir. There was a girl who had to earn her living, or part of it. She had literary leanings, and tried to be an author. She wrote two novels. One she couldn't sell. The other was published, but it failed completely. She had a son, a young boy. She couldn't be a secretary, because that wouldn't have suited her temperament. So she decided—"

At this point Crowther reëntered, apologetic.

"Crowther," said his master, "you well know that you have no right to come in unless I ring."

"The house is on fire, sir."

Mr. Capstain showed no emotion; neither did Maisie.

"Oh, is it?" said the master. "Which floor?"

"Above this, sir. Back."

"Serious?"

"Maybe, sir."

"Then telephone for the fire brigade."

"I have, sir."

"That's good. Get all the servants downstairs before the staircase is alight. Are your mistresses in?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Very fortunate. Thank you. That will do—for the moment."

Exit Crowther.

"Fires always burn upwards, not downwards. So we're in no danger," observed Mr. Capstain. "You're not afraid, Maisie?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"But your things upstairs?"

"I sleep in the basement, sir."

"Good. Now to continue that plot."

"So as she understood and really liked housework," Maisie continued calmly, "she decided to enter domestic service, and she became a housemaid. Her little boy was ill, and she went out one evening to see him—at her sister-in-law's. And that got her into trouble about some dusting. She had to leave. And to find just the right sort of situation was not very easy. Is that a good beginning of a plot, sir?"

"Very," said Mr. Capstain. "Are you a widow?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is called a lady?"

"I suppose so, sir."

"Will you sit down, Mrs. Dyton?"

"Thanks." Mrs. Dyton sat.

THEY talked for quite some time—indeed until they heard the beating thud-thud-thud of a fire engine.

"Perhaps we ought to be going," said Mr. Capstain. "Everything's insured, except my manuscripts. I'd better take them."

He opened a drawer and pulled out a pile of manuscripts. Maisie rose to go.

"One moment," said Mr. Capstain. "Forgive me, but you're rather a wonderful young woman. I should like to ask you one question. Do you intend ever again to write?"

"Nothing would induce me to."

"Then you're also a very wise young woman, and I'm relieved," said Mr. Capstain.

They went forth through the double doors to the landing, smelt smoke, discerned the romantic figures of firemen above.

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Lily of the Ballet

Princes and other experts have made love to her, but Damita isn't quite ready to tell the cock-eyed world who the lucky man is—she has a job to finish first

By John B. Kennedy

FERDINAND HOHENZOLLERN might have been Emperor of Germany. He may yet be Emperor of Germany. Whatever fate lies in ambush for this son of the former Crown Prince, it is not likely to be of such mind-obliterating force that it will blot out the memory of a wild California afternoon.

Ferdinand had met a young woman in Vienna and liked her very much. Most people who met her in Vienna liked her very much. She's that sort of blessed damosel. French. What cared Ferdinand? To his manly credit, not a snap of his royal fingers.

She was Lily Damita, and in search for new and exotic talent Mr. Samuel Goldwyn spotted her in Paris. Lily talked turkey with Mr. Goldwyn and shipped for Hollywood. Ferdinand, desolate—a mild European expression for disappointed—hopped after her. Under the palms that impartially shade Hollywood's gorgeous lawns and delicatessen stores, they strolled as lovers and said sweet nothings to each other in corners of convenient living-rooms.

Came a certain dawn with its final editions and the shatteringly authentic news that the heir to the Prussian throne (now undergoing repairs) was to marry a French actress.

In Unter-Den-Linden, which the present writer has never seen, but which he believes is the swearing-ground for angry German diplomats, there were guttural explosions. Cables creaked with what somebody in Berlin had to say to somebody in Washington. French newspapers tartly remarked that a Hohenzollern showed wisdom in mating with a French stage star. His meal ticket, or, as we say in Paris, table-d'hôte, was secure. German newspapers batted back unchivalrous cracks that were rather unfair to Mademoiselle Damita's manners. Dark clouds loomed on the diplomatic horizon. At any moment there might have been movements of troops toward the border.

Out in Hollywood a thickset, determined gentleman descended from a Pullman, tucked away two breakfasts, an index to his determination, and confronted Ferdinand Hohenzollern. What he said has not been recorded, but if Graham McNamee were announcing the event he would have called it "plenty."

Dazzling a group of phoney marines with a bare-legged dance on the Fox lot, Lily Damita was called to the telephone. Ferdinand speaking. Come quickly. They're trying to stop our wedding. We'll elope. A plane is waiting. Let's hop to Mexico. Now.

This, of course, is not a certified copy of what Ferdinand said. But you get the trend. Lily hurried to her dressing-room. A muscular young man hurried after her. He stood outside the door.

"Get back on the lot, young woman," he directed. He happened to be her director—Raoul Walsh.

"I have engagement," said Lily. "*Tres* important."

"I know it," said Mr. Walsh. "And I'm the *tres* important."

There were squeaks and flurries, and it all ended with Lily being locked in the studio. You see, an alert switchboard girl had relayed to Mr. Walsh both sides of the Damita-Hohenzollern telephone talk. Mr. Walsh, zealous for art and budget, wasn't going to let Lily duck the lot when her contract called for her to finish "TheCock-Eyed World," which was then half done.

So Ferdinand flew to Mexico alone, angered, no doubt, that Lily failed to show up.

On another occasion Prince George of England paid a visit to Hollywood, incognito. These princes travel about as incognito as a rainbow. Again, Mlle. Damita was linked in headlines with a prince of the blood royal and rampant. They were photographed together.

She shrugs her unusually athletic shoulders when memory flits back to that part-time romance.

"Prince George," she was asked, cautiously, "is a good conversationalist, *n' est-ce-pas?*"

The Damita brows—sleek lines of dark brown—wrinkled. She had not understood the question. It was repeated, minus the "*n' est-ce-pas.*" She understood.

"No boy," she said, ex cathedra, "is a good conversationalist when he is making love."

There's room for argument. But not with Lily Damita. An hour's chat with the lady is sufficient to convince one that if she had the will to win either Ferdinand or George, learned news-writers might even now be educating the public in the various meanings of the word morganatic. From birth, or as soon thereafter as she had to make her own livelihood, she has been a go-getter.

Her father was an engineer with De Lesseps, famed canal builder. She was born in Paris, taken as an infant to Egypt, where she places her first memory: of a snake-charmer amusing her with a tune on his flute while his

(*Continued on page 59*)

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Lily Damita, caught by the camera, strolling the boulevards of Paris on a windy day

Lily Damita, with Ernest Torrence, in a scene from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picturization of The Bridge of San Luis Rey

White Studio

The incomparable Lily as she appears in one of her numbers in Sons o' Guns

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The Diamond Cleek

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Or the singular experience of that genius of the links, Mr. Ramsay, whose golf was better than his luck

WHEN I first seen Vernon Ramsay standing on the practice tee slamming 'em two hundred and forty yards straight down the middle, I knew that something was going to happen before that house party ended. I had a hunch that by the end of the week somebody was going to lose something valuable and I could guess just how they was going to lose it.

Me, being just the caddy master—well, I didn't get a chance to speak to Vernon privately until about one o'clock in the afternoon, and then, making sure that nobody could be listening, I says to him—

"Hey, Vernon," I says, "what are you fixing to steal now, and from who?"

"Whom," says Vernon, who always was a gent. "And what the hell are you doing here?"

"I am caddy master for Mr. L. Thaddeus Wilson," I answers, "and it is one swell job."

"I can understand that, Oscar—about it being a swell job, but how did he happen to hire a burglar like you?"

"He doesn't know about me being a burglar, Vernon—and I have not burgled one time since I have been here, although goodness knows the temptation has been great. But I have been honest since taking this job, and for two reasons."

"What are they, Oscar?"

"Well, in the first place, I don't think the cops would ever look for me here even though they are anxious to find me, and, in the second place, I always feel like no good crook ought to steal cheap. In other words, Vernon, I have been sort of laying low until I saw a chance of making a real cleanup."

Vernon give a low whistle.

"Holy Mackerel!" he says. "Do you mean to tell me you have been working on this estate indefinitely—"

"Just a minute, Vernon. I have not been working here indefinitely. I have been working here for only three months."

"—and haven't had a square chance to borrow anything? Oscar, your touch must be completely gone."

With that I shook my head.

"It is a good thing for you I am here, Vernon," I said, "because I feel that I can save you from going to prison very suddenly. It seems to me that you don't know very much about this gentleman whose invitation you accepted so you could rob him."

"I know he's a big, good-natured ox who has made all the money in the world and has gone society."

"Yeh," I says, "you have got some of it right. But I can see plain that you don't know Mr. L. Thaddeus Wilson's inner nature. You don't know, for instance, that he is always suspicious that somebody is going to steal something from him or otherwise do him out of a nickel, and, Vernon, I am telling you it isn't decent—the difficulties he has put in the path of a poor but honest thief."

"That's always the way," mourned Vernon. "The more a man has, the more afraid he is of having a little of it stolen from him. Now here's Mr. Wilson: I have looked him up, Oscar. I looked him up very particularly before I forged the credentials which got me the invitation to attend his house party and play in his Diamond Cleek Golf Tournament . . . and I learned that three years ago he was just plain Lem Wilson and worth ten cents less than nothing. Now he is roughly estimated at twenty million dollars and has gone stiff-shirt. At that, Oscar, I must confess that he has a swell layout here."

WELL, Vernon couldn't get no argument out of me about Shady Rest being swell, because I'm ready to admit that I never seen a classier dump in my life. This bird who wouldn't let himself be cheated out of a thin dime wasn't a bit backward about spending the kale for something him and the wife wanted.

He had about four hundred acres of land and his house set way up on a hill. It was sure a noble shack, and they said that every room had a private bath and the bathrooms was all done in different colors. He had a big tiled swimming pool and a flock of tennis courts and the niftiest, sportiest little eighteen-hole golf layout you ever seen.

Once that joint was all built Lem became L. Thaddeus and he and the wife went social. Of course that wasn't so easy done, even with etiquette books, but when you got twenty million, you can get away with using the wrong fork, easy. And they slung some parties that crashed the rotogravures whether they were aces or not.

It got to be a sort of game with them to do whatever they read about anybody else in the society racket doing, and that was how L. Thaddeus thought up this Diamond Cleek Golf Tournament.

It seems that he had read about some rich man who owns his private golf course and every year entertains a lot of classy golfers as his house guests while they play a tournament for a solid gold mashie. Well, Thaddeus figures that if it's a fine stunt to play for a gold mashie, it will be a lot sweller if a gang plays for a diamond cleek. So he has a jeweler make a solid gold cleek which is mounted in a big plush case, and is studded with some nifty diamonds. They say the thing set him back seven thousand smackers, which is plenty coin for a golf trophy. Then he begins sending out invitations to all the leading amateurs to share his chow and play his course for a week.

He gets plenty of acceptances, but somehow the names that figure prominent in the newspapers don't flock. There ain't even a state champ present the day before the tournament starts,

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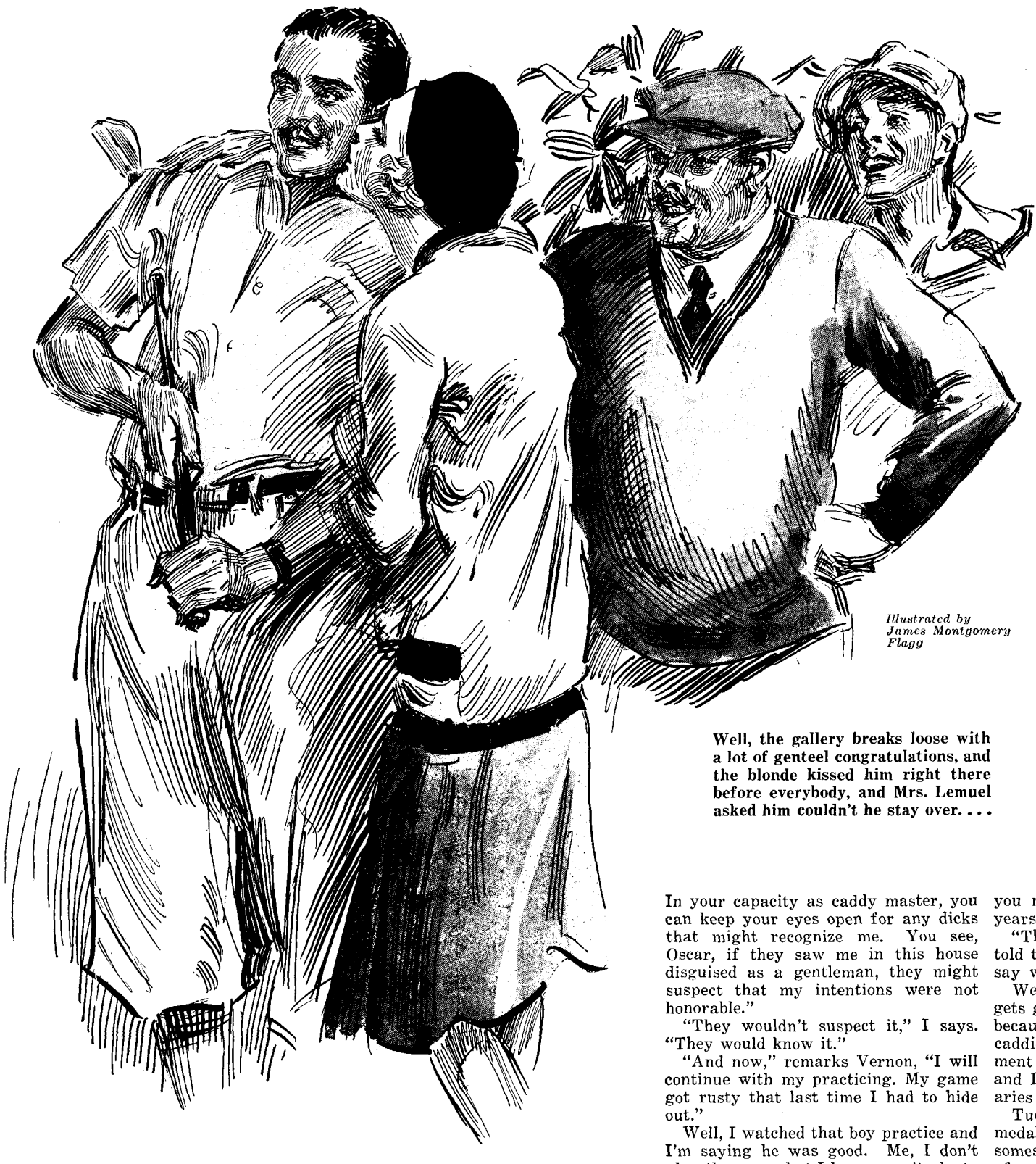

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

Well, the gallery breaks loose with a lot of genteel congratulations, and the blonde kissed him right there before everybody, and Mrs. Lemuel asked him couldn't he stay over. . . .

which almost busts Lem's heart, but there are a lot of swell guys who are willing to break bread with him for a week, to say nothing of sampling some of the niftiest giggle juice on the whole Pacific Coast.

The tournament is going to be seventy-two holes medal play at the rate of eighteen holes a day.

"I didn't know you was good enough to play in this kind of a tournament," I says to Vernon.

He gives me a disdainful look, and how! You see, Vernon is a real handsome guy: he's got a classical face and a touch of gray in his hair and he's awfully educated.

"I'm always in the seventies," he says. "And I have looked over the other entrants. I don't see any golfer whose name I know."

"Yeh, but some of them shoot pretty good."

"Hmm!" says he, "I'd like to win that diamond cleek."

"You got to be mighty good to do that."

"I don't know. . . ." He stares off to'rds the big house. "They're all amateurs, Oscar, and this is a gentleman's tournament. You know what that means. They don't question a man's score."

"Not even yours, Vernon?"

"Not even mine."

"Well," I admits, "that's different, because that will chip six strokes a round off your gross."

"Yes, Oscar—I figured on that, and six strokes a round will make my card look very nice."

I looked at him closely. "Listen here," I says. "You ain't taking all this trouble just for a measly diamond cleek, are you?"

"Well, no—not exactly; although it would do my golfer's heart good to win it by fair means or foul. But it seems to me I have heard rumors that L. Thaddeus recently presented his wife with a pearl necklace which cost more than two hundred thousand dollars."

I nodded slowly. "Am I in on that, Vernon?"

"FOR a small percentage, Oscar—Yes. But not fifty-fifty."

"Certainly not, Vernon. Even ten per cent of the sale price would taste like real gravy to me. And remember that I'm glad to help in any way I can."

"There will be plenty of ways, Oscar. In your capacity as caddy master, you can keep your eyes open for any dicks that might recognize me. You see, Oscar, if they saw me in this house disguised as a gentleman, they might suspect that my intentions were not honorable."

"They wouldn't suspect it," I says. "They would know it."

"And now," remarks Vernon, "I will continue with my practicing. My game got rusty that last time I had to hide out."

Well, I watched that boy practice and I'm saying he was good. Me, I don't play the game, but I have seen it plenty and understand what it is all about. Vernon had form—and how. A compact swing, a snappy follow through, and the crispest little pitch shot you ever set eyes on. And from what he told me the next morning there was going to be other pickings as well.

"I played bridge last night," he says.

"Did you bring your own cards?"

"Of course. But with these chaps I don't have to use them. They do not play a scientific game, Oscar. They seem to think that if they bid high enough they will change the spots on the cards, and last night I sat back and let them have a good time, with me doing the doubling. I won two hundred and ten dollars."

"Not bad for an honest evening, Vernon. And did you meet Mrs. L. Thaddeus Wilson?"

"I did," he remarks, "and, Oscar, it is no compliment to a lot of hard-working oysters that she should be wearing a necklace made of the fruit of their best labors. That dame, Oscar, is nobody's business and least of all mine. But the necklace . . ."—he made an envious sound—". . . that necklace, Oscar, is something to make a man dream dreams. When I leave here next Saturday evening, I am going to carry it with me."

"Uh-huh. But you better be careful. Lem most probably has them jewels insured, and these insurance company dicks are poison."

"Not for a clever lad like me. You see, Oscar, I learned something last night. Mrs. Wilson wears a special set of jewelry each night in the week, she having fourteen sets."

"But there are only seven nights, Vernon."

"Sure, and she wears two sets each night. So she ain't due to wear this pearl collar again until next Monday, and by that time I will be gone from here."

"I HOPE so. But it would be terrible if they happened to change that program and she was to discover the pearl necklace was missing. Because this baby Lem is sort of tough, and he would most likely forget rule seventeen of the etiquette book and demand that none of his guests leave the house without having their luggage searched. You see, Vernon, this gimmick ain't been a gent so long that he believes everybody else is on the level. In fact, you might say that he knows better."

Vernon shook his head. "Isn't that uncultured of him, Oscar? The idea of not even crediting his guests with being honest."

"It *is* kind of an insult," I agrees. "But if I was you I wouldn't go howling too loud about it. You better just sort of line up with the rest and hope they don't ask you how you made a living for the past seven years."

"They have already," he chuckles. "I told them I had an income but I didn't say whose."

Well, on Tuesday the house party gets going in earnest. I'm pretty busy because ordinarily we only keep a dozen caddies on the job, but for this tournament I have to keep fifty boys in line, and L. Thaddeus Wilson is paying salaries to all of them.

Tuesday they have an eighteen-hole medal round of two-ball mixed foursomes. Vernon, who always was sort of weak where dames are concerned, manages to get teamed up with a blue-eyed mama who didn't play a bad game, although they didn't finish in the money. On the other hand, they was rambling around the grounds that night inspecting the Big Dipper and other heavenly confiscations, and I guess she must have been a nifty all right, else Vernon would not of passed up the easy money which was slipping across the bridge tables inside.

I'll say several things about Lem and his wife: they certainly did do this entertainment business up to a million. Of course their guest list didn't make any cavity in the Social Register, but they seemed to be a pretty swell bunch and they were out for a good time, which the Wilsons saw to it they had.

Wednesday the big tournament starts. Thirty-four entries and they commence getting off from the first tee in pairs at nine o'clock. Vernon and his partner tee off at nine-thirty-five and I see them start. Vernon slices into the rough on the 347-yard first hole, but plays a mashie iron for his second and spanks it on the green and I knew he was right. I was on the tenth tee when he finished the outward nine and I ask him how he is going.

(*Continued on page 42*)

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Fu Manchu's

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

"It seems like madness, but about this I can *never* be mistaken. If I had not seen, I should have felt. But I *saw*"

VIII

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE excavating near the Tomb of the Black Ape, in Egypt's somber Valley of the Kings, Sir Lionel Barton, world-famous archæologist, is thrown into a deep cataleptic sleep, from which it is impossible to rouse him. A series of strange incidents, in which a shadowy figure—"Madame Ingomar"—plays a leading rôle, convinces those in the little camp that a monster plot of some sort is afoot.

Dr. Petrie, one of Sir Lionel's old friends; Nayland Smith, of Scotland Yard; Weymouth, head of the Cairo Detective Service; and Shan Greville, who tells the story, set out to solve the mystery. Greville's sweetheart, Rima (Barton's niece), also helps. Soon they discover that Madame Ingomar is none other than Fah Lo Suee—the daughter of the sinister Dr. Fu Manchu, regarded, before his death, as the most dangerous man in the world!

Nayland Smith learns that the plotters are to hold a meeting at the house of the Sheik Ismail, in the desert. He and his coworkers motor there, where they learn that the mysterious Council of Seven is preparing to re-create the Si Fan, a body (composed of murderous religious fanatics) which aims at gaining control of the world!

All sorts of strange folk have gathered—among them dacoits (professional criminals from Burmah) and numerous evil-visaged Orientals. Among them, also, are two Tibetan monks, whom Weymouth and Petrie overcome, and tie up. One of the monks wears a strange ring which Nayland Smith puts on. Then he and Greville don the monks' camel's-hair garments, knock seven times at the door of the Sheik Ismail's house and boldly enter!

The arch-plotters arrive—among them the old Sheik Ismail—and Madame Ingomar appears. As Nayland Smith and Greville begin to think they are safe, the two Tibetans, who have worked loose from their bonds, arrive. Smith and Greville are discovered and overpowered!

Hours—perhaps days—later, Greville comes to. He is in a small room and has been under the influence of some potent drug. Madame Ingomar comes to him. She, it appears, has saved his life. She loves him! She tells him much of the weird plot—the plot to unite China once more and gain control of the whole world! . . . She leaves. Later a dacoit enters, carrying a short curved knife, and creeps toward Greville. And then—

A police whistle sounds. Doors crash. "Greville," someone shouts. . . . It is Weymouth—just in time!

PERHAPS the presence of blue-uniformed and helmeted constables in a measure prepared me. But, looking back, I realize that this anomalous intrusion upon the oasis did not register a hundred per cent of its true force at the time.

I was weak to a degree which I simply couldn't believe or accept. The idea of mirage remained. When they carried me through a queer room adjoining that in which I had suffered—a room where something lay covered by a piece of ornate tapestry torn from the wall—I was still no more than half alive to facts.

That the house of the Sheik Ismail had been raided in the nick of time was clear enough. What had become of Petrie I failed to imagine, nor could I account for the presence of London policemen. Also, I was dreadfully concerned about Nayland Smith.

Weymouth's appearance—he wore dinner kit—also intrigued me. But I remembered that at least two days had elapsed; and in some way, I supposed wearily, this hiatus must explain these seeming discrepancies.

Then we reached the outside of the house. A big gray car stood before the door. There was a crowd. I saw several constables.

I saw the street. . . .

I saw a long, neglected wall. From a doorway in this wall I had been carried out to the car. Adjoining was a row of drab, two-story houses. Similar houses faced them from across the narrow way. Some of the doors were open, and in the dim light shining out groups were gathered.

They were Chinese—some of them. Others were nondescript. The crowd about the car, kept in check by two constables, was made up of typical East End London elements!

I was placed comfortably on the cushions. A man whom I suddenly recognized as Fletcher seated himself in front with the chauffeur. Weymouth got in beside me. The car moved off.

"You're all at sea!" he said, and rested his hand reassuringly on my arm. "Don't think too much about it, yet. I'm going to take you to Dr. Petrie's hotel. He'll get you on your feet again."

"But . . . where am I?"

"You're in Limehouse at the moment. . . ."

"What!"

"Keep cool! You didn't know? Well, it is so."

"But, *two days* back, I was in Egypt!"

As the car swung into a wide, populous thoroughfare—West India Dock Road, I learned later—Weymouth turned to me. His expression, blank at first, gradually changed, and then:

"Good heavens, Greville!" he said, "I'm just beginning to understand!"

"I wish *I* could!"

"Brace yourself up—because it's going to be a shock; although the facts must have prepared you for it. You said, which you can see now is impossible, that you were in Egypt two days back. . . . Can you stand the truth? You left Egypt *a month ago!*" . . . .

A week elapsed. Petrie's treatment worked wonders. And a day came when, looking down from a hotel sitting-room on the busy life of Piccadilly, I realized that the raw edges of the thing had worn off.

I had lost a month out of my life. I had been translated in the manner of the old Arabian tales from the Oasis of Khârga to some place in Limehouse. The smooth channel of my ways had been diverted; and the shock of recognizing this had staggered me. But now, as I say, I was reconciled. Also, better equipped to cope with it: indeed, nearly fit again.

"My extraordinary experience with Sir Lionel," said Petrie, who stood just behind me, "was of enormous assistance in your own case, Greville."

"You mean the success of the new treatment suggested by Sir Brian Hawkins?"

"Yes. . . . At least, so I believed."

I turned away from the window and stared at Petrie curiously. His expression puzzled me.

"I don't understand, Doctor. You sent a telegram from Luxor to Sir Brian in London, giving him full details about the Chief. He cabled back saying that he had communicated these particulars to a Dr. Amber—a former assistant—who was fortunately then in Cairo and who would ring you up."

"QUITE so, Greville. And this Dr. Amber did ring up, discussed the case with me, said he agreed with Sir Brian's suggestion and dispatched, express, a small box. It contained a third of a fluid dram of some preparation, labeled 'One minim per day subcutaneously until normal.' After four injections, Sir Lionel fully recovered—except that he had no recollection of what had taken place from the time of the attack to that when he opened his eyes in his room at the Luxor hotel."

"That's plain sailing enough, Petrie, and a big success for Sir Brian Hawkins. You came to the conclusion that I was suffering from the effects of overdoses of the same drug—"

"And so I tried the same cure—with equally marvelous results."

He paused, staring me hard in the face; then:

"When we got down to Cairo," he went on, "as you know, I postponed sailing—Dr. Amber had left his hotel. And when we reached London, Sir Brian Hawkins was abroad. . . . He came home this morning."

"Well?" I said—for he had paused again, staring at me in that peculiar manner.

"Sir Brian Hawkins never received my telegram—"

"What!"

"—he was unacquainted with anyone called Dr. Amber—and the preparation, a specimen of which I had taken with me, was totally unknown to him!"

"Good God!"

"Don't let it worry you, Greville. We've been the victims of a cunning plot. But the unknown plotter has saved two valuable lives—and defeated Fah Lo Suee! Excuse me if I run away now. Please stay here and make yourself at home. My wife wants to do some shopping, and I never allow her out alone, even in London. You know why," he added significantly.

I nodded, as:

"Rima and Sir Lionel are due tomorrow," he said, "and I know how you're counting the hours! . . ."

SO WHILE it was true that to Petrie and to Weymouth I owed the fact that I now stood staring down again on the busy life of Piccadilly, I owed even more to . . . someone else! I was all but fit. I had taken a stroll in the Park, and with decent precautions for a week or two was competent to reënter the battle of life. But—who was Dr. Amber?

Almost a deeper mystery than that of the hiatus, to me represented by a blank in my existence; and this, heaven knows, was strange enough!

The house of the Sheik Ismail had been raided by a party under the mudir of Khârga. This official, it seems, was already suspicious of the strange visitors to the town.

They found not a soul on the premises!

El-Khârga was combed carefully. No trace. The mudir got in touch with Esna, and all roads were watched. Nothing resulted. The dreadful Seven had dispersed—into thin air! Nayland Smith was missing, I was missing; and Said had disappeared with the car! . . .

Weymouth set the official wires humming. Too late, it had occurred to him that Fah Lo Suee might have retired not upon Esna but upon Asyût. Later, this theory was proved to be the correct one.

A dead man, a piece of baggage, I had been carried across the desert to Asyût, entrained for Port Said and shipped to England, as cargo is shipped! Three days too late to hold her in the Egyptian port, Weymouth, inspecting the books of the Suez Canal Company, discovered that a Clyde-built steamer chartered by a Chinese firm for some private enterprise had passed through the canal and cleared Port Said at a date which corresponded with his suspicions. Radio was set humming all over the Mediterranean; and the suspected craft was finally boarded off Cherbourg by the French police.

Her papers were in order; but consignments of goods and a number of her people had already been dispatched overland.

This was the state of affairs when the party reached England. Weymouth, of course, had secured leave of absence in the circumstances; and acting upon the policy adopted by poor Nayland Smith in earlier days had succeeded with the

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Daughter

By Sax Rohmer

"The room above, sir," he replied, "is not my property. It is used as a storeroom by another firm. . . . The stair is there, but the door is locked. . . . That door is very rarely opened. . . ."

backing of Scotland Yard in keeping all publicity out of the press.

It was the efficiency of Detective-inspector Yale and of K Division which led to my rescue. For some time they had been watching certain premises in the Limehouse area. Apart from consignments of suspicious goods and of the presence, particularly at night, of Asiatics of a character not usual in that district, a smartly dressed woman had visited the place.

Now, furnished by Weymouth with particulars of those goods sent overland from Cherbourg, Yale secretly inspected some of the crates and packing cases stored in the yard of the suspected premises. As a result of what he found, I was rescued from the green and gold room, and restored to health by Dr. Petrie. But a shadow lay upon all of us—one, indeed, which had retarded my convalescence. . . .

"OUR last battle against Fu Manchu," said Weymouth sadly, "has opened with a big score for the enemy. We've lost our field marshal."

Detective-inspector Yale nodded gloomily. I had met him several times before, and I knew that with Fletcher he had been put in charge of this case, which in his eyes had neither beginning nor end.

"It's a blank mystery to me," he confessed. "Excepting one badly murdered dwarf, there wasn't a thing of any use to us in the Limehouse raid."

"You're rather overlooking *me!*"

Detective-inspector Yale smiled; Weymouth laughed aloud.

"Sorry, sir," said Yale. "But the fact remains—we drew blank. The house was undoubtedly used by these Si Fan people. But where *are* they? I knew when Sir Denis took personal control there was something serious in the wind. He was overdue leave, it's true, but he was a demon for work; and I saw when he started for Egypt with Fletcher he'd gone for business, not pleasure. Besides, there was a big dossier accumulating."

He smiled again, turning slightly in my direction.

"The death of Professor Zeitland was a bad show for the Yard," he admitted. "It was long after the event that we realized his death wasn't due to natural causes. This in strict confidence, Mr. Greville. There's been no publicity about the absence of Sir Denis, because we've kept on hoping from day to day, and his instructions on that point were explicit. But personally . . . "

He turned aside and stared out of the window.

"I'm afraid so," Weymouth whispered.

"It's a job," Yale went on, "which I admit is above my weight. Most extraordinary reports are accumulating and the Foreign Office has nearly driven me crazy. I never knew very much about this Dr. Fu Manchu, outside the department records. I was just a plain detective officer in those days. But it looks to me—and this is where I am badly out of my depth, Superintendent—as though this delayed visit of Swâzi Pasha comes into the case!"

"I'm sure it does!" I replied. "The woman you knew as Madame Ingomar regards the present rulers of Turkey as her enemies. Swâzi Pasha is probably the biggest man in Stamboul today. She told me with her own lips that he was marked!"

"AMAZING!" said Yale. "He is to occupy Suite Number Five in this hotel, and, apart from routine measures, I'm going to satisfy myself about the staff. . . ."

I accompanied Weymouth and Yale on their tour of inspection. The suite was on the floor below, and we went down the stairs. Yale had the key and we entered. Everything had been prepared for the comfort of the distinguished visitor and his confidential private secretary.

Suite Number Five consisted of a reception-room entered from a lobby, a dining-room, and two bedrooms with bathrooms adjoining. Swâzi Pasha had been detained by illness in Paris, so the press informed us, but would arrive at Victoria that evening.

Detective-inspector Yale seemed to suspect everything in the place. The principal bedroom he explored as though he anticipated discovering there trap doors, sliding panels, or other medieval devices. He even turned on the electric heater, an excellent imitation of a coal fire, and considered it carefully; until:

"Once he gets here," said Weymouth, "he's safe enough. It's outside that he's in danger."

Yale turned to him, one eyebrow raised interrogatively, and:

"Queer *you* should say that," he replied. "I've been going carefully through the records—and you ought to know better than I do that if we're really up against this Asiatic group the best hotel in London isn't safe!"

I glanced at Weymouth, and saw his expression change.

"True enough," he admitted. "Dr. Fu Manchu got a man in the New Louvre once, under our very eyes. Yes, you're right."

With enthusiasm, he also began to

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sound walls, and to examine fittings, until:

"I have had painful personal evidence of what these people can do," I said, "but I rather agree with Inspector Yale, that the danger to Swâzi Pasha is greater outside than here."

Yale turned and:

"Outside," he assured me stolidly, "short of a fanatic who is prepared to pay the price with his life, Swâzi Pasha is safe as any man in Europe. But in the absence of Sir Denis I'm responsible for him and knowing what I know now, I'm prepared for anything."

When presently I left Weymouth and Yale, I became selfishly absorbed in my own affairs again. The Chief had engaged rooms by radio for himself and Rima here at the Park Avenue and as I wandered back to my own apartment I found myself wondering which rooms they were. Indeed, a perfectly childish impulse prompted me to go down and inquire of the office!

As I entered the corridor in which my own quarters were located, as well as those of Dr. Petrie and his wife, I saw a figure hurrying ahead of me. Reaching the door next to my own, he inserted and turned the key in the lock. As he did so, I had a view of his face in profile. . . .

Then he went in, and I heard the door shut.

Entering my own room, I sat down on the bed, lighted a cigarette and wondered why this chance encounter seemed so important. It was striking discords of memory which I couldn't solve. I smoked one cigarette and lighted a second, thinking hard all the time, before the solution came, then:

"I've got it!" I cried.

This man in the next room was the Turk who had attended the Council of Seven!

I glanced at the telephone. This was a mystery completely beyond my powers—something which Weymouth and Yale should know about at once. I hesitated, realizing that in all probability they were on their way to Victoria.

A tremendous unrest seized me. What did it mean? That it meant mischief—and bloody mischief—I felt certain. But what should I do?

I lighted a pipe and stared down into Piccadilly. Inaction was intolerable. What *could* I do? I couldn't give this man in charge of the police. Apart from the possibility of a mistake, what evidence had I against him? Finally, I grabbed my hat and went out into the corridor. I had detected no sound of movement in the neighboring room.

Walking over to the lift, I rang the bell. The cage had just arrived and I was on the point of stepping in, when I thought someone passed swiftly behind me.

I turned. My nerves were badly overtuned. The figure had gone, but:

"Who was that?" I said to the elevator boy.

"Who do you mean, sir?" he asked. "I didn't see anyone."

I thought that he was looking at me rather oddly, and:

"Ground floor," I said.

HAD this thing got me more deeply than I realized? Small wonder if it were so, considering my own experience. But was I beginning to imagine creatures of Dr. Fu Manchu, shadows, menaces, where really there was no physical presence? It was a dreadful thought, one to be repelled at all costs by a man who had passed through the nightmare of that month which I had survived.

For I had been dead and I lived again.

Sometimes the horror of it wakened me in the middle of the night. A drug, unknown to Western science, had been pumped into my veins. The skill of an Asiatic physician had brought me back to life. Petrie's experience—aided by the mysterious "Dr. Amber"—had done the rest. But there might be an aftermath, beyond the control even of this dreadful Chinaman whose shadow again was creeping over Europe. . . .

MY PRESENT intention was to walk across to Cook's and learn at what time the *S. S. Andaman*, on which Sir Lionel and Rima were traveling, docked, and when the boat train arrived. I was in that state of anxiety where one ceases to trust that high authority, the hotel hall porter.

This purpose was frustrated by the sudden appearance, as I came down the steps, of Dr. Petrie and his wife. I was instantly struck by the fact that something had terrified Mrs. Petrie. The doctor was almost supporting her. . . .

"Hello, Greville," he said, "my wife has had rather a shock. Come back with us for a minute."

The fact was obvious enough. Filled with a sudden new concern I realized, as I took Mrs. Petrie's arm and walked back up the hotel steps, that she was in a condition bordering on collapse. Well enough I knew that this could mean only one thing. As I had suspected, as Weymouth had suspected—the enemy was near us!

In the lobby she sat down and her husband regarded her anxiously. Normally, she had the most wonderful flowerlike complexion—I mean naturally, without artificial aid—of any woman I had ever met. Now, she was pale, and her wonderful eyes mirrored a sort of mysterious horror.

"Are you sure, Kara? Are you sure?" Petrie asked with deep concern.

"Could I ever be wrong about *him?*"

"When you are safely upstairs, dear," he replied, "I am going back to confirm your suspicion—or disprove it."

"But," I exclaimed, "whatever is wrong?"

"*He* is here."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Petrie? *Who* is here?"

She looked up at me, and for all her pallor I knew how beautiful she was. I thought that if those strange, wonderful eyes had beckoned to me before I had known Rima, I should have followed wherever they led. She was very lovely, and very terrified; and:

"It seems like madness," she whispered; "but about this I can *never* be mistaken. If I had not seen, I should have felt. But I *saw.*"

"Do you understand, Greville," Petrie interrupted tersely, "my wife saw—I can't doubt her; she has never been wrong on this point—someone looking out from a window above a shop in Burlington Arcade."

"I know it is madness, but I know it is true," she said.

"When?" I demanded.

"A moment ago."

"But do you mean—?"

Mrs. Petrie nodded. Her eyes were tragic. She stood up.

"I am going upstairs," she said. "No, truly, I'm quite all right again. Go back, or it may be too late— But take Mr. Greville with you."

She walked toward the lift, while Petrie and I watched her. As she entered and the lift went up:

"It seems simply incredible to me," I declared. "But do you mean that in a room over a shop in Burlington Arcade . . ."

"A dealer in Oriental jewelry, yes!" Petrie took me up quickly. "I could see nothing—the room above was in darkness—but Karamanèh saw *Dr. Fu Manchu* looking down!"

I WONDERED if Nayland Smith would have approved of Petrie's method of inquiry. Personally, I thought it admirable, for as we entered the establishment, oddly reminiscent, as many are in the arcade, of a shop in an Eastern bazaar:

"My wife came along this afternoon," said Petrie, "and noticed a large Chinese figure in the room above. She asked me to call and learn the price."

The salesman, who would not have been out of place in any jewel market of the Orient, except for the fact that he wore a well-cut morning coat, raised his eyebrows in surprise. He was leaning upon a case containing typical Levantine exhibits, and all sorts of beaded necklaces framed him about. I thought that, saving the presence of civilized London around us, he might, considered alone, have been termed a sinister figure.

"The room above, sir," he replied, "is not my property. It is used as a storeroom by another firm. See!" He turned. "The stair is there, but the door is locked. I have a case upon it as you may observe for yourself. That door is very rarely opened. . . . And I assure you it contains no Chinese figure. . . ."

He made no attempt to sell us anything.

But outside, in the arcade, we both stared up at the window above the shop. The room to which it belonged appeared to be empty. Petrie shrugged.

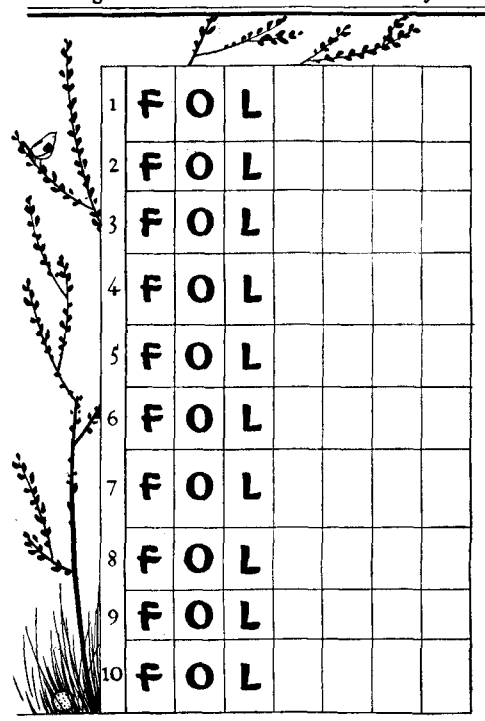
"She has never been wrong before," he said significantly. "And the gentleman with whom we have been chatting gives one the shudders."

"I agree! But what can we do!"

"Nothing," he replied.

(*Continued on page 38*)

In the English language there are just ten words (each having just seven letters) that begin with the letters F-O-L. How many of the words can you fill out unaided?



(Old English Law) The feeding of sheep in a fold that is moved from place to place.

(Rare) Act or method of folding.

Foliar; consisting of, or pertaining to, leaves.

Laying in plaits or folds; doubling upon itself; embracing. In agriculture, the keeping of sheep in inclosures.

(Botany) A leaflet. (Zoölogy) A small leaf-shaped organ or part.

(Rare) Like a leaf; thin; unsubstantial.

Furnished with leaves; leafy. Also, to beat into a leaf, or thin foil. Also, to number the leaves rather than the pages of a book, etc.

Collectively, the mass of leaves or leafage of a plant as produced in nature.

(Botany) Having many leaves; leafy.

Paged; marked, as a book or manuscript, on each page or folio with a serial number.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in last week's Collier's

1. Regenerating
2. Regeneratory
3. Regeneratrix
4. Regardlessly
5. Regimentally
6. Registerable
7. Regimentaled
8. Regeneration
9. Reglementary
10. Registership
11. Regressively
12. Regurgitated
13. Reglementist
14. Regrettingly
15. Regulatively
16. Regenerative
17. Registration

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today. Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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Reckless Cinderella

By May Edginton

The Story Thus Far:

RAY BOWFOR, a beautiful young girl, works in a New York department store. Her wages are small, her parents cruel. She is thoroughly good—a lovely character; but, to find release from her drab life, she spends much of her time with old Frank Wittheimer, a wealthy roué, who, after showering her with gifts, commits suicide and leaves her a fortune—six million dollars.

She tries to tell her parents the news. They refuse to listen. Instead, thinking she has lost her job, they oust her from her home. . . . A short time before, she had met Westward, a young lawyer, in charge of Wittheimer's estate, and his friend, Lord Times, an Englishman visiting this country. To impress them, she had told them she was rich, from Virginia, and related to the prominent Poinsetters; and before the young lord sailed she had fallen in love with him.

Westward now knows the truth. When the girl announces her intention of going to Europe (where her sister, Rose, is dancing professionally with her ratlike husband, Pedro, and where the young heiress hopes, rather vaguely, to meet Times), Westward gives her much helpful advice and some letters of introduction—and she goes.

In Paris, where, as "Miss Beaufort of Virginia," she leases a beautiful home, Dukery, a noted couturier, takes her under his wing, creates an elaborate wardrobe for her, and inveigles a titled friend—Lady Una Bridge, a poor, hard, jealous-hearted, utterly unscrupulous adventuress—to act as her social adviser, preparatory to having her presented at Court.

The storm clouds gather. Lady Una, Ray learns, is in love with Lord Times; and she is jealous of the little American, and skeptical of her aristocratic pretensions.

Times comes to Paris. He has never forgotten "Miss Beaufort." He calls on her. While they are deep in a conversation the door opens. "Lady Una Bridge!" the butler announces, and in walks Ray's first enemy.

"May I, Miss Beaufort? I mean, if you're really not going to sit it out with Times?" "She was going to sit it out with me," said Times coolly. But still Una dominated

V

IN a glow of pleasure Ray sprang up. Most cordially Lady Una met her halfway across the room. Most cordially their hands clasped. "This is so nice, to find you in," Una said in a voice amiable as a dove's. Then she looked at Lord Times, meeting his astonishment.

In her mind she said vindictively again: "Damnation! This is all Dickie!" because, just as Dukery had foreseen, she had been careful not to mention Ray Beaufort's name as she and Times had dined together last evening. And all the rest of the evening, at the Guitry play, thinking a great deal about the American girl, she had yet not let slip a word. Charmingly, she cried now:

"Edward! My darling!"

For one foolish instant Ray quivered fiercely before she recognized the endearment as a mere colloquial extravagance, meaning nothing.

"My *darling!*" Times responded, equably registering surprise.

Lady Una gave no more attention to him at that moment. She was looking about the room.

"You brilliant person to find this. But then you American women *are* so brilliant!"

Controlling the happy thrill in her voice, Ray replied:

"I took it through a—a—friend in New York from some people called d'Estell."

At once Lady Una remarked to her and to Times:

"D'Estell. . . . Ah, they're connections of that perfectly dear old Maurice d'Estell at the Embassy."

Ray flinched again, but imperceptibly. Did all these people know each other, or of each other? Yes, of course—of course, they had ways. There was a book called "Debrett," and another called "Who's Who," besides the ceaseless social interchange of cosmopolitan society. She made herself say calmly, deeply and suddenly afraid of this woman again—for women were more mercilessly curious; more socially definitive; they investigated personalities more relentlessly than men:

"You'll have some tea? Cream or lemon?"

Lady Una took the chair near her hostess that Times had vacated.

She looked immensely smart; still in the sort of glorified sports suit that Paris makes, which she had worn at luncheon. She began her seemingly casual catechism:

"When are you coming to London, Miss Beaufort?"

"AT THE beginning of May," Ray said. Though what she sought in London at the beginning of May in preference to any other time she could not have said. For all people's passing kindnesses, courtesies, was she not as friendless, purposeless now as when Westward had first told her her great news?

Una asked: "Have you taken a house?"

They looked at each other, and Ray could hear Dukery saying, as he had said that morning: "I'll persuade Lady Una. . . . Put yourself in her hands, only not too obviously. These things should be finessed." Dukery had insinuated to her in the most sensitive yet unmistakable way that life must be managed. It would be a thousand pities if she did not manage it. And her eyes sought Una hopefully.

"Not yet," she murmured.

"I know of a peach," said Una promptly, looking up at Times; "my cousin's little house in Queen Street. You know, Edward?"

And Ray Beaufort looked up, bright eyes, parted lips; she looked up eagerly at the tall godlike young man. Yes! Surely he was godlike!

He answered approvingly: "I know. If Miss Beaufort liked that, it would be splendid."

Una added:

"My cousin is spending the whole summer in the country."

Then Ray, taking her opportunity,

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So, those three weeks that she had been alone in Paris, she took riding lessons. Every day she had gone to the riding school. . . . It had all been worth while. Now she rode with Times in the Row

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

repeated modestly the words that Dukery had suggested: "How I wish I could just put myself into Lady Una's hands and be managed. Wouldn't it be wonderful!"

Now, she thought, surely she had finessed. This was what Dukery meant? Anyway, she was doing her best. She saw Times smiling down appreciatively into her eyes.

"My dear child, why not?" said Lady Una keenly and briskly. "If there's any way in which I can help, just ask me."

Then Times turned his approving look to Una, and the mutual simplicity of these two—in their present state of mind, deeply attracted as one was forced to see, they were very simple to deal with—drew a rueful laugh from her.

"I see Edward thinks I should be a pretty good cicerone. Thank you, Edward."

"Well, Una," he exclaimed, "you would."

"I'd be too charmed," Una said. She took a tiny cake from the silver basket leisurely. "Does your cook make these?"

Times stood above the two young women, looking more splendid than ever, Ray thought. And there was no doubt that he was a very pleased man. He had the attitude of one who rubs his hands with complete satisfaction. Indeed, he was thinking readily: "Una's a dear. Good-natured. Not nearly so hard as people think." And also he thought, with the credible happiness of a man who feels life, as expressed by the one woman, to be shining upon him like a sun: "She couldn't help liking the child. She's awfully taken with her. Una's a generous woman; not a mean streak in her. It isn't everyone who'd volunteer to take this trouble."

So he beamed upon them: "Well, I'll be off. You two have a lot to fix up, I see. I have to go home tomorrow. But, Miss Beaufort, soon we'll meet again?"

Una watched him hold the girl's hand for more moments than either of them counted; then she flicked a gesture of farewell at him herself; and he was gone—*but not before he had turned in* the doorway to look back, that hesitating half-smile on his lips, softness in his eyes, that every knowledgable woman reads without trouble.

UNERRINGLY Una read the first pages of the book of Ray Beaufort and Edward, Lord Times.

"So stupid of me," she said, lighting a cigarette. "I quite forgot to tell Edward last night that you were in Paris. I meant to, you know—though I hadn't realized that you are such friends! However, he knows now, so that's all right."

And transparently, the girl replied: "Mr. Dukery told him."

Una registered that now definitely against Dukery.

"Oh, yes?" she said easily. "Dickie always knows by instinct just who wants to find whom. A gift. He's quite marvelous, isn't he? I hope he's making you some ravishing clothes. I went in looking for something humble after luncheon."

For a few moments, then, they talked clothes, Lady Una registering in her busy brain all the American girl's hesitations on the great subject, all her small betrayals of ignorance.

"Do you want to get a maid here?" she asked.

"I brought my maid."

"Oh, yes?"

"A perfect person," faltered Ray, her eyes flickering for a moment under Una's stare. "I couldn't travel without her."

"No?" said Lady Una, reflecting. But she was thinking of Times going back tomorrow; her mind was on him rather than on this naïve girl; and she made a sudden resolve in her usual neat way. She said:

"I'm going back tomorrow too, you know. Edward and I will probably be fellow passengers. So if there is really anything I can do for you later on, we should arrange it now."

Finesse again, in a hurry: "I so hate to trouble you. . . ."

"Oh," said Lady Una frankly, "but we impecunious women are often glad of a little job of work among our friends."

They looked at each other questioningly, quick brown eyes into the blue.

"It is rather difficult for me to suggest . . ." Ray murmured.

"Not a bit, Miss Beaufort," Una answered suavely. "But why don't we let Dickie Dukery arrange it between us? I feel sure he would. He loves other people's business. And I daresay you hate money problems as much as I do."

THEREFORE that evening Dukery and Una dined at the little old house in the courtyard of lilacs, and the transaction went forward smoothly. There were no rough patches, no untied ends in Dukery's arrangements. And when, after that unwontedly quiet evening with the lonely American girl, he put Una into his limousine and drove her back to her little hotel in the Rue Croix des Petits Champs, she said:

"Well, thank Heaven, I'm solvent for this year. It'll mean a lot to me, Dickie; credit from butcher and baker and candlestick maker—"

"And use of a car."

"And money for entertaining."

"And I think you must marry her off to Times," said Dukery, unable to resist this thrust. "I feel that I should be at my best, dressing that wedding."

Her silence, more unashamedly candid than words, made him laugh a laugh that was also more candid than words, for indeed he loved other people's business, and amused himself frequently by uncovering the hatred and the love, the malice and the envy, the passion and the pride, the troubles and the despair, often primitive as the jungle, that lived and seethed and rejoiced and suffered under the super-civilization of his beautiful clothes.

NOW Ray Beaufort was launched on London society, and a number of people were instantly intrigued with her, including a small band of the right kind of hostesses. For she had appeared so suddenly, with no warning.

(*Continued on page 52*)

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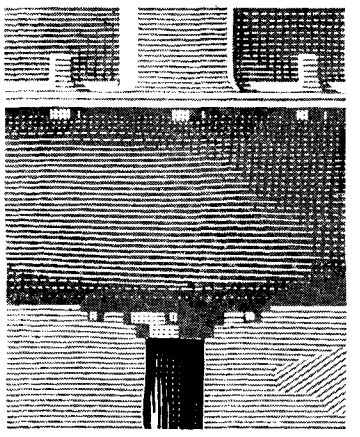
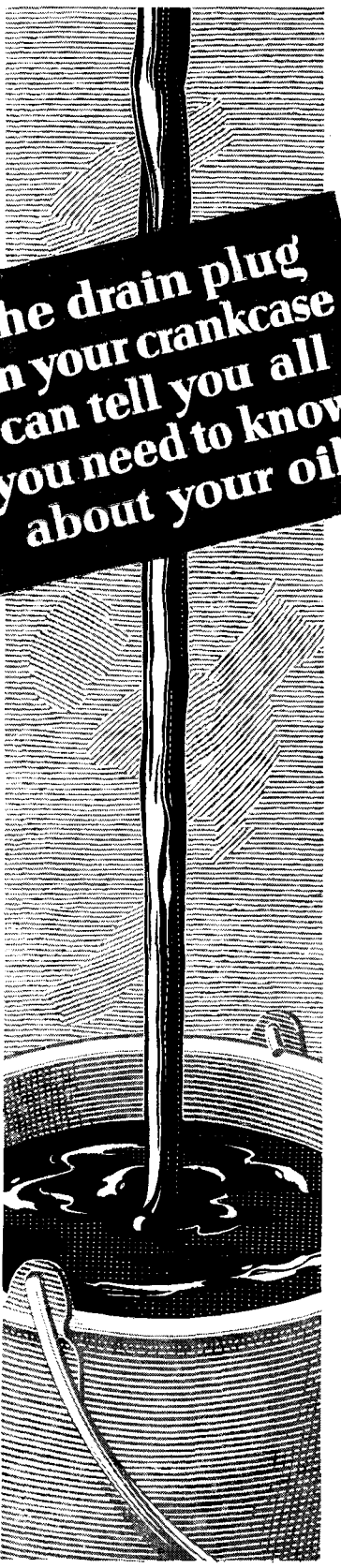
It's easy to make sure that you have the right oil



ASK THE DRAIN PLUG ON YOUR CRANKCASE



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If it's the right oil, it "stays alive" in your motor. Even after a thousand miles of driving, its viscosity is not destroyed; its lubricating value only partially reduced. You don't find it "burnt out", or watery, or thinned to the danger-point. ◆ The next time you have your oil changed, watch the operation. Let the drain plug give you the facts. ◆ Then accept this friendly challenge. Have your crankcase filled with HyVis and drive 1000 miles without changing oil. Then drain. If you do not believe that the used HyVis is in better condition after 1000 miles . . . cleaner and more oily . . . than your previous oil, your money will be refunded, without argument, by the station attendant.

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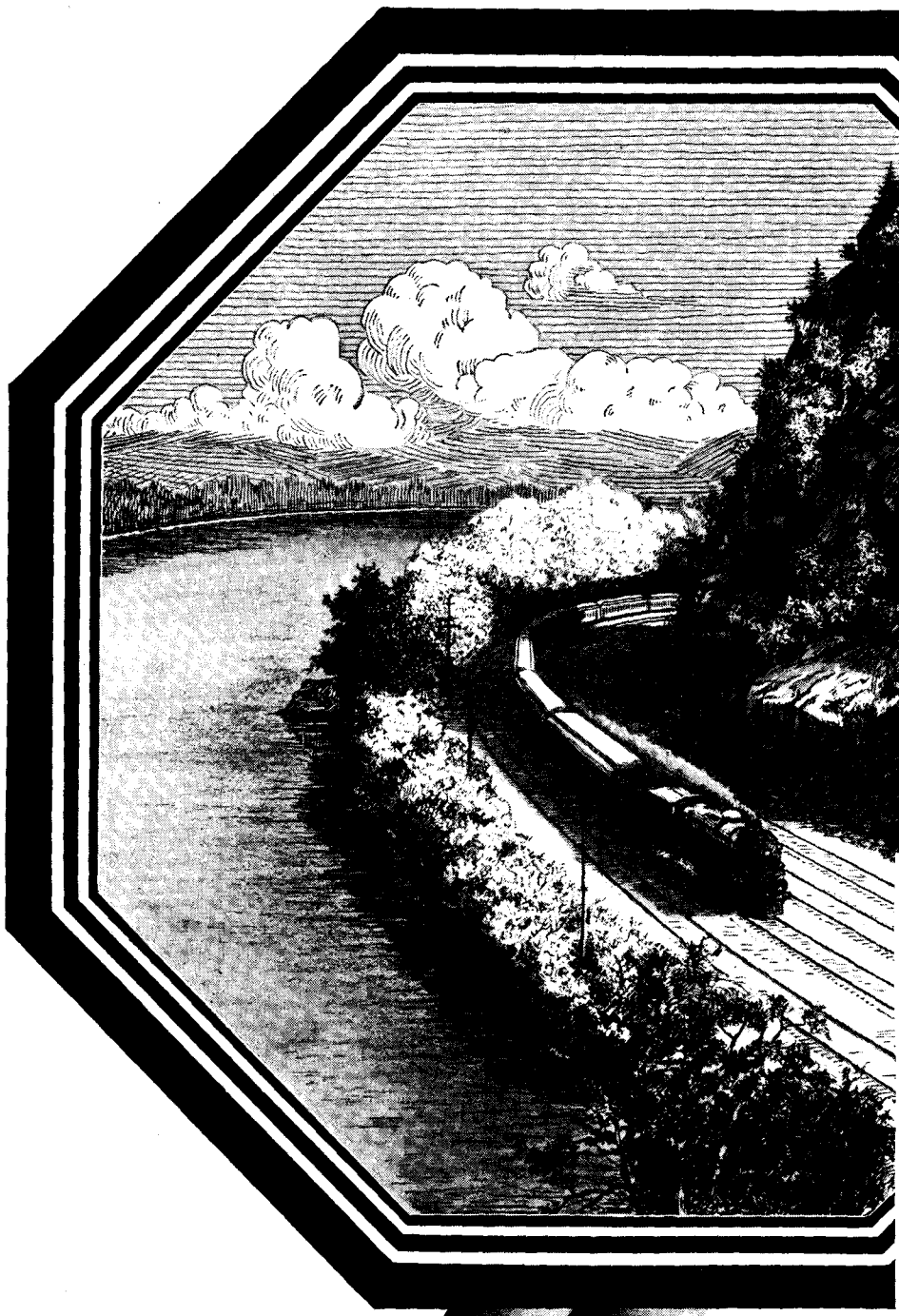
WORTHY OF ITS NAME



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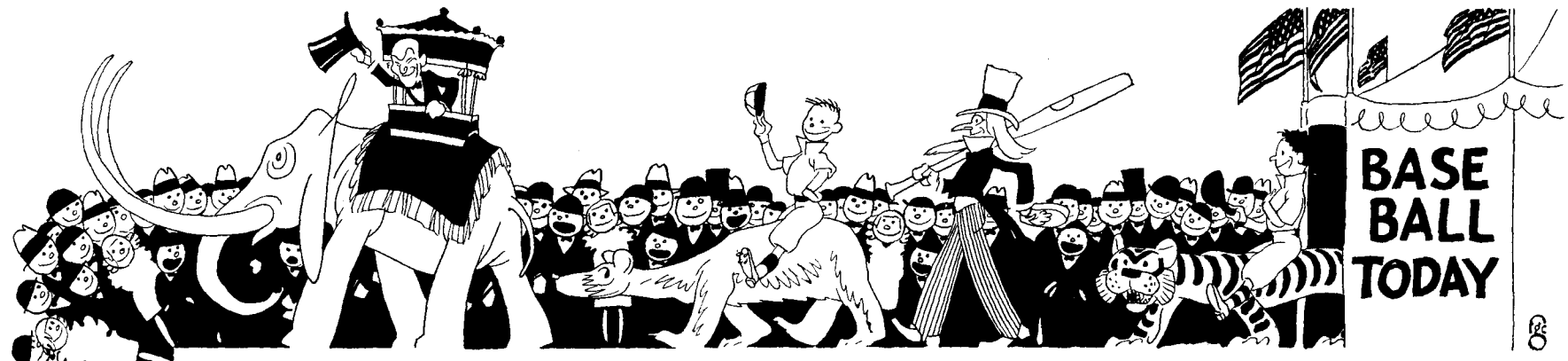
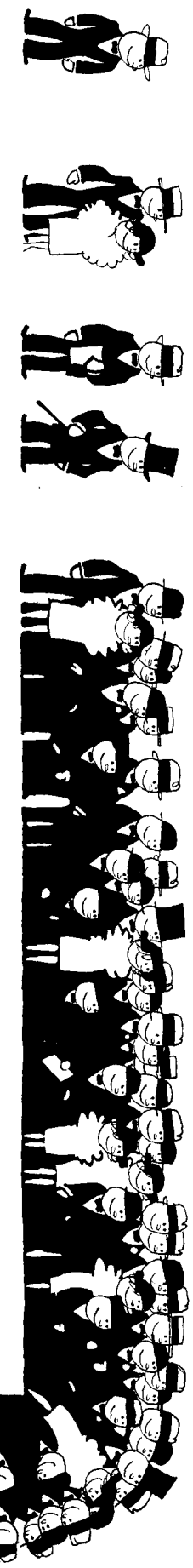


The Flag Rush

The cast for the next world series is now in rehearsal and our Mr. Rice predicts that this year's performance will be a return engagement of the Philadelphia-Chicago stock company

By Grantland Rice



THE old parade is starting again along the main street of Flagville. The bands are playing and the April air is replete with the hoarse huzzas of the crowd. "Here come the Elephants!"—the White Elephants of Philadelphia, and just back of them are the Chicago Cubs.

In the big league menagerie of 1930 the Elephants and the Cubs ought to steal the show. The start of another baseball season means something more than a collection of sun-baked athletes hitting and chasing a baseball for so much dough. It means the return of a new national interest, from Seattle to Jacksonville, from Waco to New Haven, from Minneapolis to New Orleans.

The two big leagues, American and National, absorb most of the spotlight, but there are dozens of other leagues from the Pacific Coast to the Atlantic that help to entertain millions of people between April and October. The two big leagues will play to ten million fans and the others will duplicate this number.

Baseball is the one sport with a continuous daily performance from April to October. Millions of fans follow the individual fortunes of such stars as Ruth, Hornsby, Foxx, Hack Wilson, Shires, Klein, Grove and others known to the daily headlines. How many home runs will the Babe hit? Will Klein or Ott give him a battle? What about Hornsby? What about the seven new managers?

Passing in Review

Connie Mack won his seventh pennant last fall and his fourth world series. He is starting again with a great catcher in Mickey Cochrane; a fine pitching staff with Grove, Walberg, Earnshaw, Rommel, Ehmke, Quinn and Shores; a steady infield with Foxx, Bishop, Boley, Dykes and Olwell, and a hard-hitting outfield with Simmons, Haas and Miller.

Here is a team that has good defensive strength and a lot of dynamite in its attack. Cochrane, Foxx, Simmons, Haas, Miller and Dykes are all dangerous hitters. Mack, Gleason and Eddie Collins form one of the smartest strategy boards in baseball.

What team will give the Athletics their hardest fight? Bob Shawkey of the Yankees believes he has a good chance if he can get better pitching hooked to the run-making power of Ruth and Gehrig. The Yankee pitching staff has been slipping for two years, and while the rest of the club have shaped up well enough by making their share of hits and runs, this was not enough to offset the flood of tallies thrown against them.

Detroit and Cleveland should both show improvement over last season and stick somewhere around the upper flock. Boston will again give some rival a desperate battle for last place.

The National League race will be close all along the line, but the Cubs still expect to repeat. Joe McCarthy has strengthened his reserves since last fall but his main strength is still in the two old dependables—run makers and good pitchers. He has the run makers and run getters in Hornsby, Wilson, Stephenson, Cuyler and Grimm, and he has the pitchers in Malone, Root, Bush, Blake, Carlson and others.

The Cub infield looked a bit slow and muggy through the last world series, but it is still good enough. Stephenson, Wilson and Cuyler make up an able outfield. And McCarthy has some younger talent to plug any gap.

The Cubs are out to win with everything they have. The beating they took in the last world series will wipe away any tendency toward overconfidence.

What are the clubs they have most to fear? Once again the Giants, Pirates and Cardinals all seem to have an outside chance. None of these clubs expects to outplay the Cubs, but any one of the three might put up a hard, close fight.

The Bare Cubs

Dan Howley is sure to have his Cincinnati Reds much higher than they were last summer. He has strengthened this team considerably and Howley is a first-class leader. With Brooklyn's civil war settled at last Manager Robinson will get better results from his Dodgers.

Burt Shotton has already done a fine job with the Phillies, who will be making a hard drive for the first division. Here are seven clubs capable of making trouble, with only the lowly Braves of Boston outclassed.

Chicago has a deadly baseball grudge against Philadelphia. In 1910 Mack's Athletics beat the old Cubs in four out of five starts. In 1929 his Athletics beat the present Cubs in four out of five starts. This makes it eight out of ten, which is more poison than Chicago wants to swallow.

The Cubs still feel they were badly outlucked in the last series, especially in the two final games which they seemed to have packed away on ice. In each case a near-victory exploded in their astonished faces, just as they were about to take the bow.

Here are two clubs that have the ball players and the best leadership any team could ask for. A combination of this sort is hard to smash, barring accidents.

You can bank on the Babe to lead the next home-run parade. Lefty O'Doul and Babe Herman should have another warm duel for the batting leadership of the National League. And if Grove sets out to win thirty games in the American he ought to make the grade.

F. G. Cooper

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30,000 Miles

We had to put these 1929 SILVERTOWNS on the

Read this amazing mileage story of four regular stock Goodrich Silvertown Tires that just WOULDN'T wear out

THIRTY thousand miles . . . between January and October! Thirty thousand miles . . . from New York to Los Angeles and back to New York. Thirty thousand miles of mud, snow, sand, sun . . . through all climates, over all roads!

That's the service record of the Silvertown you see in the large picture on the next page.

This photograph was made in New York last October when the famous 1929 Silver Fleet completed its record-breaking run.

It shows just one of fifteen Silvertowns that finished the entire nation-wide trip without ever coming off the wheel.

Thirty thousand grueling, grinding, punishing miles had etched their story of wear on these fifteen Goodrich Tires.

But even then they weren't worn out. Many miles of service still remained in those firm treads and tough side-walls. They just refused to quit.

So when the 1930 Silver Fleet was organized, Goodrich decided to place four of these veterans back in service . . . just to see how far they'd actually go.

Back they went on shining new silver cars . . . and they're on the road today. Riding the highways of the middle west with the Akron Unit of the 1930 Silver Fleet.

Still piling up the miles! Still demonstrating the stuff that Silvertowns are made of! Already they have added 12,500 miles more . . . and they are not through yet!

Obviously, Goodrich does not profess that every Silvertown will go 42,500 miles. Too many uncontrollable factors enter in . . . wheel alignment, brake adjustment, road conditions, driving habits.

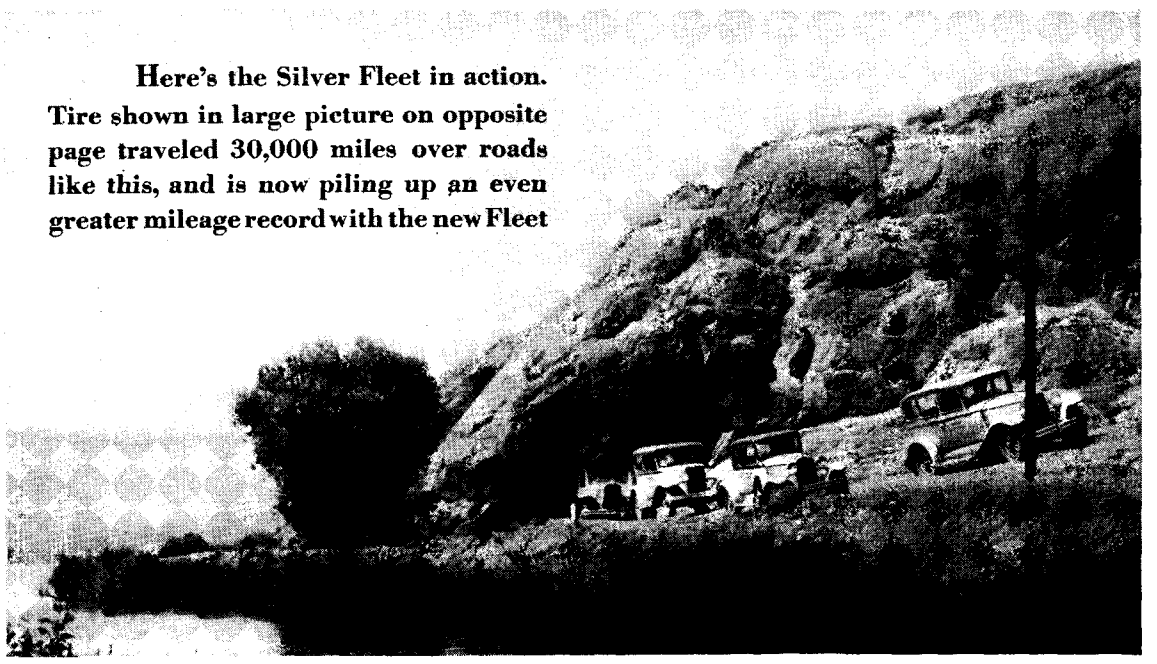
But these tires have shown that even such an amazing record is not beyond the reach of standard 6-ply Silvertowns. With their companions on the Silver Fleet they have proved that the mileage you are accustomed to can be exceeded with Silvertowns.

And that's what Goodrich wanted to show. That Silvertowns are truly the country's finest tires . . . on the road as well as in the advertisements.

So see your Goodrich dealer. He is selling tires that have *proved* what they can do. And if four of them can go 30,000 miles and more, any you buy can be counted on to give good service. The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Est. 1870, Akron, O., Pacific Goodrich Rubber Company, Los Angeles, Cal. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ont.

BACK IT GOES! Ready to start on the road with one of the 1930 Silver Fleet cars. Here's the pilot tightening up the last rim nut as this veteran of the 1929 Silver Fleet sets out for an even greater record.

Here's the Silver Fleet in action. Tire shown in large picture on opposite page traveled 30,000 miles over roads like this, and is now piling up an even greater mileage record with the new Fleet



Goodrich Silvertowns

32,000 different rubber articles

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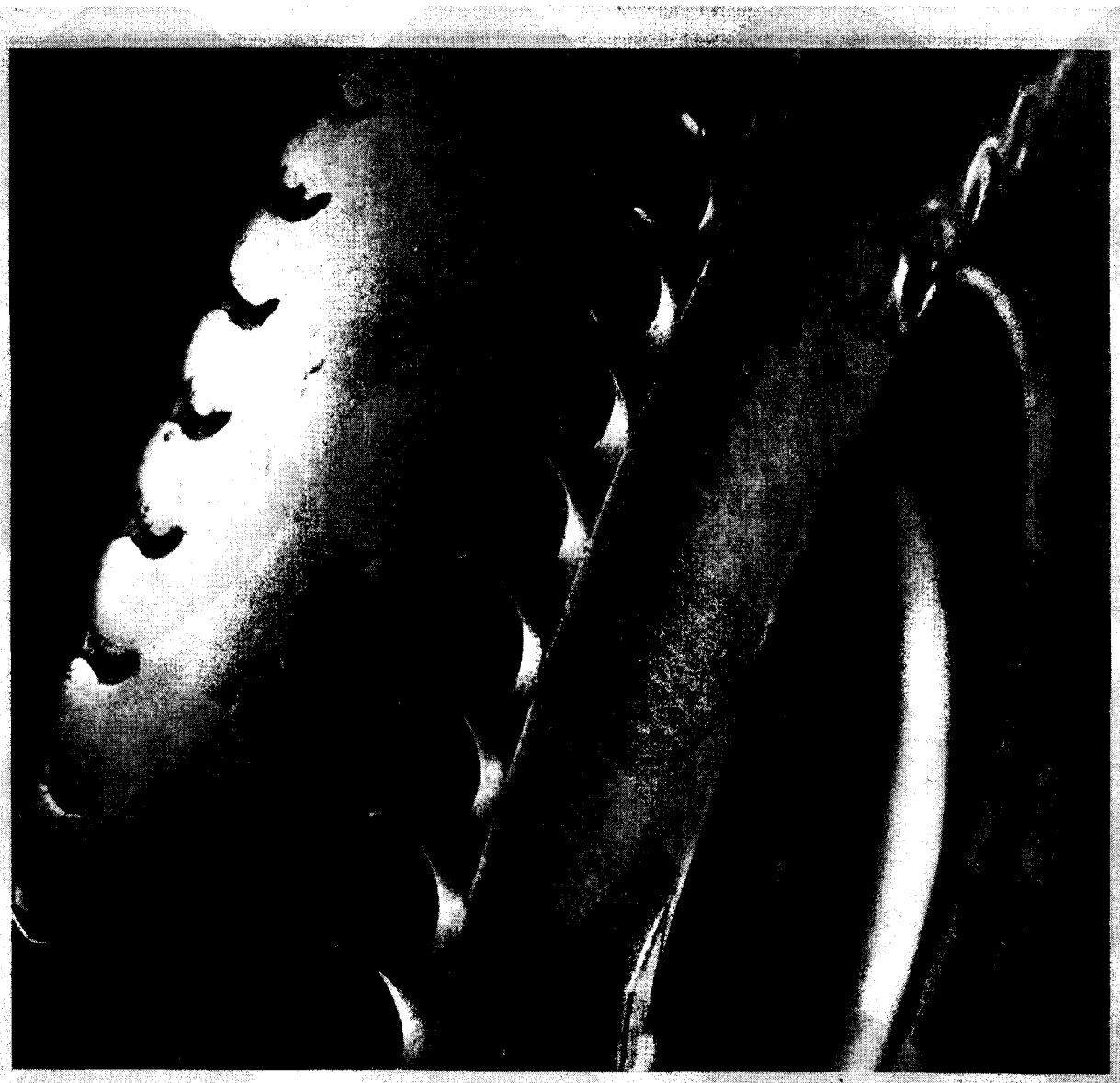
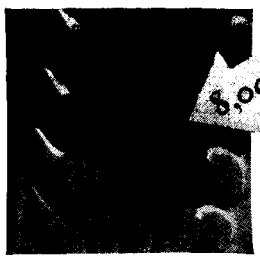
wasn't far enough!

1930 SILVER FLEET to see how far they'd go!



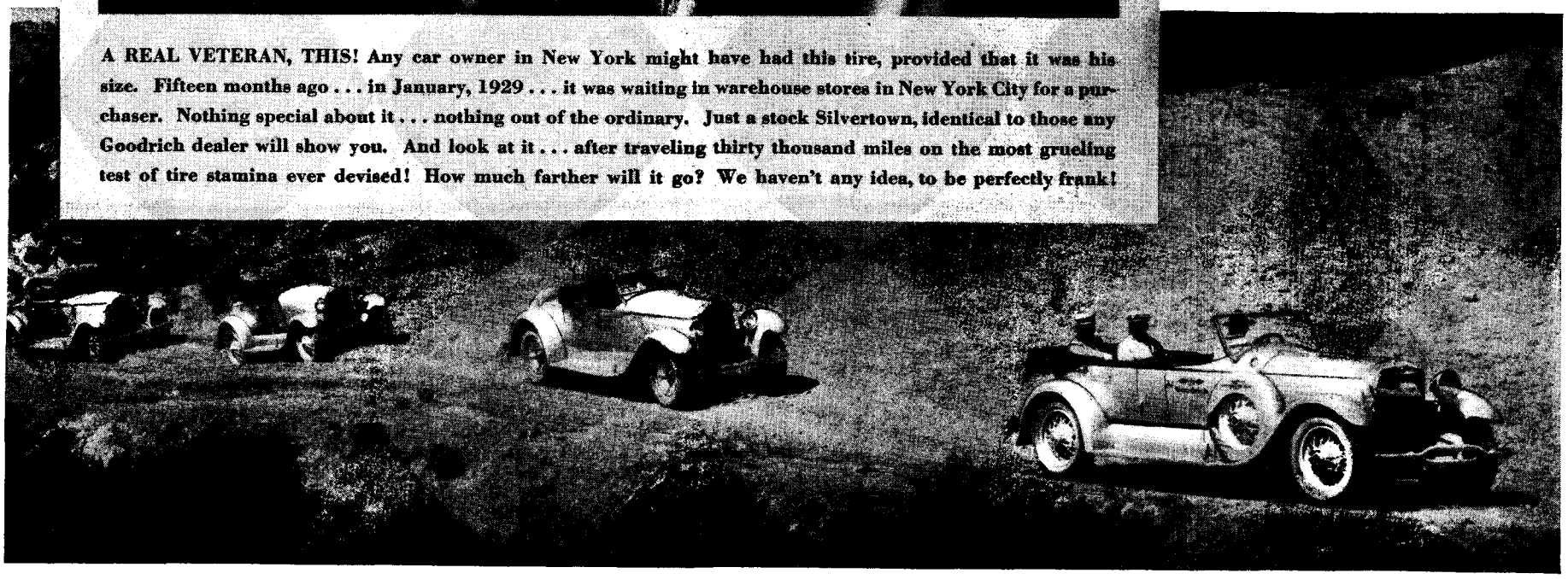
A REAL VETERAN, THIS! Any car owner in New York might have had this tire, provided that it was his size. Fifteen months ago . . . in January, 1929 . . . it was waiting in warehouse stores in New York City for a purchaser. Nothing special about it . . . nothing out of the ordinary. Just a stock Silvertown, identical to those any Goodrich dealer will show you. And look at it . . . after traveling thirty thousand miles on the most grueling test of tire stamina ever devised! How much farther will it go? We haven't any idea, to be perfectly frank!



Just getting under way with the Silver Fleet. 8,000 miles and no signs of tread wear showing.

The half-way mark . . . and it looks like an ordinary tire with five or six thousand miles on it.

Lots of wear and lots of traction left in this tire after thousands of miles of hard punishing service.



. . . another B.F. Goodrich Product

Goodrich Silvertowns • Zippers • Rubber Footwear • Drug Sundries • Soles • Heels • Hose • Belting • Packing • Molded Goods

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Illustrated by Henry B. Davis

In Helms' ears the roar of the slipping rock rose to a bellow, and a cloud of rock-dust exploded about him

The Battle of Gunsmoke Lode

The story of a little Western fracas that was nobody's business but the winner's

By Alan LeMay

A LEAD messenger ricocheted a hundred feet below Lon Helms, and went droning over his head. Immediately the slat-slat of the echoed report rattled all up and down Crazy Woman's Canyon. That was Elkhorn Sneed, trying the range. Helms waited, planning to shift his position after the third shot; but Sneed held his fire.

Lon Helms continued his leisurely smoking, his rifle on his crossed knees. Below him the canyon widened; but here, fifty feet on either hand, the silver-gray granite walls rose in sheer jagged steps, a hundred feet at a throw, offering no foothold. He had chosen a position on a slide of small rock that filled the gulch to a depth of hundreds of feet, and reached down-canyon half a mile in a long naked slope. Therein lay the only advantage on the side of his forlorn-hope defense: even by starlight you could see the figure of a man a thousand yards off against that white granite.

Nor could he be attacked from the rear. Behind him Crazy Woman's Canyon struck but a little deeper into the range, a twisting cleft; and the end was a blind pocket that would have been a trap for mountain sheep. A few years ago there had been a way out, by the Upper Shelf, that led you into the Crush Canyon country; but another of those rock slides, by which the centuries are whittling away the great Pilot Range, cut that off. That balanced slide now barred the way, striking downward at a desperate angle to hang poised on the lip of Crush Canyon itself. Some day a fly would light on that slide, and send the whole business thundering into the Crush.

Helms ran an unhurried gray eye over the broken cover half a mile below. Beyond the foot of the talus a sprinkling of scrub piñon, juniper, and big bowlders made it possible for riflemen to get almost to the foot of the slide unseen. He thought, though, that he had most of his besiegers located, now.

BLUEGUM IDES himself, boss of his gang and boss of Little Hat, was over to the left in a pile of rock. A couple of hundred feet nearer, and almost in the middle of the widened canyon, Terry O'Case lay in a juniper clump. That was like O'Case, to be out in front—a good cowboy, once, that whisky had got.

Elkhorn Sneed, the gray-mustached old reprobate with the uncommonly long-barreled rifle, was way over to the right, and up on a shelf. This was the man Helms had to fear; Sneed would try some fancy shooting from that position, no doubt.

Helms had spotted one other—Big Foot Scott, a black-looking hulk of a man, crippled up from early bronco riding, and now a dirty-job man for Ides. Big Foot was far down the canyon, where he had built a cooking fire.

Now a fifth figure detached itself from Bluegum Ides' rock pile. It was waving something gray over its head—presumably a shirt that had once been white. Presently this man started up the slide, hands over his head. Helms snapped off the safety of his rifle, and half raised it to send down a warning shot; but changed his mind, and let the climbing figure come on.

While he waited for the shirt-waver to toil up the long half mile, Helms let his eyes stray to the mouth of the prospect hole a hundred feet below him in the canyon wall. Only a little black hole like a socket without an eye—but Ides would be glad to kill a man to get hold of it.

The mistake Helms had made was in letting a Little Hat man assay his samples. Little Hat, no more than five ramshackle buildings that gave their name to a mountain-hemmed strip of country, was exclusively run by the shenanigans of Bluegum Ides, and Helms should have known that the semi-professional assayer would prove to be in Bluegum's pay.

Ides was called variously a road agent, claim-jumper, border smuggler, and stock-rustler; but within his own Little Hat Range he did as he chose, and never hesitated to rest his claims in the supreme court of Judge Colt. And the gang that backed him were as unprincipled as he was—if such a thing could be.

FIVE hours after the assay of Lon Helms' ore, Helms had learned that a crack Indian tracker, Mono Logan by name, was back-trailing him, searching the hills for the monuments that marked the strike; and Mono Logan was in the pay of Bluegum Ides. A storekeeper's daughter in Little Hat had brought Helms word of that.

Helms immediately saw that he faced a Chinaman's choice. He could ride hell-for-leather to the county seat, and record his claim—in which case he would return to find that Mono Logan had searched it out, and that Ides had moved his monuments and grabbed the

(Continued on page 61)

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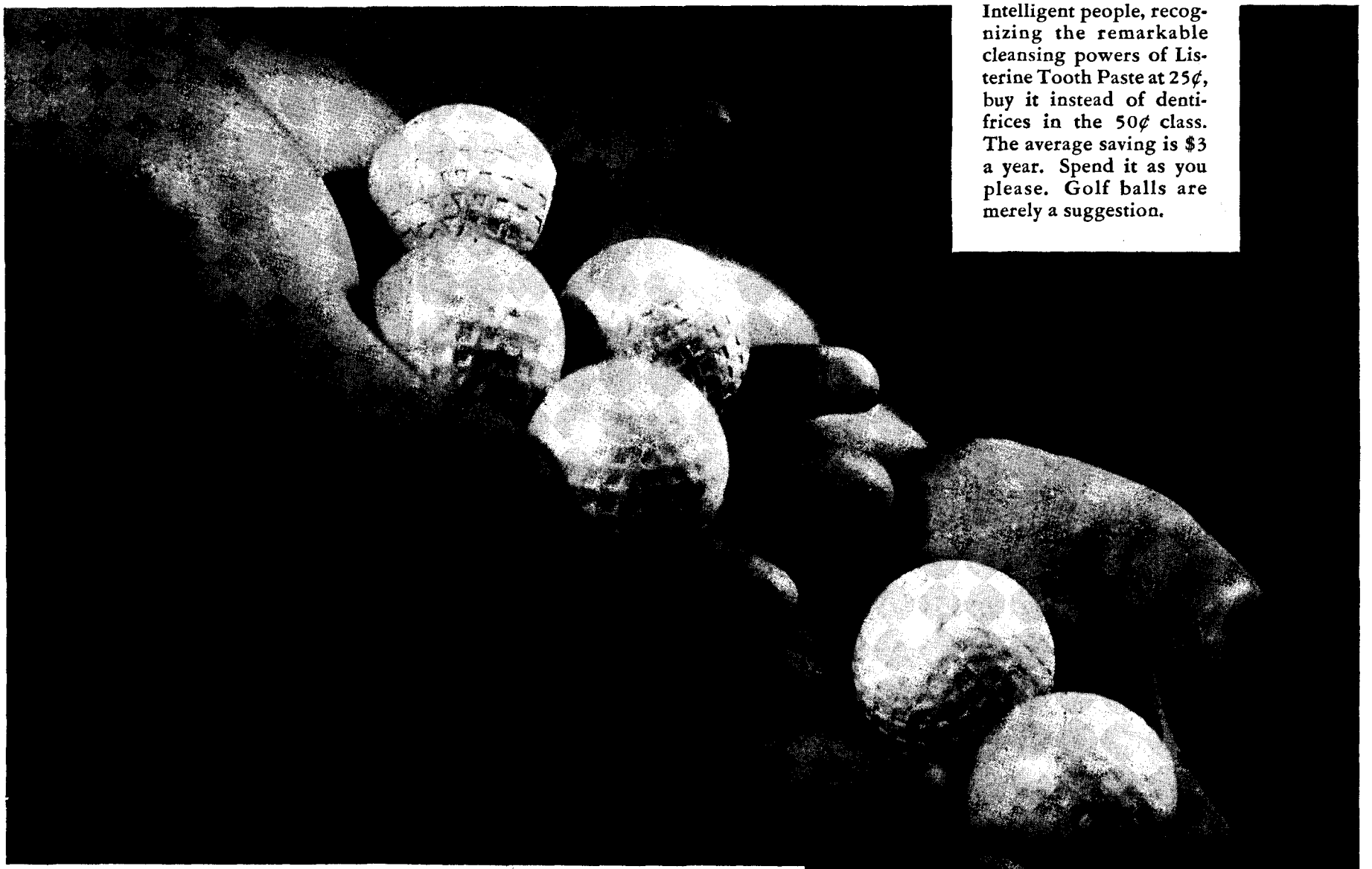
Tee off with golf balls your tooth paste pays for



Intelligent people, recognizing the remarkable cleansing powers of Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢, buy it instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class. The average saving is $3 a year. Spend it as you please. Golf balls are merely a suggestion.

See teeth whiten!
Feel your mouth grow healthier!

EVEN those whose teeth are hard to whiten comment on how swiftly, yet how gently, Listerine Tooth Paste performs this task. Such action is due to a new type of polishing agent.

And regular users assert that this dentifrice definitely improves mouth hygiene. The gums grow firmer. The entire mouth seems fresher, exhilarated, and healthy.

Buy a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste to-day and give it a thorough trial. Compare it with any paste at any price—and judge by results alone. After such tests, more than a million people have switched to Listerine Tooth Paste.

We can think of no greater tribute to the product.

Incidentally, Listerine Tooth Paste saves you about $3 per year, over dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Lambert Pharmacal Company.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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In One Ear

It looks like a bumper crop of anecdotes this year. Here are a few choice specimens gathered in by Collier's correspondents

Going One Better

HERBERT HOOVER has always enjoyed the reputation of being a jack of all trades and master of some, from the day he made his infant teething-ring double in brass as a napkin-holder. But few know that on a bright November morning some eight years ago Mr. Hoover gave an impressive performance as an amateur stevedore.

He was running the American Relief Administration at the time, and tons and tons of cereals were to be shipped to Poland and points east. At a huddle of A. R. A. press agents it was agreed that history would be cheated if stacks of sacks of human feed were dumped aboard without a camera record.

Newsreel and still photograph agencies were called and tipped off as to the huge shipload of foodstuffs.

"What of it?" said they. "We're tired of warehouse close-ups."

"But Mr. Hoover," piped the p. a.'s, "will personally supervise the lading."

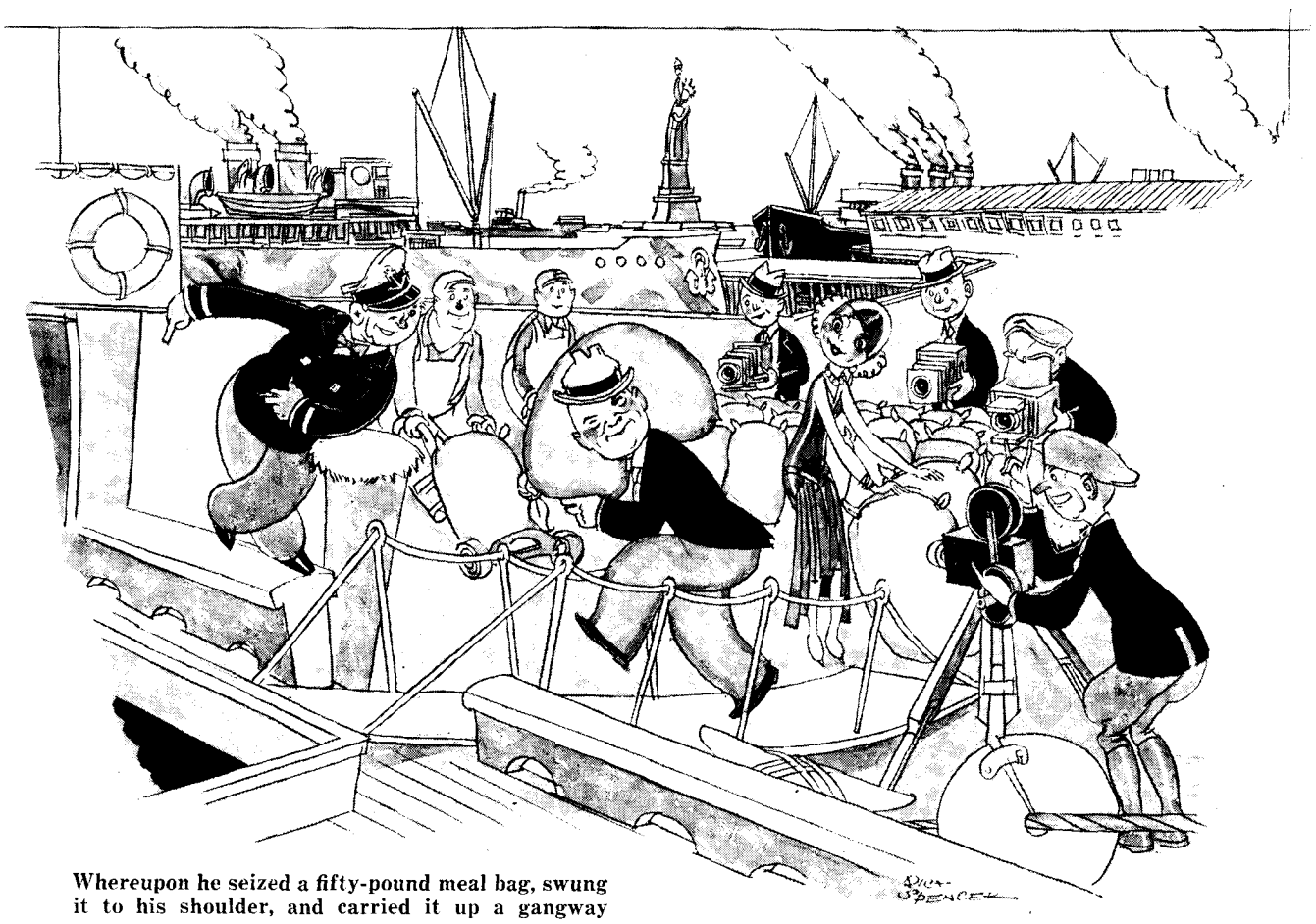
"What of that?" the picture grinders retorted—lacking the foresight to see that Herbert Hoover was destined for the White House.

"What the hell," reverberated the hot word that brings all talk down to cold turkey, "do you guys want in a picture?"

"A good-looking jane."

Forthwith Mr. Hoover, all unawares, was rushed to dock side, with a pretty girl—Kitty Dalton was her name, the same blond Kitty that General Pershing paused to kiss on Fifth Avenue during his home-coming parade.

Before mountains of food sacks the cameras were set up. Alert, the boys made the blond damsel pose and attempted to make Herbert Hoover do likewise.



Whereupon he seized a fifty-pound meal bag, swung it to his shoulder, and carried it up a gangway

"Hell, no," quoth the future President, and that is exactly what he quoth. "I can do better than that."

Whereupon he seized a fifty-pound meal bag, swung it to his shoulder, and carried it up a gangway to dump it in the hold.

With a pretty girl applauding, the picture was hot news.

Tough Break

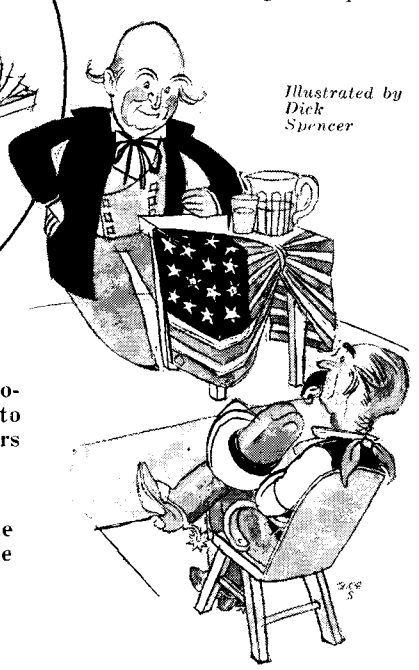
Walter H. Beech, president of the Travel Air Manufacturing Company, Wichita, Kansas, was once in the regular army—and he has carried a disciplined singleness of purpose into his business success. But there are times—

On the night the news went crackling around the world that Lindbergh had landed at Le Bourget Field, near Paris, a group of company executives, pilots and enthusiasts were talking the feat over in Beech's office.

"Swell break for the Ryan Company," said Beech.

"But Mr. Beech," a stenographer spoke up, "you had a chance to build Lindbergh's ship."

Mr. Beech, immersed in the regular production of his factory, had no time to bother with requests for special orders



Illustrated by Dick Spencer

He made the best use he could of the few minutes remaining to him, but he caught his train

"What!"

"Yes—look." The girl went to a filing cabinet, searched a moment, then brought out a telegram. It was addressed to Beech and asked price and time required to build a plane of specified performance for a transatlantic attempt. It was signed "Charles A. Lindbergh."

Mr. Beech, immersed in the regular production of his factory, had never answered it. He now answers all telegrams.

On with the Game

Among the newspaper traditions shimmering around the National Press Club in Washington is that of old "Andy" Lawrence, later of the Hearst régime, then with the San Francisco Chronicle.

The story is to the effect that when "Andy" was a youngster he was acting as one of the "death watch" to stand guard while the paper was put to bed downstairs, in case a big story should break belatedly.

He and his fellow sentry were playing a game of poker when the telephone rang. Andy went to answer it.

"We have just had a flash that Bismarck has died," said the press-room editor.

"Tell 'em to take it to deaths and funerals desk in the business office," answered Andy, as he hung up.

The Chronicle that morning did not carry the news of the Iron Chancellor's demise.

Supernatural Phenomenon

Bishop William Fraser McDowell of the Methodist Episcopal Church recently told this one:

One time he and some other ministers listened to a sermon, at a country church in Ohio. The sermon was not so hot, though that is not the language in which the good bishop couched his statement of the fact.

As they filed out of the church another minister said to McDowell:

"Mac, that sermon was supernaturally stupid."

"Supernaturally stupid? I don't know that I get your exact meaning."

"Well, I simply mean that no one could be as stupid as that without divine guidance."

Gentlemen from Virginia

When Garland John Pollard (now the new governor of Virginia) visited France during the war, he was called upon to talk to the boys at one of the Y. M. C. A. huts. After a happy speech which pleased the audience he asked that any and all of those present come and speak with him, tell him whence they came, etc. The boys did this gladly. But after a while Mr. Pollard announced:

"There have been men from nearly every state in the Union among those greeting me, but not one from my own home state, Virginia."

"Buddy," said one of the buck privates who was somewhat illuminated with some sort of "vin," "I'll tell ya how come: They ain't but two fellahs in this division from Virginny, and they's both in the gyahd house, drunk."

The Postlude Was Better

The Hon. Ruth Bryan Owen tells the following story about her illustrious father, the late William Jennings Bryan:

One time when her father was lecturing on a Chautauqua circuit, he had to leave the place where he was lecturing—a Texas town—at 8:45 P. M. in order to reach his next day's engagement in time. A young, enthusiastic and ambitious Democrat had been chosen to make the introductory remarks.

Excited over having been given such an honor, the young man prepared a masterly address which lasted until within fifteen minutes of the time the Commoner's train was to go.

Mr. Bryan made the best use he could of the few minutes remaining to him, but caught his train.

Afterward one member of the audience was overheard asking another, "Well, what did you think of Bryan's lecture?"

"It was purty good," answered the questionee, "but that old bald-headed feller that spoke last was better'n what Bryan was!"

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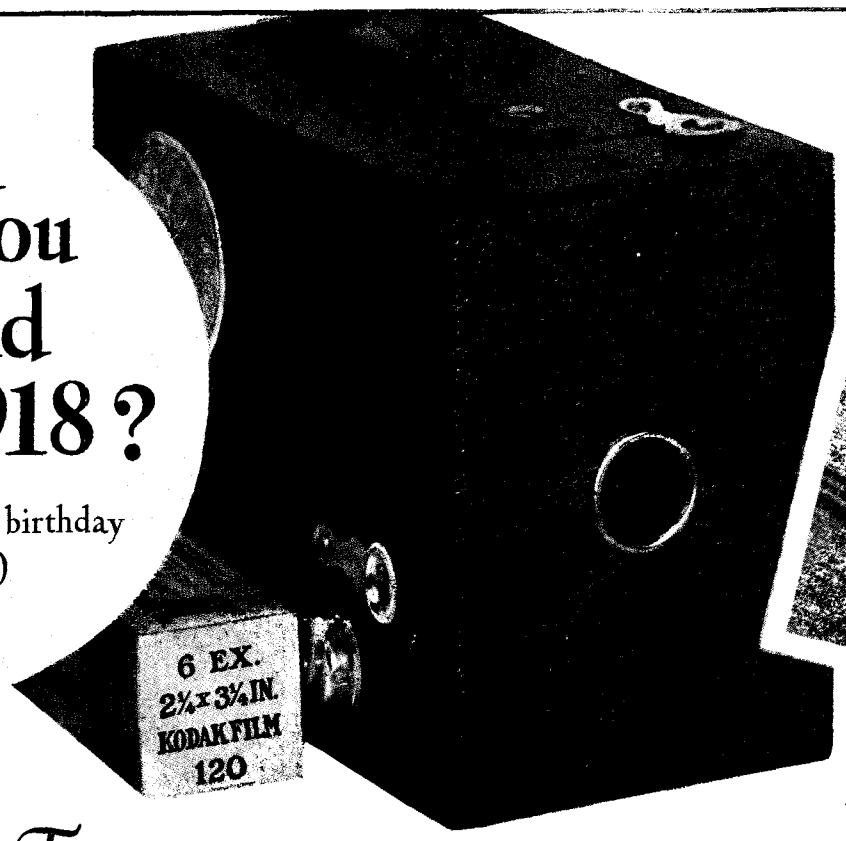
Have You a Child *born in* 1918?

(A child whose 12th birthday falls in 1930?)



Typical pictures, actual size, 2¼ x 3¼ inches, taken with the Anniversary Camera and Kodak Film

Then Accept this Special Anniversary Camera and Roll of Kodak Film as a Gift! . . . PAY NOTHING . . . BUY NOTHING

PARENTS . . CHILDREN . .

500,000 Cameras to be distributed FREE, to the Children of America

Beginning May 1, 1930, in celebration of the 50th Anniversary of Kodak . . . with the compliments of George Eastman, Chairman of the Board of the Eastman Kodak Company

HAVE you a child whose *twelfth birthday* falls in any month of the calendar year 1930?

Beginning on the first day of May, 500,000 cameras as illustrated—each complete with a roll of Kodak Film—are to be distributed free to children whose 12th birthdays occur any time this year.

It is a nation-wide gift, in celebration of the 50th Anniversary of Kodak, presented with the compliments of George Eastman, Chairman of the Board of the Eastman Kodak Company, to the Children of America.

If you have a child reaching the age of twelve this year, simply take him or her to an authorized Kodak dealer's *on or after May 1, 1930*, and get the camera.

You pay nothing, you buy nothing. This is a gift.

ANGELO PATRI, *famous educator and authority on child problems*

"No Parent With A Child Eligible Should Fail To Accept"

No parent with a child eligible should fail to accept for his child the Eastman Anniversary Gift Camera and film.

For as a factor in developing observation, amateur picture-making is probably second to no other as an educational adjunct.

A Patri

Why the Gift is Made

Editors and educators say this is one of the most unusual public gifts in the history of American industry. For it is openly made to benefit both the giver and the children who receive it.

Many of these authorities hold that its acceptance is a duty every parent owes his child.

For, as a factor in developing character, observation, appreciation of beauty and a depth of human understanding, one points out, amateur picture-making is probably second to no other as an educational adjunct.

It brings a child in touch, says another, with every phase of life and nature, and implants a clean interest in the formative mind, during the dangerously impressionable years, when a wholesome pastime is most needed to safeguard the future of the growing child.

THIS GIFT IS MADE WITH TWO ENDS IN VIEW:

From a sentimental standpoint: As a token of appreciation to the grandparents and parents who for 50 years have played so important a part in the development of amateur picture-taking in America, and of the Eastman Kodak Company. To place in the hands of their children and grandchildren an admittedly important educational and character-building force.

From a business standpoint: As a means of interesting hundreds of thousands more children in picture-taking. And thus to raise amateur photography, among the coming generation, to even greater heights than its present remarkable peak. For as amateur photography increases in popularity, the use of Kodak products will naturally increase with it.

Watch for May 1, 1930

The Anniversary Cameras will be at authorized Kodak dealers' everywhere on May 1—ready for distribution. None before that date.

Take your child to one of these stores. Get the camera. No red tape, no delay, no cost.

The gift-giving period begins on May 1, 1930, and will extend into the month of May as long as the supply of 500,000 cameras holds out. *To avoid disappointment, act early.* Be sure of getting one for your child. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

* * *

NOTE: In appreciation of their cooperation and loyalty through the years, this special Gift Camera will be distributed through stores of the nation-wide network of active, authorized Kodak dealers. Authorized Kodak dealers are located everywhere. Step up to the Kodak counter on May 1, 1930, with your child and ask for the Gift Camera.

A Gift of 500,000 Cameras

The camera—complete with one roll of Kodak Film—is to be given absolutely WITHOUT COST to any child whose twelfth birthday falls in any month of 1930.

500,000 cameras, as illustrated, are to be given to children who reach the age of twelve this year.

The gift is from the Eastman Kodak Company, with the compliments of George Eastman, Chairman of the Board, in commemoration of Kodak's 50th Anniversary.

Gift Cameras will be distributed May 1, 1930, by authorized Kodak dealers, and continued until the supply of 500,000 is exhausted. None after May 31, 1930.

To get a camera, simply take your child to an authorized Kodak dealer. Pay nothing. Child must be accompanied by either parent or guardian.

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ARROW

Introduce a new GUARANTEED *model for spring . . . a beautiful new broadcloth in blended colors* . . . THE FIRST OF ITS KIND . .

ARABOND

ONLY ARROW SHIRTS HAVE ARROW COLLARS

IT'S called ARABOND because the fit of it is *guaranteed permanent;* because Arrow's full *promise* of satisfaction is back of it; because it is a good style *investment;* because it yields a steady *return* of good-looks and comfort. Arabond is ready now for you in three interesting blended shades—with Arrow Collars attached, or starched-to-match—at the unusual value of

$2.85 THREE FOR $8

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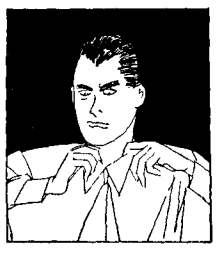
SHIRTS

A triumphal *discovery* by Arrow takes all the guesswork out of your shirt-buying . . . Absolutely *guarantees permanent fit.* The collar stays your correct size . . . Sleeves stop climbing . . . Tails can't "bob."

ARROW has invented and patented a new process of shrinking fine fabrics. It is called "Sanforized." New Arrow fabrics are now so Sanforized that henceforth you buy your proper size and the shirt *stays your size throughout its long life.* The discomfort and bad style of later laundry-shrinkage are gone. *And Arrow absolutely guarantees every processed Arrow fabric for permanent fit.*



GONE is the strangling collar, which used to start too big and shrink too tight. No more need you guess what size it will ultimately shrink to.

Buy your right size—the Arrow Collar will stay that size. Gone is the "gaping" at the tie-space. And *saved* is the money you used to waste buying guesswork sizes!

Ever have cuffs creep up your wrists after each trip to the laundry? Ever feel awkward because they left your hands dangling like raw hams below your coat-sleeves, and because the sleeves began to bind under the arm? The new Arrow-Sanforized fabrics are guaranteed for the permanent fit of the sleeve. *Buy your actual proper sleeve-length—it will stay that way throughout its long life.*

Shirt-tails of fabric not shrunk by Arrow shrink with every washing, and climb up your hips every time you move—leap free to fly impudently in the breeze. You have owned shirt-tails that shrank actually two full inches! *Arrow shirt-tails are cut to fit your build and processed to keep on fitting your build—to stay down where they belong.*

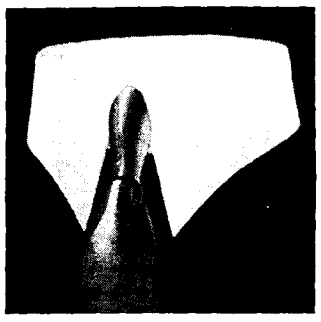
ONLY the Arrow shirt, treated by the new Sanforized process (which Arrow owns alone), is guaranteed for *permanent* fit at these three crucial points: collar, sleeve-length, and body-length.

Some fifty thousand Arrow merchants in America regard this discovery as the most important advance in the annals of men's linen. They are *your* personal style-interpreters: ask your outfitter to show you the new Arrow-guaranteed models today.

ARROW
PRE-SHRUNK
ARABOND
WITH
ARROW COLLAR

THIS WOVEN LABEL *is sewed into every ARABOND shirt. It is your proof that this shirt promises* PERMANENT *fit. Every Arrow merchant will honor this guarantee, and will show you the label as you buy your correct size.* YOU GET SATISFACTION OR YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK!

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y.
Arrow Collars, Handkerchiefs, Shirts, Underwear



IF YOU *prefer white starch for business, as most style-wise business men do, you'll want to wear (with Arabond) the Golden Arrow style "Hempstead"—it's light as a feather, flexible as your neck itself, and as comfortable as a soft collar. 35 cents, 3 for $1. (Other Arrow styles at 25 cents, $2.75 a dozen.)*

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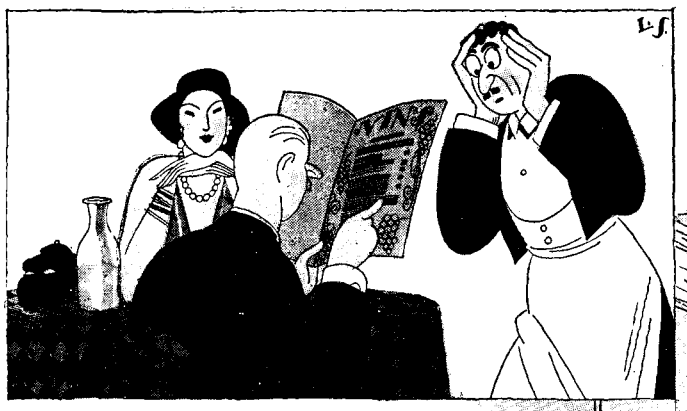
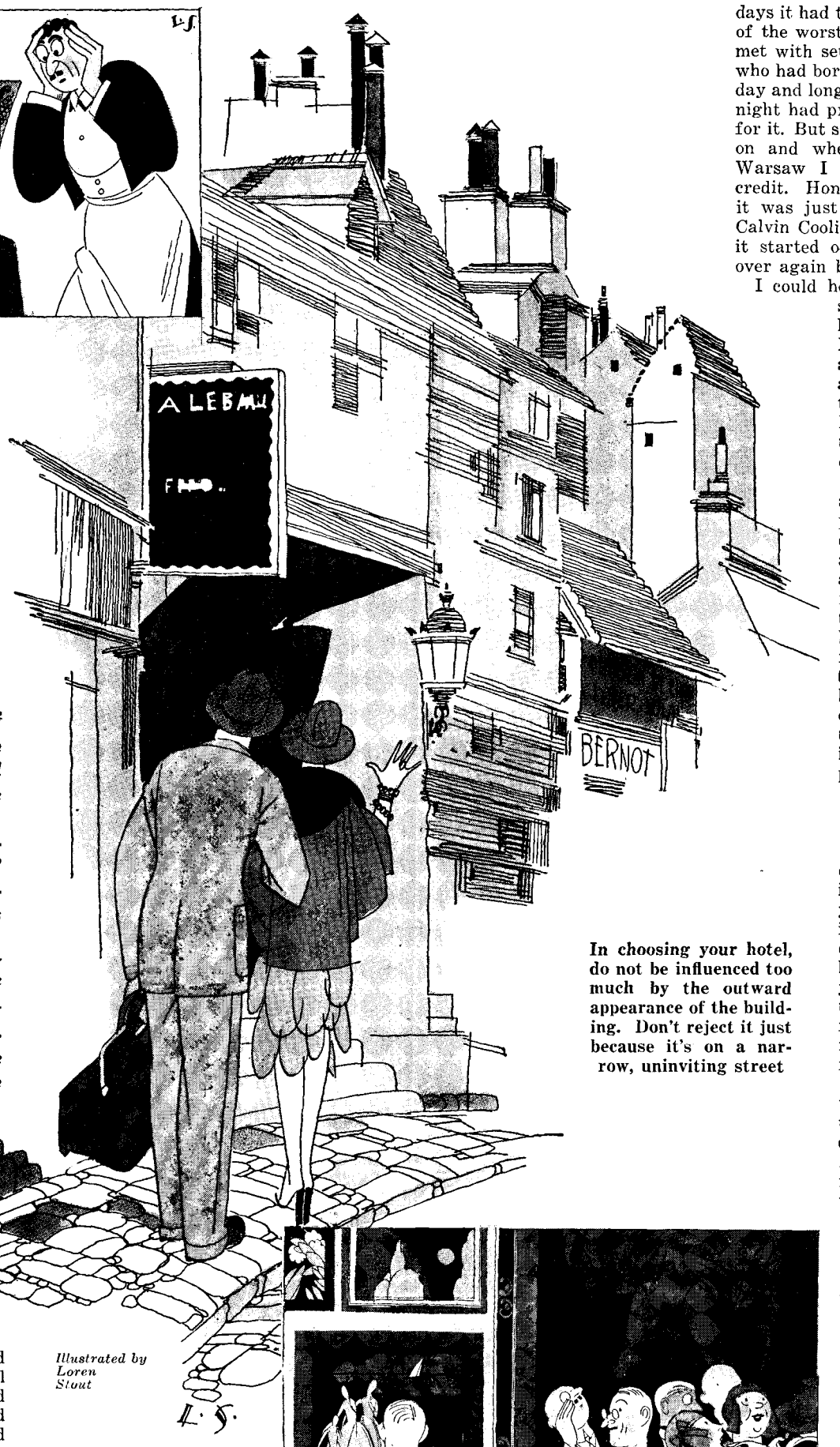


American patrons surprise and pain French waiters

Be Guyed or Guided



In choosing your hotel, do not be influenced too much by the outward appearance of the building. Don't reject it just because it's on a narrow, uninviting street

Perhaps you've heard the story of the American lady touring Europe who turned to her daughter and said she was glad to be in Rome because it was so beautiful.

"But, Mother," said the daughter, "this isn't Rome, it's Florence."

"Oh," sighed the mother, deeply chagrined of course. "I was thinking this was Thursday."

Well, to save you who are going to Europe, or who are thinking of going this season, from making painful mistakes we are publishing this last word on how to see it with as few errors as possible

By William Francis

Illustrated by Loren Stout

"Follow," orders the guide. "We'll now see Whistler's Mother"

DURING the coming months untold thousands of Americans will close their desks, stop milk and morning paper, put the cat and canary out to board and, being provided by that department of our Federal government which specializes in diplomacy with documents proclaiming their honest-Injun age, the natural color of their hair and the location, by dead reckoning, of such distinguishing worries as wens and strawberry marks, will sail for Europe in search of recreation, relaxation or whatever the doctor might have ordered but didn't.

If you are among the number you will note that, upon the tactful official inventory of your personal charms known as a passport, nothing is said about the color of your money. Europe knows that to be good; in fact it is just the shade that Europeans seem to prefer and, in their desire to acquire it, they will go to great lengths—even to the length of giving you full value for it if you show any evidence of knowing what that value is. The return you get for the time and effort expended will depend upon how carefully you plan the trip.

Avoid doing more than the time at your disposal comfortably allows. You have planned, let us say, for a few days in London and you'd like to "do" Shakespeare's country before going to Paris for a week's shopping and sightseeing. The Riviera is scheduled next and then Florence, Rome and Venice, the Italian lakes and then Switzerland and Germany. You'd like to see Holland and the tulips on the way back but you've simply got to be home for Cousin Effie's wedding or the annual stocktaking. Anyway, two months away from your desk is the limit, you tell the clerk at the tourist agency. He suggests the air lines but the family is possibly not one hundred per cent air-minded, so he thumbs the time-tables and finally cheers everybody up by saying that your marathon *can* be done by train.

Sure, it can. It's amazing what those dinky European trains can do. I remember one that landed me in Warsaw after a similar race against time. For days it had taken punishment over some of the worst track ever spiked. It had met with setback after setback and we who had borne with it in the heat of the day and long, dreary hours of the Polish night had practically given up all hope for it. But slowly, painfully it struggled on and when it finally faltered into Warsaw I couldn't help but give it credit. Honestly, it wasn't tired at all; it was just as calm and unruffled as Calvin Coolidge and, after a short rest, it started out and did the whole trip over again backwards.

I could hear it going as I lost consciousness in the nearest hotel in the Novy Swat, the Main Street of Warsaw, after threatening to swat anyone who called me back to it before Tuesday come Michaelmas. At least I thought I could. The house doctor called it delirium.

Don't be inveigled into any such marathon on the proposition that it can be done by train. You are not a train and the breaks are against you. Get yourself into a jam like that and there's no escape. Even the boon of death is denied you, for notices posted in all Continental trains explicitly forbid you to hang yourself outside and to do a satisfactory job inside is manifestly impossible in a crowded compartment.

How to Travel

Avoid all necessity of such drastic action by never biting off more mileage than you can chew. A good rule is to plan so that, exclusive of the time spent on shipboard going and coming, you devote one third of your time to actual travel and the rest to contacting something more satisfying than railroad upholstery.

The ratio may be raised to allow a greater proportion of travel if you are doing Europe by automobile. And if there are five or six in the party the cost need be very little greater than that of first-class travel in the best trains. In England, France, Germany and Italy good cars may be hired for long trips, with chauffeur, from twenty-five cents a mile up and the rate includes everything except chauffeur's personal expenses. Taking your car with you is better still if you are planning an extended stay and lots of running. For $50 the Automobile Club of America will get you the freedom of the roads in thirty countries, and, at further cost, arrange things so that you may drive on the boat on this side and off on the other with hardly more fuss than attaches to a ferry trip from Oakland to 'Frisco or from Staten Island to Manhattan.

No matter how he travels the wise tourist cuts baggage to a minimum. On all Continental railroads baggage allowances are very low and excess charges extremely high. And, outside of the question of expense, trunks are killjoys, involving long waits at customs offices and exasperating delays in dreary inspection sheds at frontiers. Hand

(*Continued on page 58*)

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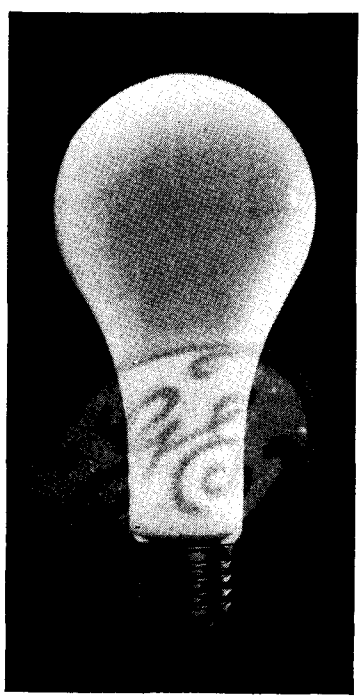
MAZDA ·:· NOT THE NAME OF A THING BUT THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE

The LAMP to Read by



THE cheapest, as well as the most profitable investment you can make in behalf of family eye conservation is a carton of 60 watt, inside-frosted General Electric MAZDA lamps. ¶ Place these lamps in every one of your reading lamp sockets. Arrange each lamp so that the light falls over the left shoulder of the person using it. Now you have the right light for reading! ¶ Now you have no more eye-stumbling across poorly lighted pages. No more jumping newsprint. No more squinting. Instead you have hour after hour of effortless enjoyment. School tasks that don't wear out young eyes. More and better production from mother's sewing basket. ¶ Take home a carton of these eye-savers today! And to be sure that you are getting all the advantages of MAZDA Research and General Electric quality, look for this mark MAZDA G-E on the tip of the bulb. You are also sure of getting G. E. MAZDA lamps when you buy them in the familiar blue carton. NATIONAL LAMP WORKS of General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio. . . . . .

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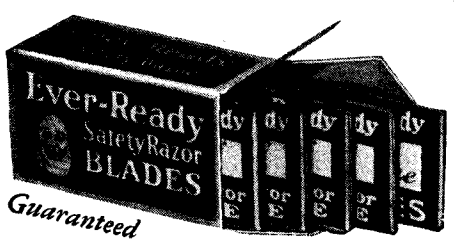
. . a marching song for whiskers . . . .

Here, sir, is the sweetest chin music ever played—a blade so gentle, an edge so keen and long-lasting that you burst into song at the first luxurious shave. The toughest whiskers depart at the merest touch of an Ever-Ready Blade. Be a Singing Shaver. *Every day* enjoy that clean, cool feeling that formerly came only once in a blue moon.

Product of American Safety Razor Corp.

Ever-Ready BLADES



Guaranteed

Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 22

Turning, we walked back to the Park Avenue Hotel. The journey was a short one, but long enough for me to tell Petrie of my encounter in the corridor. He stopped as we reached the corner of Berkeley Street, and:

"There's some very black business underlying all this, Greville," he said. "We've lost the best man of the lot already. Now it looks as though the arch-devil had taken personal charge. Where's Weymouth?"

"Gone to Victoria, I expect. Yale was with him."

Petrie nodded.

"If you weren't mistaken, Greville, it looks as though the danger to Swâzi Pasha is here, in London. If my wife isn't mistaken—it's a certainty! We can at least learn the name of the man you saw; because in dealing with Dr. Fu Manchu and his Burmans I don't believe in coincidences!"

WE CONSULTED the reception clerk and learned without difficulty that the room, of which I naturally remembered the number, was occupied by a Mr. Solkel, of Smyrna.

"Has he stayed here before?" Petrie asked.

No. It was Mr. Solkel's first visit.

"Thank you," said Petrie, and as we walked toward the lift:

"Mr. Solkel, of Smyrna," he mused. "I don't like the sound of him."

"*I* don't like the look of him!"

"Yet it is just possible you were wrong; and so . . . what can we do?"

We went up to Petrie's sitting-room, where his wife, apparently recovered, was waiting to receive us.

She smiled, her gaze set on Petrie's face; and I wondered if Rima would greet *me* with a smile like that. He simply shook his head and ran his fingers through her beautiful hair.

"I knew," she whispered; and although she continued bravely to smile, there was horror in her eyes. "He is so clever! But I was right!"

A nameless but chill foreboding possessed my mind. I believe the others shared it. I was thinking of the man who had gone out to meet this menace, and had come to his end, alone against many, in that damnable house in Khârga. But Petrie now ringing for cocktails, we all tried to show a bold front to our troubles. Yet even as I raised my glass I seemed to detect, like a sort of patrol, the approach of *something;* not as a memory, but as words spoken eerily, to hear a bell-like voice:

"I am so lonely, Shan. . . ."

For days and nights, for weeks, I had lain in her power . . . the witch-woman; daughter of this fiend incarnate, Dr. Fu Manchu. "She is evil, evil. . . ." Rima had said. And I knew it for truth. Much as we had all suffered, I felt that worse was to come. I could hear the cheery, familiar roar of London's traffic beneath me; sometimes, dimly, I could catch snatches of conversation in the adjoining apartment, occupied by an American traveler and his wife.

Everything was so safe, so normal. Yet I knew, I could not venture to doubt, that some climax in the incredible business which had blotted out a month of my life, and had brought Sir Lionel Barton to the edge of eternity, was creeping upon us.

"THANK goodness that part of the business is over," said Weymouth. "There were no official formalities as the pasha is still indisposed. He was all silk mufflers and fur collar. He has only one secretary with him. The other members of his suite are staying at the Platz over the way. He's safe indoors, anyway."

"Safe?" Mrs. Petrie echoed and laughed unhappily. "After what I have told you, Superintendent?"

Weymouth's kindly face looked very grim, and he exchanged a troubled glance with Petrie; then:

"She never used to be wrong, Doctor," he confessed. "Honestly, I don't know what to make of it. I sent a man around directly I got the news. But, of course, the shop was closed and locked. I don't know what to make of it," he repeated. "The woman was rapidly becoming a nightmare to me, but if the doctor in person has appeared on the scene . . ."

He spread his hands in a helpless gesture; and we were all silent for some time. Then Weymouth stood up:

"It's very nice of you, Mrs. Petrie," he said, "to ask me to dine with you. I have one or two little jobs to do downstairs, first—and I'm going to have another shot to get a look at Mr. Solkel! It isn't really my case." He smiled in the awkwardly boyish manner which made the man so lovable. "But I've been retained as a sort of specialist, and Yale is good enough to be glad."

"I suppose," said Petrie, as Weymouth made for the door, "there are detectives on duty in the hotel?"

"Five! with Fletcher in charge. That should be enough. But I'm worried about Mr. Solkel. His official description doesn't correspond with yours, Greville. For one thing, they tell me he wears glasses, is in delicate health and keeps his room constantly. However—"

He went out.

Petrie stared hard in my direction.

"There's absolutely no doubt," he said slowly, "that Madame Ingomar's campaign has opened well, for her. Her astonishing indiscretion I can only ascribe to . . ." he paused, smiling, and glanced at his wife . . . "a sudden and characteristically Oriental infatuation."

She flushed, glancing at him, and:

"Nayland Smith once said that about *me!*" she replied.

"I'M GLAD he did!" Petrie returned. "But if the daughter is anything like the father, I confess even now I don't envy Swâzi Pasha's chances. Just check up on Madame's record, and you will see what I mean. Apart from certain mysterious movements, last year, in such widely divided places as Pekin, Turkestan, Siberia and the northern provinces of India, we may take it for a fact that Professor Zeitland fell a victim to this Chinese she-devil. He stood in her way. He knew something about Lafleur's Tomb which *she* wanted to know. Having learned it, it became necessary that he should be blotted out. This was duly done, according to schedule. Barton was the next in her path. He served her purpose and escaped by a miracle. She got what she wanted—the contents of the tomb. If we could even guess the importance of these we might begin to understand why she stuck at nothing to achieve her end."

(*Continued on page 40*)

Contractor's Wife—"And you're doing it all with your little hands!"

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That *something* which makes a Chrysler a *Chrysler!*

THERE is a certain thrilling something about Chrysler performance that one never senses or enjoys in any other car. It is "something" and yet somehow *everything.* It is the spirit and sure stride of Chrysler speed. It is the gliding sensation of Chrysler smoothness. It is the electric aliveness of Chrysler pick-up. The answer, of course, is Chrysler engineering. With new, roomier bodies of dreadnought construction; with new, bigger, more powerful high-compression engines—and, in the "77" and "70" with Down-Draft carburetion, together with the sensational Multi-Range 4-speed transmission and gear shift—these latest Chryslers further outdistance all attempts to equal Chrysler performance. And besides, there is more style in Chrysler beauty, just as there is more *go* in Chrysler power and more *stop* in Chrysler brakes—internal-expanding, weatherproof hydraulics, the safest brakes known to automobile science. Get a personal experience at the wheel—and you will realize with full conviction why a Chrysler inspires a pride all its own.

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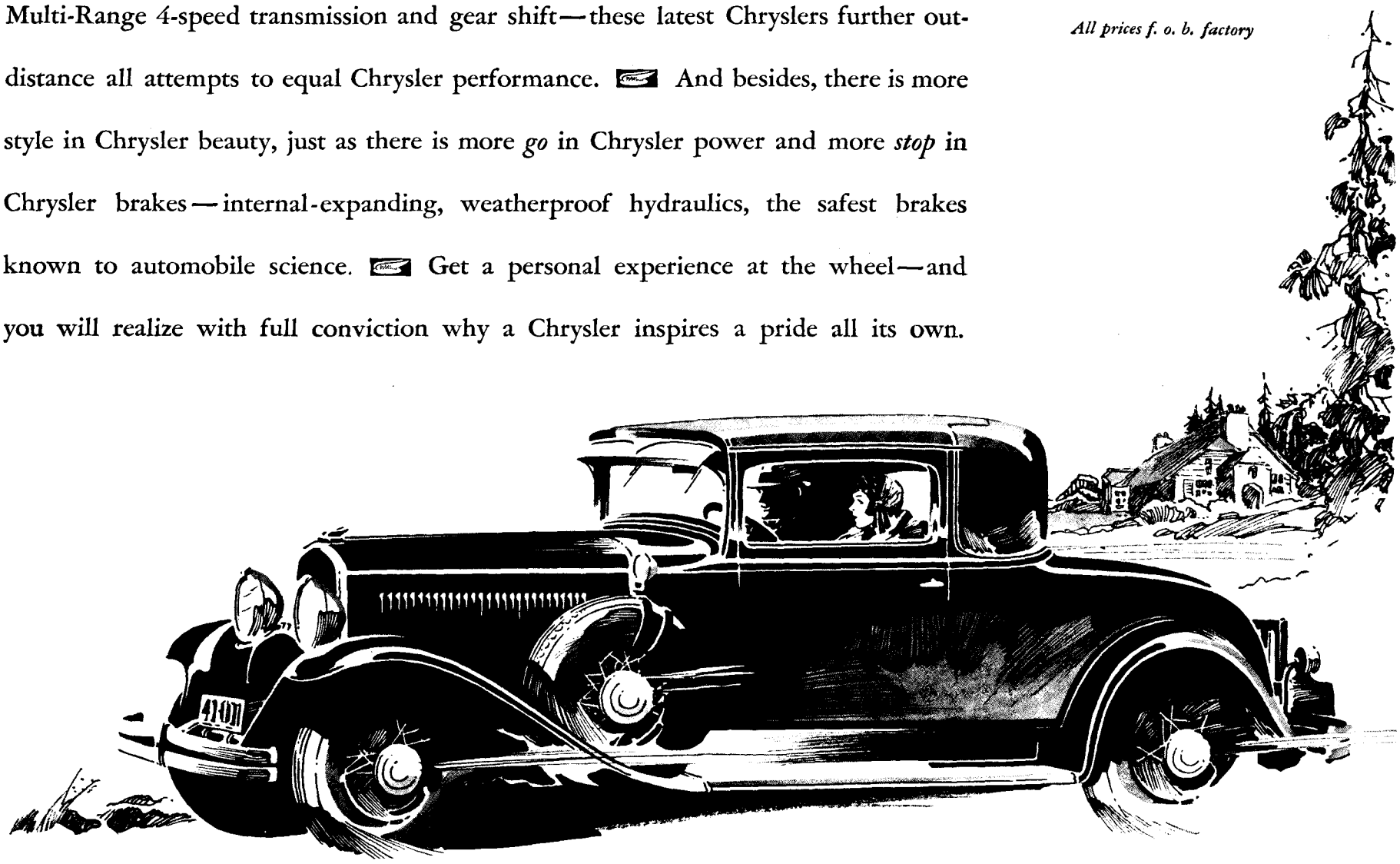

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Fu Manchu's Daughter

Continued from page 38

He paused to light a fresh cigarette, and then:

"*I believe poor old Smith knew,*" he went on. "He was the one man in the world she had *really* to fear. And he . . ." the sentence remained unfinished.

"That she regarded Swâzi Pasha as an obstruction," I said, "she was good enough to tell me herself. . . ."

Petrie glanced at his wife, whose expressive eyes registered a deep horror; then:

"I said a while ago," he added, "that I don't give very much for his chances. Selfishly, I can find it in my heart to wish that he had chosen another hotel. Karamanèh has lived in the storm center too long to want any further experiences."

This, then, was the atmosphere which surrounded us all that evening in a London hotel; this the shadow under which we lay.

During dinner, which was served in Petrie's sitting-room, for Weymouth had had no opportunity of dressing:

"I suppose," said I, "that Mr. Solkel is receiving suitable attention?"

Weymouth nodded.

"He hasn't gone out," he replied. "But I hear that a new wardrobe trunk was delivered and taken up to his room this afternoon. This suggests that he is leaving shortly. If he goes out he will be followed. If he rings for anything, the waiter will be a Scotland Yard man. . . ."

Weymouth had secured a small room right up under the roof, for London was packed. But I drew a great sense of security from his presence in the building. At his wife's request Petrie had abandoned a program for the evening, arranged earlier, and had decided to remain at home.

When we said good night to our host and hostess, Weymouth came along to my room. Pausing in the corridor, he stared at the door of Number 41; but not until we had entered my adjoining apartment and lighted our pipes did he speak; then:

"Swâzi Pasha has canceled an engagement to dine with the Prime Minister tonight, owing to the delay in Paris," he said. "He's not going out and is receiving no one. Even the press have been refused. But Yale's job starts tomorrow. The pasha has four public appointments."

"You feel fairly confident, then, of his safety tonight?"

"Perfectly," Weymouth replied grimly. "I feel so confident about it that I'm going to patrol the hotel in person! You turn in, Greville. You're not really fit yet. Good night."

SLEEP was a difficult problem. Apart from a morbid and uncontrollable apprehension, I was intensely unstrung by reason of the fact that Rima was due in the morning. I tried reading, but simply couldn't concentrate upon the printed page.

The jade-green eyes of Fah Lo Suee began to haunt me, and in the dialogue of the story I was trying to read I seemed to hear her, speaking the lines in that bell-like, hypnotic voice.

I relived those ages of horror and torment in the green-gold room: I saw again the malignant dwarf—"a hashishin," Weymouth had told me. "They belong to the Old Man of the Mountain—Sheik Ismail." I heard the creature's dying shrieks; I saw the dacoit return carrying his bloody knife. . . .

Throwing down the magazine disgustedly, I began to pace my room. I contemplated another whisky-and-soda, but realized in time that it would be a poor cure for insomnia. The after-theater rush was subsiding. Piccadilly was settling down into its nightly somnolence. That inner circle of small, expensive streets containing the exclusive dance clubs would be full of motor traffic now, for London's night life is highly centralized, the Bohemia of Soho impinging on the white-shirted gaiety of Mayfair; two tiny spots on the map; sleepless eyes in a sleeping world.

I WONDERED if Petrie and his wife were awake—and I wondered what Weymouth was doing. This curiosity about Weymouth grew so intense that I determined to ring and find out. It was at this moment that I first heard the sound.

It was difficult to identify. I stood still, listening—all those doubts and surmises centered now upon my mysterious neighbor, Mr. Solkel. What I heard was this:

A dim, metallic sound, which might have been made by someone slightly shaking a sheet of thin metal. Next, a faint sibilance, which oddly suggested paying out a line. Then silence. . . .

My brain was functioning at high pressure. Whereas, in the foggy stage that followed my dreadful experience I should have been incapable of thinking consistently about anything, now, a dozen theories sprang to my mind. I decided to stand still—and to listen.

The sound was renewed. It came from beyond the fireplace!

An electric radiator, which I had had no occasion to use, stood there. Stooping, I quietly placed it on the rug; and kneeling down I pressed my ear to the tiles of the recess in which it had rested.

Whispering!

And at this very moment a fact occurred to me . . . a startling fact:

My room was directly above Suite Number Five!

The connection defied me, but of one thing I was sure: these strange noises, which had temporarily ceased, portended some attempt on Swâzi Pasha's apartments below.

I came to a swift decision. Walking silently in my slippers, I crossed to the door, opened it cautiously and peeped out into the corridor. It was empty and dark save for one dim light at the end. Leaving my door ajar, I started for the staircase. . . .

A sense of urgency possessed me—I must find Weymouth or Fletcher! The fate not only of a Turkish statesman but perhaps of Europe depended upon promptitude.

Silence everywhere as I hurried along the corridor to the staircase. I raced down in semi-darkness. I reached the corridor below, lighted only by one dim lamp just above the elevator shaft. I looked right. The corridor was empty. I looked left. There was no one.

HESITANT, I stood debating my course. I might ring for the elevator man. I might race on down into the lobby and summon the night porter. The result would have been better accomplished had I used my own room telephone. No doubt I had counted too confidently on meeting Fletcher or Weymouth.

I determined to take the matter into my own hands. I turned left, and walked swiftly in the direction of the door of Suite Number Five.

Even at the moment that I reached it, I hesitated again. Of the fact that some deadly peril, urgent, instant, threatened Swâzi Pasha, I seemed to have occult information. But I realized my facts were scanty. If I roused him, I might save his life. On the other hand, I might make myself ridiculous.

There was a bell-push outside the door, and my hand was raised to press it. Suddenly, silently, the door opened . . . and I found myself staring into the gaunt, angular face of *Nayland Smith!*

(*To be continued next week*)

"Shall we sail away on the Dream Boat with them or shall we just go to bed?"

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CORN PLASTER

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The Diamond Cleek

Continued from page 19

"Fairly good," he says. "I shot the first nine in thirty-seven."

"And how many more?"

"Well," he says, "I thought once I had lost a ball, but I managed to find it."

"Ain't that nice? Did you have a ball in your pocket with the same marking as the one you lost?"

"Sure, Oscar. I certainly did."

"Where is it now, Vernon?"

"I really don't know," he answers. "I guess it must have been misplaced."

AT THE end of Wednesday's play Vernon is leading the field by two strokes with a 73. And when Thursday's round is over and Vernon turns in a 72 for a total of 145 and the next best score is 153, we agree that he has it hog-tied.

I had a few minutes alone with Vernon that night.

"How's your scheme?" I ask.

"What scheme?"

"For copping Mrs. Wilson's pearl necklace."

He looks kind of worried.

"Getting it is easy enough, Oscar. They keep it in a dinky little safe in his apartment, and I know just where he is all the time and where his valet is. But the more I see of that bird, the more I think I'd hate to have him miss the pearls and start hunting for them. In other words, Oscar, it narrows down to the problem of a hiding place. I wonder," he says thoughtfully, "whether you'd be willing to take charge of them after I did the stealing?"

"Not me! The recommendations I got this job on was all forged and the first thing that bird would do would be to check over his hired help . . . most likely starting with me. And then—baby kiss papa bye-bye!"

He is still worried.

"I've got to think of some safe hiding place. There ain't a lot of time left."

The next day he comes in off the golf course grinning.

"Oscar," he announces, "my partner today had lots of trouble and was off in the woods a lot, so I have a nifty 73 to add on to the other scores I have made. It begins to look as though the diamond cleek will be mine, and that gives me an idea."

"What sort?"

"Ask me no questions, Oscar, but some time tonight I will try to drift over to your shack and explain things."

About ten o'clock that night, while they was dancing on the big veranda, he finds me. I see right away that he has some news for me.

"Oscar," he says, "I am sitting pretty. I've got Mrs. Wilson's pearl necklace!"

Well, that was indeed a surprise and I remarked such.

"When did you borrow it, Vernon?"

"Tonight, just when everybody was starting in to play bridge and dance, and I knew the servants were below eating their dinner. And, Oscar, I will bet my share of that necklace against yours that you cannot guess where I have hidden it."

"You win, Vernon—and so I will not bet with you."

He gives me a broad smile.

"Have you ever seen that diamond cleek, Oscar?"

"Yes."

"You have noticed that it is a standard-size golf club of solid gold set with diamonds, haven't you?"

"Sure."

"And have you ever observed the case in which it lies?"

"You mean that blue velvet thing?"

"Not blue velvet, Oscar. It is purple plush. I have hidden the pearl necklace inside it!"

I suppose I looked at him like I thought he was crazy, which is exactly what I did think. But I could see that he did not agree with me.

"I carried that necklace into the room where the diamond cleek is on display. I very carefully lifted out the tray on which the trophy lays and placed the necklace in a corner of the large empty compartment underneath. I had it in a little pasteboard box which I attached to the hollow inside of that plush case so it could not rattle or move. Then I touched two corners of the tray with sealing wax, so it cannot be observed, but so I could tell right away whether anybody had tampered with it. At least, Oscar, I know that so long as those little spots of sealing wax are not broken my pearls are right in that case with the diamond cleek."

"But suppose they are stolen by some dirty crook?"

"Then I will have to make other plans. But don't worry—no one will ever suspect such a hiding place. Somebody might possibly steal the cleek, but even such a disreputable thief would take it from the case and not be bothered with that big, heavy thing. Am I not clever, Oscar?"

"Yes, I think you are—not. Frankly, Vernon, I do not see any sense at all in what you have done. What are you driving at?"

"Well, I have every detail laid out. In the first place, if Mrs. Wilson changed her plans and wanted to wear those pearls before Monday and so happened to miss them, they could search my things and never find them; isn't that so?"

"Yes."

"Furthermore, I am certain to win this golf tournament. I now have a thirteen-stroke lead with only eighteen more holes left to play. In addition to that I have arranged with Lemuel that you are to caddy for me tomorrow. Then if it so happens that I have a little bad luck like getting into poor lies in the rough or in divot holes, you can always use your educated toes to move my ball that essential inch or so which will always help. Besides, you will be supplied with extras so that it will be certain I do not lose any balls during the round."

"Cinch," I says. "You couldn't lose, anyway; but this way you ought to shoot about a 67."

"I am not that ambitious, Oscar. A 74 or 75 will suit me perfectly."

"All right," I says. "Let's agree that you have this tournament locked up. What then?"

"WELL," he says, "I have told my host and hostess that I have important business which requires that I must positively leave here immediately after the tournament. In fact, Oscar, I am departing on the four-fifteen tomorrow afternoon."

"And what does that get you?"

"A great deal. Of course they were planning to have a big dinner tomorrow night at which the cleek was to be given to the winner. But since it is certain that I will win, and as Lemuel Thaddeus Wilson wants to make a speech, he has fixed things to have the ceremony on number one tee at about half past three o'clock. He will then present me with that trophy, I will have my bags all ready, and I will then be driven to the station. Don't you see, Oscar, Mr. Wilson will himself give me those pearls. Can you imagine anything simpler?"

"It's marvelous, Vernon. If I ever try to think of things like that I get a bad headache and become all confused."

"It has to be born in a man, Oscar."

"I guess so . . . And you are sure you will win the tournament?"

"That is the only chance I am taking. But with a 13-stroke lead and you for a caddy, I cannot figure that anybody else has a chance."

I had to agree that he was right and I'll say right here that I wasn't jealous of Vernon at all. When a guy can dope things out in advance that way, he deserves the breaks.

Well, the next morning dawned bright and clear, and those that still thought they had a chance in the tournament or otherwise wanted to play golf got going about nine o'clock. I had Vernon's bag and was standing on the first tee when he came up.

The little blond cutie was with him, and she wasn't hard to look at. Real nifty, and I was glad to be mixed up with a man who could pick wimmin like that, if any. He didn't look so rotten himself: white shirt, linen knickers, white stockings and white sport shoes. He nodded brightly to me and went on chatting with the other guests who had come out to see him shoot his last eighteen and win the diamond cleek. Of course they knew that nothing short of an earthquake could make him lose, and if they had of known about my interest in him they wouldn't of bet that an earthquake could.

VERNON and his partner started off: Vernon straight down the middle but not near as long as usual, which was a good sign because it meant that he was going to keep from pressing and count on his 13-stroke lead to bring him home in front. And you can bet that I wasn't afraid he would crack, because while I admit that a last round of medal play golf takes strong nerves, I don't think that it requires any more strength of character than confidence work or burgling, in both of which Vernon was a master.

Vernon gets one over par on number one, rams home a twelve-foot putt for a birdie on number two, pars number three in four and then, just when it seems everything is in the icebox, he slices into a nasty patch of underbrush off the tee on the 570-yard number four. That was where I first took part in the match and it was wonderful how when we found that ball it was lying nicely teed up on a little bunch of grass where he could use a brassie to put him neatly across the ditch.

He continues to play a game which I would call neat but not gaudy and turns in 39, which, with his lead, makes the tournament nothing but duck soup. He ain't taking a chance in the world. When he misses a shot and I don't get a chance to help, he lets that shot go and adds one to his idea of par on that hole. We hear that the babies in second and third place each did the first nine in 38, which means that Vernon has 12 strokes leeway on the easy nine. Figuring either of them gimmicks to go crazy and shoot 34 on the back nine, Vernon can allow himself a 45 and win.

Except that I knew he was playing for a necklace worth more than two hundred thousand berries, there wouldn't of been anything exciting about that last nine at all. But of course when the

(*Continued on page 44*)

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The Diamond Cleek

Continued from page 42

ball looks like a big pearl and even the diamond-studded cleek seems as small as snipe seed, then a fellow can't help feeling his nerves.

Coming up to the eighteenth, it was a lock. Vernon had a par four for a 77. He hooked his drive out of bounds, then stopped and lit a cigarette, walked around the tee a minute and shot another ball. This one went straight up the course. His second was just short of the green, his run-up was three feet from the cup and he deliberately took two putts for a 6 on the hole and a 79 for the round.

Well, the gallery breaks loose with a lot of genteel congratulations and the blonde kissed him right there before everybody and Mrs. Lemuel asked him couldn't he change his mind and stay over for the dinner that night because having won the tournament he would be the guest of honor, but he says no, that he has important engagements elsewhere—which I know ain't no part of a lie.

On the way to the caddy house, I and him walk together.

"Pretty soft, ain't it, Oscar?"

"As mush," I says.

"I'm clever, ain't I?"

"You're a marvel."

"And I want to thank you for how you helped me on two or three of those holes. I was afraid you mightn't have a chance to assist me."

"Shuh, Vernon," I says. "You know good and well I wouldn't throw you down, although on one hole where you was lost in the woods I was scared for a minute that somebody might notice that the ball you shot into the thicket was mesh marked and the ball you shot out was dimpled."

He looks at me and shakes his head. "That is why you will never be very successful in your profession, Oscar. You are careless and you take too many chances. Now look at me. I got where I am today . . . a rich man, counting those pearls . . . by never leaving anything to chance. When I scheme something it cannot go wrong."

"I know," I answered miserably. "I am just a poor dub trying hard to make a dishonest living. But times ain't like they used to be. It seems like a fellow can't hardly get along nowadays unless he's got at least a business college education."

JUST as he was leaving me he makes another remark, only this ain't intimate because the pro is listening, also some others.

"Will you be at the presentation ceremony this afternoon?" he asks.

I look eager.

"May I, sir?"

"Certainly. You've been a fine caddy, and I'd like to have you there."

"That is very nice, sir. When will it be?"

"At three-thirty on the first tee. I will say good-by until then because I must now pack my things and eat lunch."

With that he was gone and the others—especially the dames—flocked around him, telling him he was grand and gorgeous, which was the truth, but even so they didn't get no argument out of him.

At three-twenty-five everybody starts hanging around the first tee. Of course Vernon is there, all dressed for traveling, and his suitcases are already in one of Mr. Wilson's cars which will carry him to the depot. Then comes Lemuel himself carrying the purple plush case and the first thing I notice when he opens it is that the little spots of sealing wax have not been touched. Neither Mrs. Wilson hasn't let out a yell about missing her pearls, so I know that everything is jake and in a few minutes the slickest crook in the world will be riding for parts unknown with a lot of valuable ornaments.

When they're all present or accounted for, Mr. Wilson begins his speech, and from the beginning everybody can see that he has studied it out careful.

He tells first about how even though him and his wife are swell society folks they like to give others a good time, and he hopes that everybody enjoyed the house party, which he says was the best he knew how to give, and if there are any kicks please tell him or his housekeeper because they want all the guests to be satisfied.

Then he begins to talk about Mister Vernon Ramsay, the swell golfer who has just won the tournament. He almost describes every shot Vernon made in the 72 holes. And finally he lifts the big purple plush case in his arm and points to the diamond cleek.

"Here," he roars, "is the swellest and most expensive golf trophy in the world. It was made special by the best jeweler on the Pacific Coast and it is something which is going to be pictured in every rotogravure section of the country, or almost.

"As I said before, the first great Diamond Cleek Tournament has been won by our distinguished guest and friend, Mr. Vernon Ramsay, who we all think is one of the best golfers in this country."

LEMUEL then turns to the blushing Vernon. He reaches into his pocket and takes out a tiny package.

"And now it gives me great pleasure to present Mister Ramsay, as winner of this tournament, with a solid gold medal, properly inscribed. And furthermore, as you all know is customary in such tournaments as this, Mister Ramsay's name will be engraved on the Diamond Cleek. This gorgeous trophy will be immediately stored in my bank vault and if Mister Ramsay should win it two more times it will become his personal property."

Well, sir, the only reason you could not hear a pin drop was because nobody thought of dropping one.

The guests all looked goofy and Vernon more so than any of the others. He acts like a man who has just been busted on that part of his jaw which is referred to as the button.

"Do you mean to tell me," he inquires. "that all this time I have been playing for a gold medal, and not for that fine trophy?"

"You express it wrong," retorts Lemuel pompously. "You have positively been playing for the diamond cleek, and if you win it two more times. . . ."

VERNON does not wait to hear no more, but just walks away. I trail along with him toward the car which is to take him to the station.

"Vernon," I says, "when do I get my ten per cent of that medal you just won?"

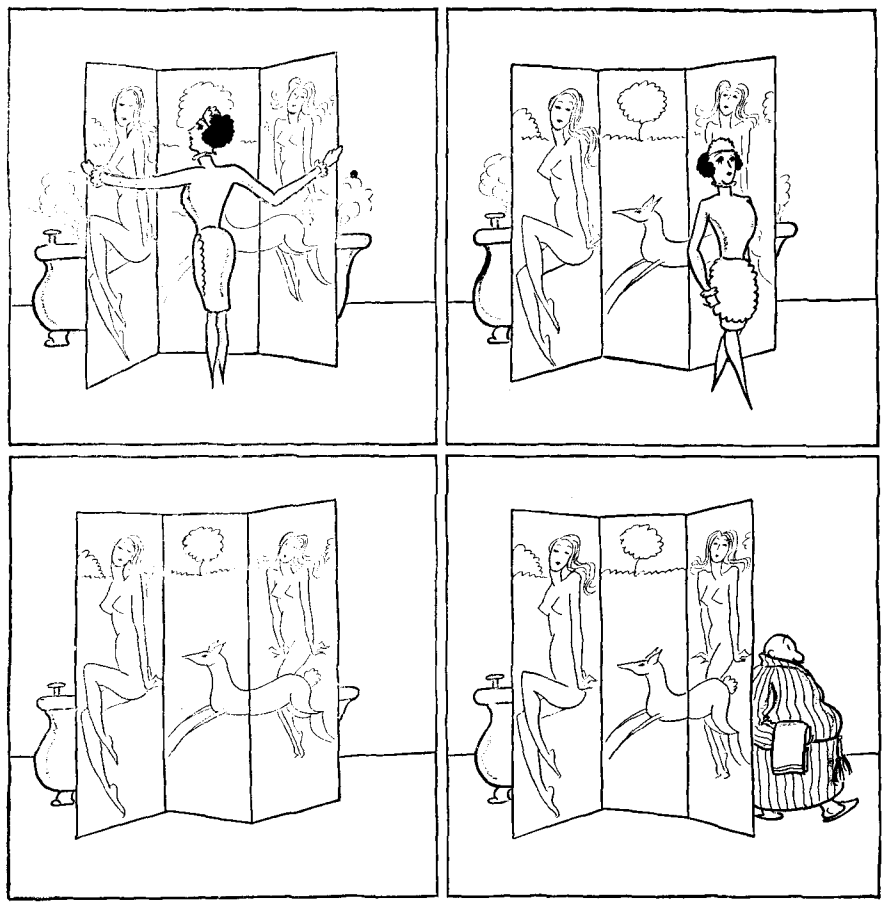
"Don't try to be funny, Oscar," he growls, "because in my present humor I am liable to bust in the nose anybody who kids me."

"I wouldn't kid you, Vernon. And it ain't kidding to say that I'm glad I ain't got as much brains as you. If you had been dumb like me, Vernon," I says, "you would have kept them pearls when you had them, and not went and hid them in no trophy case."

He looks at me real hard. "You got it all wrong, Oscar," he explains. "I admit I slipped, but not in the way you figure."

"Well," I ask, "how did you slip, then?"

"It was a fatal mistake," Vernon says as he flings his bags in the car, "and it has taught me a bitter but valuable lesson. Never again, Oscar, will I attempt to steal from a man who is newly rich. Instead of that," he announces earnestly, "I will confine my operations to fine old families that know how to be robbed."



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Won't you be William?

Continued from page 15

"Don't be silly," said Sylvia.

"All right," he said.

"If you knew," she went on, "how I have suffered! Why, I've been engaged to William ever since Newport. And I've exhausted my imagination, trying to invent reasons why he hasn't married me."

"He does seem a bit backward," said Dick. "Now if I were William—"

He paused. Sylvia turned and looked at him.

"I wish you were," she said, musingly. "But I don't suppose you would be."

"Would be what?"

"Oh! I know it's ridiculous. Still, Aunt Jane's going to be here only a day or two."

"I don't get you," said Dick.

"I was thinking," said Sylvia, "that if she could go away still believing that you are William, it would give me the time I need to finish my novel. If I tell her the truth now she'll be furious. She'll stop my allowance, and I'll have to go home just when I'm in the mood for working, and— Oh, please, Mr. Ballard! You'll think I'm crazy, but—while my aunt's here—won't you be William?"

Mr. Ballard seemed to consider this momentous question.

"That's funny," he said. "I've just remembered that my first name is William."

"It isn't!"

"It is if I choose it to be."

Sylvia laughed, excitedly.

"Then you'll do it? Oh, I don't know how I can ever repay you!"

"As a gentleman," said Dick, looking into her eyes, "I should repudiate the idea of payment. I'm idle, rich, and a hopelessly frivolous person, so I'm grateful for possibilities. . . . I suppose I'd better start calling you Sylvia?"

"Yes," she said.

"Hello, Sylvia!"

"Hello, William!"

They looked at each other and laughed.

"By the way," he asked. "What's this bird's last name?"

"You'll never guess," said Sylvia.

"Well?"

"The truth is, when Aunt Jane asked me that same question tonight I suddenly realized I'd never mentioned William's full name. In fact, I'd never even invented it. So I said the first name that popped into my mind, and it—oh, I hope you won't mind!—it happened to be Ballard!"

"My own name!" cried Dick.

"Yes. I'm sorry."

"But that was before we'd decided I was to be William!"

Sylvia smiled a sweet, misty smile.

"Well, yes," she said. "But perhaps I had a hunch you were going to be!"

"You're wonderful!" he said.

"I'm rather intuitive," admitted Sylvia. "And now, I think I'd better tell you something about William's character, and sort of rehearse you in your part."

"Fine!" said Dick. "Let's rehearse!"

The rehearsal lasted till midnight.

EARLY the next afternoon Dick arrived at Sylvia's cottage prepared, so he thought, for all eventualities. He greeted Sylvia by gracefully kissing her hand.

Then, sitting erect and indomitable on the living-room sofa, Aunt Jane advanced to the attack:

"Set down, William! Set down, Sylvia! I want to talk to you two!"

Dick and Sylvia sat down facing the sofa.

"Yes, Aunt Jane?"

"There!" said the old lady. "Now, I want to know the reason why you two don't get married like you'd ought to."

Dick looked at Sylvia, who returned his glance, with interest. Dick cleared his throat.

"It's very simple, Aunt Jane," he said. "You've noticed, haven't you, that Sylvia isn't wearing an engagement ring?"

"I noticed it right off."

"Well, I haven't given her a ring because I can't afford it. And we can't get married for the same reason. I'm a poor man, Aunt Jane."

"Poor!" exclaimed the spinster. "*Poor?*" She turned her steely glance on her niece. "I thought you wrote me, Sylvia, that William was a millionaire!"

SYLVIA swallowed quickly, and smiled and said: "I did—and he was!—till lately. But he—he got caught in the panic and lost everything, didn't you, William?"

"Everything! It was a terrible blow," said Dick. "I was absolutely stunned."

"You see, Aunt Jane? He's still sort of stunned. That's why he came down here to Virginia—to try to get over being—"

"Shucks!" said Aunt Jane. "If it's nothin' but money, there's no reason why we can't have the weddin' tomorrow, before I leave for Floridy. I got a million or so of my own. The bulk of it'll be Sylvia's some day, so you two might's well have the use of it now. You got pen and ink handy, Sylvie?"

"Pen and ink?" queried Sylvia, faintly.

"I want to write a check," said Aunt Jane, rising majestically from the sofa.

"But, Aunt Jane—!" gasped Sylvia.

"Aunt Jane—!" said Dick.

Aunt Jane ignored them. She had spotted Sylvia's writing desk in a corner of the room. She made for it with long strides, sat down at it, drew from some recess in her costume a checkbook and reached for Sylvia's pen; the pen that had got that young lady novelist into her present predicament.

Sylvia sat staring fixedly at Aunt Jane's back. Dick's gaze wandered to the end of the room where, over the fireplace, hung the shotgun which once had wounded him. It seemed, at the moment, the ominous symbol of his fate.

Aunt Jane rose.

"Here's a check," she said, "for fifty thousand dollars. I've made it out to you, William, so's you won't feel shy 'bout marryin' an heiress. It's my weddin' present to you, young man, and I'm sure you're welcome to it."

"But—good Lord!—I can't—"

"You take it this minute!" said Aunt Jane. She thrust the check into his nerveless fingers. "Now go and kiss Sylvie, and let me see if you mean it."

"Sylvia!" uttered Dick, choking slightly. "Sylvia—!"

"William!" faltered Sylvia.

He advanced, feeling dazed, and took her in his arms. Then something happened. A curious, quick joy possessed him. Involuntarily his arms tightened around her.

"Oh!" breathed Sylvia.

"I mean it," said Dick, and kissed her.

"Let me go!"

Aunt Jane stepped forward, chuckling.

"Glory!" she said. "We're goin' down t' the village, right now, to get your weddin' license—and you'll be married tomorrow!"

That night, in the spring-house on the mountainside, two worried young people met to confer upon the unusual problem that confronted them.

"What *are* we going to do?" asked Sylvia of the young man to whom she was so accidentally engaged.

"I don't know," he said. "Maybe we'd better rehearse some more?"

"No! We must think!"

"I'm thinking."

"Of what?"

"Of how bright your hair is. I've never seen such bright—"

"Oh, please," said Sylvia.

"Sorry, but ever since I kissed you this afternoon I've felt sort of—"

"Sort of what?"

"Vague," said Dick. He turned and looked at her. She had on a white evening gown. Her arms and shoulders were pale, her breast was pale in the moonlight. "I certainly feel vague," he repeated, sighing.

"But you can't, you mustn't! Don't you realize that we're supposed to be married tomorrow noon?"

"Yes, I do. Haven't I Aunt Jane's wedding present to remind me—?"

"What'll you do with that check?"

"Use it to found a home for wounded bachelors," said Dick.

"Oh, dear! You won't be serious!"

"I ought to be, with our marriage license in my pocket."

"Don't speak of it! That dreadful courthouse!" exclaimed Sylvia. "And that horrid, grinning clerk! Oh, it's all too ridiculous! I've a good mind to tell Aunt Jane the truth."

"WAIT a minute," said Dick. "If you're going to tell Aunt Jane the truth, I want at least a couple of hours in which to leave town. I have an idea that Aunt Jane would shoot to kill."

"She probably would," agreed Sylvia. "But what else is there to do?"

"I know!" said Dick. "I've got it!" He put his hand over her arm. "Listen! I'll have an attack of something, and be too ill to marry you tomorrow. How's that?"

"It's not bad," said Sylvia, thoughtfully. "But what'll you have an attack of?"

"Well, let's see. . . . How about a nervous breakdown?"

"All right," said Sylvia.

"You approve?"

"Yes! I think a nervous breakdown would be all right."

"In that case," said Dick, "I'll start having it now. Would you mind kissing me?"

"Why should I?"

"Because victims of neurasthenia always need sympathy and affection. They—"

"No, I won't kiss you! You'd only get vague again! And, please, Dick, I don't feel like struggling."

"Then why struggle?" he said. His arm was around her shoulders. He drew her towards him. "Tomorrow," he argued, "I'll be shut up in my room in the hotel, having William's nervous breakdown. I'll probably never see you again."

"Yes, you will! I'll come to see you! I'll bring you flowers, I—"

"Sylvia!"

"No, because—"

"Because what?"

"Because nothing," said Sylvia.

He took away his arm. She sat silent, motionless, beside him.

"Oh!" she said. "I wish I'd never got into this mess!"

"I'll see you out of it," said Dick, shortly.

(*Continued on page 48*)

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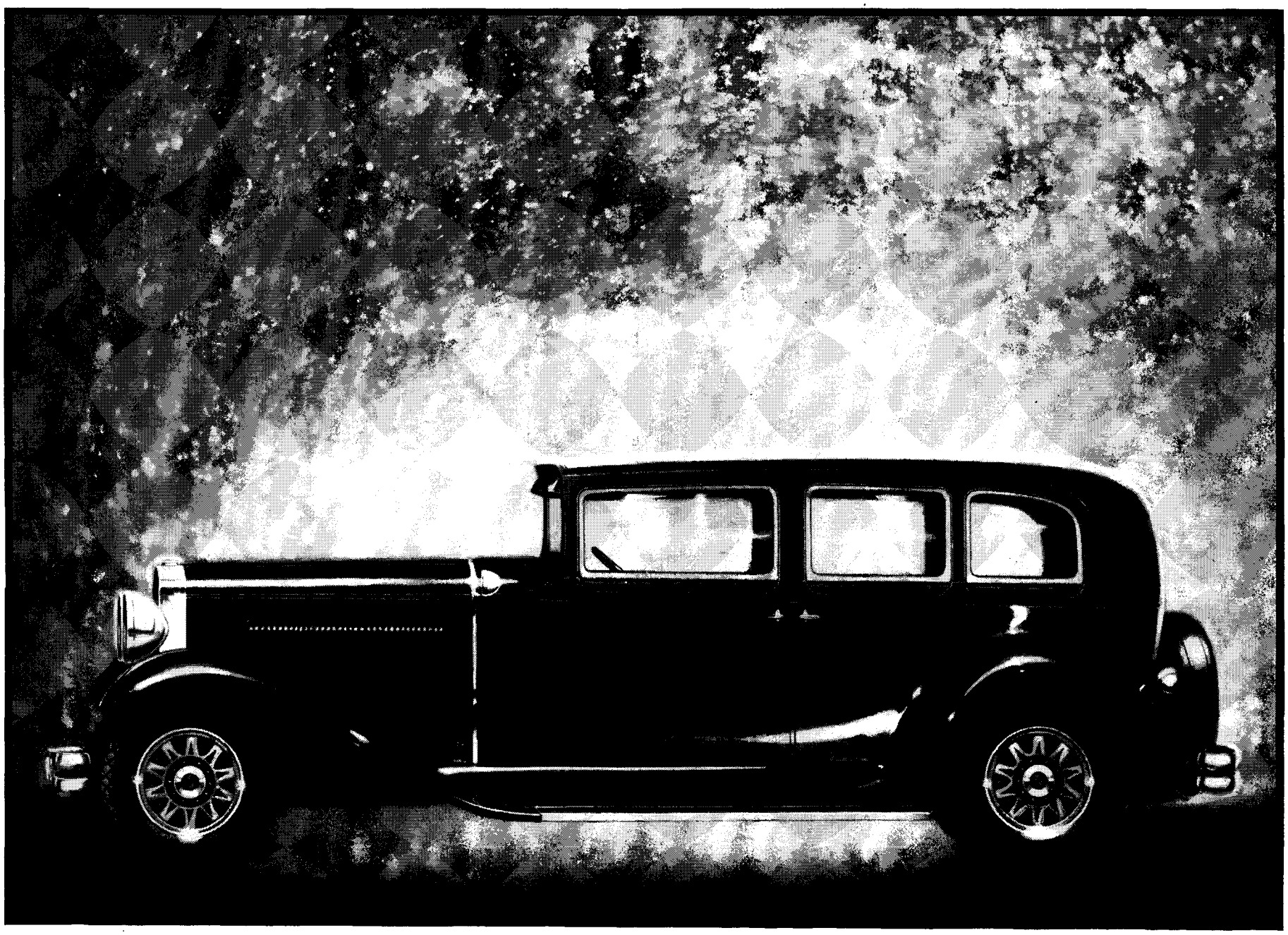

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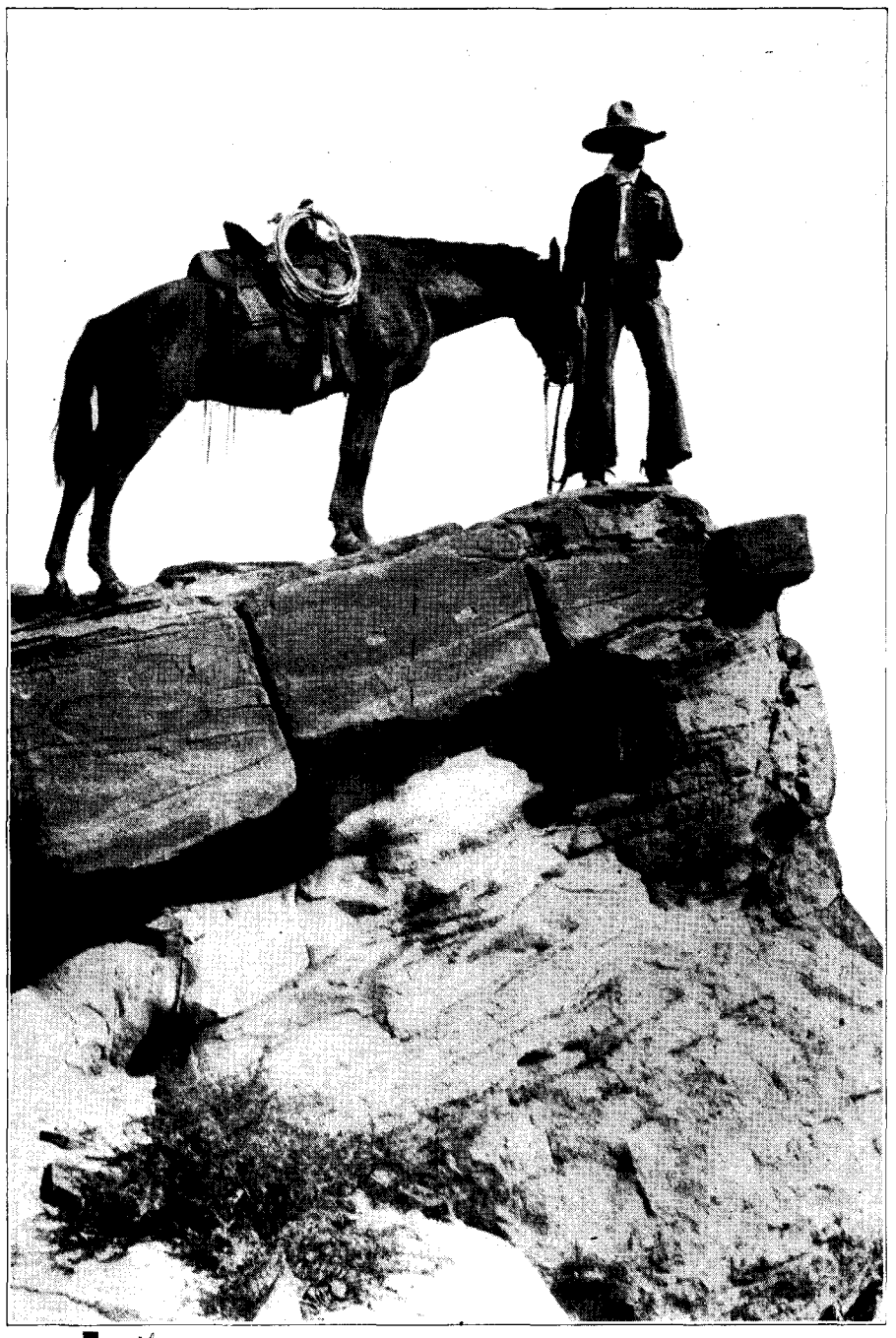

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Won't you be William?

Continued from page 46

Another silence. The moon had crept around the spring-house till now its light fell directly upon them. Sylvia shivered, as if the moon had made her cold. Then suddenly she straightened up, put her arms around Dick and kissed him.

"With sincere sympathy and thanks from Sylvia," she said; and jumping to her feet, ran out of the spring-house and down the path toward her cottage.

Dick sat as if hypnotized, staring intently at the moon.

AT TEN o'clock the next morning, after a hearty breakfast, young Mr. Ballard proceeded to have his nervous breakdown. He had it in Sylvia's cottage, whence he had gone for that express purpose, and his initial seizure was a great success. It consisted of a general feeling of depression, a severe pain in the head and a specific inclination toward suicide.

"I'm not good enough for Sylvia," declared the sufferer, in tragic tones. "I've decided to kill myself!"

He sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. Sylvia knelt hurriedly beside him. Aunt Jane stood staring in amazement at them both.

"My land!" she said. "Whatever's come over you, William?"

"Melancholia," said Sylvia. "He's been subject to it lately."

"Well, I never!" said Aunt Jane. "Brace up, William! You're goin' to be married in two hours. You got bridegroom's fever, that's what you got."

"Oh, no, Aunt Jane!" cried Sylvia. "It's much more serious than that. You see, William was so stunned by losing his fortune—"

"What he needs is a good stiff drink of whisky," declared Aunt Jane.

Dick lifted his head. His expression, though despairing, was noble.

"I'd rather die," he said, "than take a drink of whisky! Let me go. I want to end it all!"

He started unsteadily for the door. But Aunt Jane strode forward and clutched him.

"You ain't goin' out o' this house, William, with such loony thoughts in your head. Maybe you *are* sick. I don't know. But you'll stay right here with us, where we can look after you. Sylvie! Go turn down my bed. I'll move in with you, and William can have my room. We'll send up to the hotel for his things."

"But, Aunt Jane! You're leaving tonight for Florida!"

The spinster turned and confronted her niece. Her face was like chiseled granite.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Aunt Jane. "Do you think I'm goin' to leave you here alone, with William all broken down on your hands? How long do these spells usually last, William?"

"Oh," said Dick, distractedly, "sometimes for weeks and weeks!"

"Well, that don't make no odds. I shall stay and nurse you till you're well again. Sylvie! You make him go right to bed!"

The adamant spinster stalked out of the living-room. Sylvia and Dick looked at each other.

"Why don't you run for it?" she said.

"I don't know! Somehow I can't see you explaining to Aunt Jane. And then, I've a certain sporting interest in the fate of William. Do you want me to go?"

She shook her head.

"No-o-o! I don't exactly *want* you to—!"

Dick grinned at her.

"In that case," he said, "will you kindly show me to my bed?"

The indisposition of William, né Richard, lasted for only a few days. But his convalescence extended over a period of two weeks. It became a kind of siege, with Aunt Jane in the rôle of the besieger, and Dick, assisted by Sylvia, in the rôle of the besieged. At the end of that time Aunt Jane was still firmly entrenched in her position, Sylvia looked paler and thinner (she had lost five pounds) and Dick looked rested to the point of exhaustion.

"See here," he said to Sylvia one morning as they were having breakfast on the porch of the cottage (Aunt Jane was out tramping the mountains), "I'm licked. I can't go on convalescing any longer. It's killing me."

"It's killing me, too," said Sylvia. "I don't know how we've kept it up so long."

"Sheer stubbornness," remarked Dick. "But I'm getting feeble. I—"

"Will you have some marmalade?"

"Thanks."

"Two whole weeks!" said Sylvia. "And I've still no idea what to do, unless you jilt me at the altar. I mean unless William jilts me—"

"No," said Dick. "William is a cad, but he isn't a heroic cad. When he got to the altar he'd act like any other man, and marry you in spite of his nobler instincts."

She flared up, suddenly, at that.

"You will make a joke of it!" she said. Her eyes were angry as she looked at him across the table.

"But—good Lord!" said Dick. "It is a joke, isn't it?"

"Yes, of course it is. I'm—sorry," she replied hastily.

He looked at her; and then off across the sunlit valley.

"I had a talk with Aunt Jane last night," he said. "She's still determined that I—meaning William—shall marry you."

"I know," said Sylvia. "I had a little talk with her myself last night."

"We can't put off the crisis another day," Dick said. "In fact, I demand a crisis, Sylvia!"

"So do I!" she asserted, in a voice as determined as his own.

THERE was a brief silence at the breakfast table.

"You know," said Dick, finally, "I've been thinking it might be amusing to complete the joke, and—"

"And what?"

"Get married just to fool Aunt Jane!"

Sylvia laughed. It was rather a shaky laugh.

"To fool Aunt Jane? Yes, that would be awfully amusing! But what about fooling ourselves?"

"Oh, we wouldn't have to stay married," answered Dick. "I'd give you a divorce . . . whenever you wanted it."

"Whenever I—? And you think I'd accept such a sacrifice?"

Dick made a deprecatory gesture.

"It would be a pleasure," he said. "Then when your novel is published I can stick out my chest and say: 'I know that girl. I was once slightly married to her.'"

Sylvia leaned toward him and said quietly: "You really *are* a hopelessly frivolous person, aren't you?"

"I told you I was!" Dick's eyes had a gleam of anger in them now. "If you don't like that idea," he said, "I've got another one. You said you wanted to bring on a crisis, didn't you?"

"I did—and I do!"

(*Continued on page 51*)

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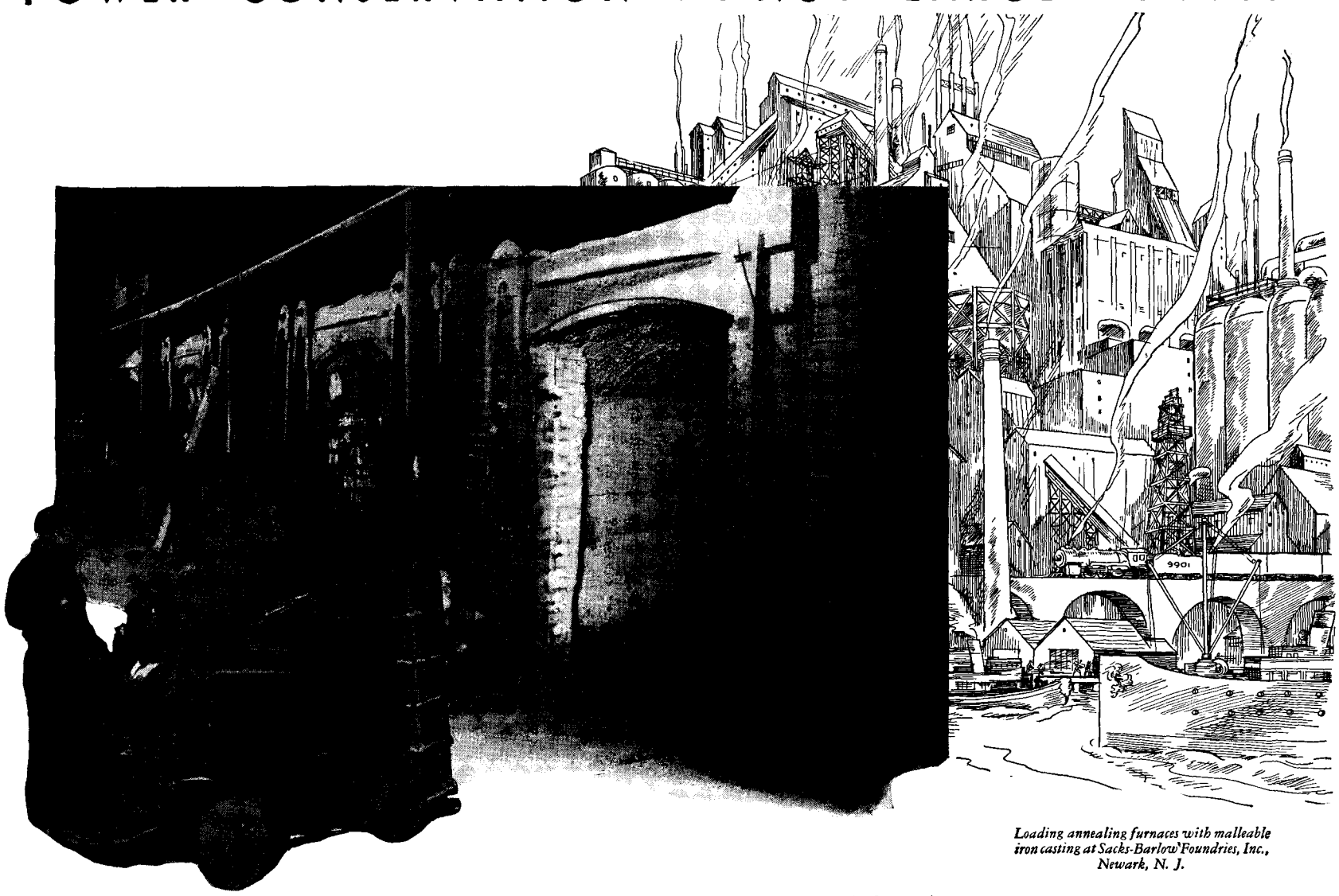
J-M POWER CONSERVATION BRINGS LARGER PROFITS



Loading annealing furnaces with malleable iron casting at Sacks-Barlow Foundries, Inc., Newark, N. J.

In these Furnaces, J-M Insulations pay 114% yearly return on the investment

If You Use Heat, Johns-Manville Insulation Specialists Can Show You Similar Opportunities For Savings

YOU can enjoy astonishing cash savings by means of modern insulating materials, used in accordance with the latest engineering practice. These savings can be effected in your own business and we will be glad to show you how it can be done. We offer you a service based on 70 years' study of insulating materials and their applications.

Consider the case of the Sacks-Barlow Foundries of Newark, N. J. Here a combination of Johns-Manville insulating materials, installed after a recommendation by J-M Insulation specialists, are yielding a net annual return of 114 percent on the investment. Would you not welcome an improvement which would pay for itself with a handsome surplus every year? Such returns are not unusual in connection with the use of Johns-Manville's power conservation materials.

At the Sacks-Barlow Foundries, J-M insulating materials are used on annealing furnaces in which malleable iron castings are treated. The furnaces operate at 1600 degrees Fahrenheit, and the total firing time is approximately 100 hours per heat. Pulverized coal is used for fuel.

For several years, these annealing furnaces were operated without insulation. The fuel consumption averaged 6989 pounds of coal per heat per furnace. Then J-M insulation was applied to the arches of three furnaces and the average coal consumption dropped to 5619 pounds per heat, a reduction in fuel consumption of 19.6 percent. (This data was taken from carefully kept records of the coal consumption.) The saving in coal amounts to $243.60 per furnace per year. The cost of insulating the arches, including labor, was $193.64 per furnace, and the annual charges, including depreciation and interest, are only $22.44 per year. The net annual saving amounts to $221.16 on each furnace, a net annual return of 114 percent on the money invested in J-M insulations.

This remarkable saving is typical of the results accomplished daily by J-M Insulation Engineers in all kinds of plants that make use of heat in any way. This success is due to the fact that we make insulation for every purpose and hence can always select the right material for every type of service. May we not talk to you about the possibilities of insulation in your own establishment? This entails no obligation.

Transite, The Everlasting Material —Another J-M Product

In every industrial establishment, J-M Transite can be used to advantage. This fireproof, everlasting building material is furnished in flat or corrugated sheets made from asbestos fibres and cement. It is unaffected by time, weather or the usual industrial fumes or vapors.

The Johns-Manville trade mark is the stamp of quality, also, on Asbestos and Asphalt Shingles, heat insulations of every variety, Brake Lining for motor cars, and Asbestocel Insulation for heating systems.

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Please have an Insulation Engineer arrange to see

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I-16-4

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Why every family needs this Tomato Soup!
ALL THE FAMILY is Included
When you decide to own this Newest, Greatest
Britannica
Sometimes husbands must be mothered
Served by hotels, dining-cars, restaurants everywhere. Sold by all dealers in vacuum-sealed cans that
Advice to wives
whose husbands don't save money
By a wife
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE for July, 1928
An urgent New Medical Warning to parents . . .
Telephone Hour
way to keep Family
Bell System Advertisement
Collier's for October 26, 1929
Fathers and Mothers
What Ultra-violet Rays and What They Do
ULTRA-VIOLET rays are
Two Widows—
the husband of one let his Life Insurance lapse.
spank 'em
ar it!
and Fathers all, Ivory
"No more soap-hunting"
To wives and mothers
about husbands and children
They like the waked-up feeling, the glow of health a Packer shampoo gives. And who wouldn't?
The American Magazine for August 1929
"What a differ
our SECOND CAR
to our girls!"

Advertisers know the necessity of selling the WHOLE FAMILY

Country-wide investigations show family influence on buying. Surveys also prove The American Magazine *the favorite of the family by* 5 *to* 1

WATCH the national magazines if you want to witness the acceptance of a new and important trend in advertising today.

You'll see headline after headline like those shown above. Lines that say "family" . . . "home" . . . "father and mother" . . . "son" . . . "daughter" . . .

You'll find an increasing number of illustrations showing "family scenes." Families around the dining-room table. Families in the living room.

The fact is that advertisers — always with an "ear to the ground" for important news—have discovered that today the *whole family influences buying*.

So naturally advertisers now "tell and sell the WHOLE FAMILY."

This *family* influence on buying was again proved recently by 13 of the country's largest advertisers. They made 13 separate investigations, getting information from 7,257 typical families in all parts of the country.

They asked each family how their buying is done: "Does one person make the choice? Or do two or more members offer advice and opinions?"

More than 63% said, "We buy after *two or more* members of the family have expressed opinions."

And this proved true both for important purchases like pianos, automobiles and refrigerators, and for the small personal things like toilet soap, tooth paste, fountain pens or watches.

The same families were asked a second question:

"Which is the *favorite magazine* of your family *as a whole?* Which one would they vote to keep if only one magazine could come into the home?"

The American Magazine proved to be the overwhelming first choice. It led the magazine that was second by 5 to 1.

Thus, the national advertiser is shown again the way to reach the whole family at one advertising cost — through The American Magazine, which gets an *all-family* reading in 2,200,000 homes every month.

Advertisers who conducted the investigations:

American Face Brick Association
Campbell Soup Company
Dunlop Tire & Rubber Company
Frigidaire Corporation
General Foods Corporation
Gruen Watch Makers Guild
Kellogg Company
National Piano Manufacturers Association
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company
E. R. Squibb & Sons, Inc.
Studebaker Corporation
Victor Talking Machine Company
Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc.

The American Magazine

First with all the FAMILY

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, 250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

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Won't you be William?

Continued from page 48

"All right. Then we must have a quarrel."

"A quarrel?"

"Yes. When Aunt Jane comes back from her walk, I'll be furiously packing my bags, and you'll be in your room, sobbing. You'll tell her I'm a cad and a scoundrel and—whatever you think I am. I'll rush out of the door shouting that you've destroyed my dearest illusions, and that I never want to see you again. And that," concluded Dick, with a slightly disturbed smile, "will be the end, the absolute finish, of William!"

"It sounds very nice and—and dramatic," said Sylvia.

Suddenly she rose and started across the porch.

"Where are you going?" asked Dick.

"Just into my room," said Sylvia, "to —to practice sobbing!"

SHE disappeared into the house. Dick sat still for a moment, puzzling over the queer note in her voice. Then he got up and followed her.

The door of her room was closed. He knocked on it.

"Sylvia!" he cried.

A muffled voice, hardly recognizable as Sylvia's, answered him.

"Go away! Please! I hate you!"

Dick stepped back from the door. He glanced indecisively around the living-room. On the wall over the mantel still hung Sylvia's shotgun. The sight of it galvanized him into action. He went into his own room, pulled his suitcase out from under the bed and began hurriedly to pack.

He had scarcely finished when a commanding voice called: "Sylvie! William!"

Dick picked up his bag and walked out into the living-room.

"Hello, Aunt Jane!" he said. "Back from your walk?"

Aunt Jane looked at him.

"William!" she said. "What are you doin' with that bag in your hand?"

"I'm leaving," said Dick. "I've recovered from my nervous breakdown, and I'm leaving."

"Leavin' what?"

"This house," said Dick. "And Sylvia!"

"No, you ain't," said the spinster, placidly. "You're goin' to stay right here and marry her."

"Aunt Jane, I can't! It's no use. I could never make Sylvia take me seriously. We've had a quarrel, and I'm a cad and a scound—"

He stopped, aware of an ominous strategic movement on the part of Aunt Jane. Deliberately turning her back on him, she walked to the fireplace and took down from its pegs on the wall the fateful shotgun. A box of shells stood on the table. Quickly selecting two, she broke the gun and shoved the shells into place. Dick watched her, fascinated. There was a sharp click as the breech closed.

"William," said the daughter of the pioneers, facing her victim, "this is your weddin' day, and you might's well know it. I've telephoned for a minister to come up here and marry you and Sylvie right away. He's bringin' his wife and mother-in-law for the witnesses. They'll be along any minute now, so you might's well get into a prayerful state of mind."

"But, Aunt Jane," pleaded Dick. "I'm really serious! I can't marry—"

"Young man," interrupted the hardy spinster, fingering the triggers of the gun, "I never thought I'd have to take a shotgun to you and Sylvie, but I've wrote the whole town of Belvidere, Wisconsin, that she's goin' to marry you —and marry you she will, or my name ain't Jane Hammond!"

"Sorry! But I know you're only bluffing," said Dick; and started for the door.

In a flash Aunt Jane threw the gun to her shoulder.

"Halt, William!" she cried. "Or I'll shoot!"

"Oh, no!" implored a breathless voice from the door of Sylvia's bedroom. "Aunt Jane! Put down that gun! Dick! I mean William! Don't go any farther —please!"

Dick turned, and saw Sylvia standing on the threshold of the living-room. Her eyes were red. But they were also shining. "Sylvia!"

"Aunt Jane *will* shoot! She really will."

"I really will!" snapped Aunt Jane.

"Oh, dear!" wailed Sylvia, coming forward, "I guess I'll just have to marry you, William!"

Dick drew himself up to his full height.

"Not at all," he said. "A gentleman at least knows how to die. Good-by, Sylvia! Good-by, Aunt—! My Lord! There's someone coming up the walk! A man—and two women!"

"I see them," said Sylvia, peering through the open doorway.

"It's the minister and his witnesses," announced Aunt Jane.

She dropped her gun to port arms, and looked triumphantly at the two young people.

"I'll just step into Sylvie's bedroom," she said, "where I can watch the ceremony without bein' seen. I'll stand back o' the door," added the ancient Amazon, looking steely-eyed at Dick, "with this fowlin'-piece in my hands. And don't you forget for one minute that I've got the drop on you, William!"

With which final warning Aunt Jane shouldered her gun and marched into the bedroom. Immediately there came a knock on the front door. Sylvia and Dick exchanged a startled glance. Then both moved forward, as one, to greet the minister who was to marry them.

LATE that evening Aunt Jane departed, in grim satisfaction, for Florida. Still later that evening Sylvia and Dick walked up the mountain to the spring-house. They sat down on the bench and looked at each other in the light of the waning moon.

"We're married," he said. "It's incredible, but we are."

"I know it," said Sylvia; and then: "Oh, Dick! I've got an awful confession to make to you. I haven't played fair! Last night, when I was talking to Aunt Jane, I did something dreadful."

"You told her," he guessed, "that I wasn't William?"

"No, I never told her that. I just told her I was so in love with you that I'd die if I couldn't have you—"

"Sylvia!"

"—but I didn't think you loved me. I mean really! So I—I begged Aunt Jane to find some way to get you to marry me! It was I who put her up to that ghastly shotgun wedding, and I'm so ashamed—!"

"Wait," said Dick. "Wait a minute. You say *you* put Aunt Jane up to that shotgun wedding of ours?"

"Yes, I did, I did!"

Dick took her face between his hands. He looked earnestly into her eyes. Then he put his arms around her, and laughed and kissed her.

"The hell you did," said Dick. "So did I!"

"*If I were king, my pipe should be premier!*"

— W. E. HENLEY

1 Cut for Pipes Only

2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . An 1870 Tobacco Secret

3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool

4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel

Sage, friendly advisor, in great matters or small . . . how perfectly a good pipe fills that role! And Granger is the royal touch that has raised thousands of pipes from the ranks!

Really, it's surprising how much cooler, cleaner and sweeter a pipe becomes with Granger inside. Cooler and cleaner because of the slow-burning Rough Cut. Sweeter, because Wellman's secret method mellows this choice ripe Burley to a king's taste!

But there's no "royalty" for Granger's fragrant flavor; the handy soft foil package is ten cents. Also packed in half-pound vacuum tins and one-pound humidors.

GRANGER

ROUGH CUT

A cooler smoke in a drier pipe

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

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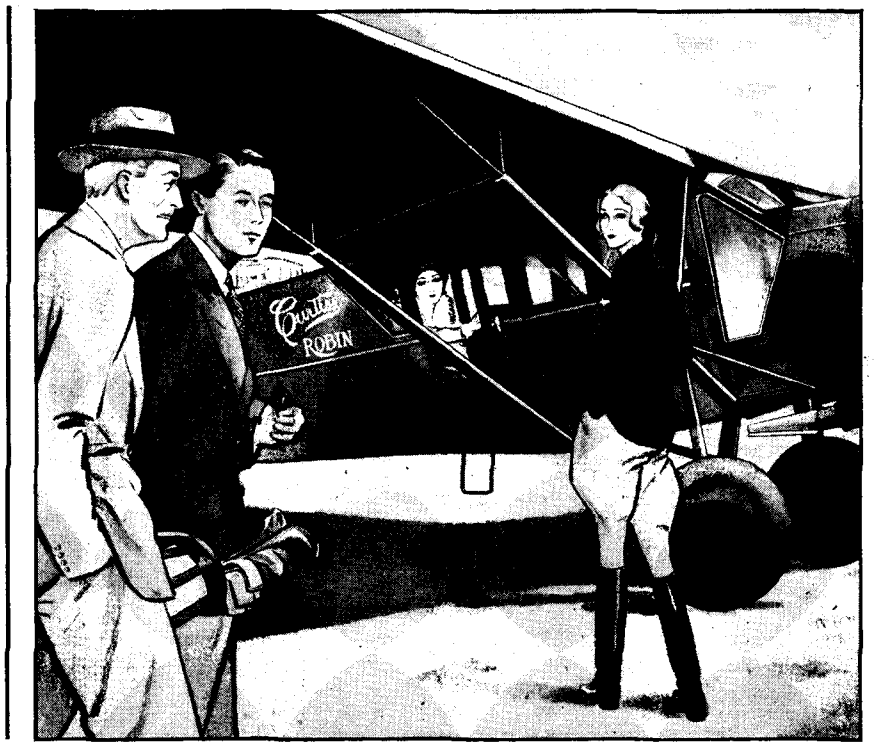


ONE *Plane and* FOUR *Aces*

JUNIOR started it. He attended ground school while still in High. Was crazy to fly—and did. Got a job one summer at Columbus Field. Saved up enough to take a course. Got his license. But it's one thing to fly and another to *own* a plane. And nothing less would do. But how?

One day it came to him, like a flash. Curtiss Robin—Round Robin. That was it—a joint affair. Instead of one plane, one pilot, why not one plane, four pilots. Share the plane, share the fun, share the expense. Four times the flying. One-fourth the overhead.

That's how he sold the idea to dad. Now the Bentleys own a Curtiss Robin. They all fly it. Their friends call them the four aces.

Dad is the ace of clubs—golf clubs. He thinks nothing of flying two hundred miles to his favorite course. In *his* Robin he makes it in two hours. Takes his foursome with him and they think he's a prince. Uses it in business too. Gets a great kick out of flying to sales conventions.

Mother's the ace of diamonds. Took up flying for social reasons. Flew *her* Robin and three dowagers to the last D. A. R. convention and landed right in the middle of the front page. Worried? Not a bit. She couldn't fly a safer plane. It almost flies itself—but of course the family don't tell her that.

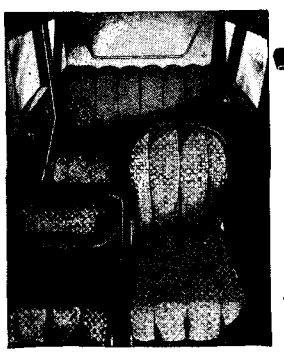
Sister, you guessed it, is the ace of hearts. Insists on wearing one of those cute flying suits, though of course she does not need it in the snug cabin of *her* Robin. But, heavens, flying wouldn't be romance and admiring glances without smart flying clothes.

And Brother is the ace of spades, for it was he who dug up all the facts about one-family planes. Says he's going to write a book, "How to raise a family in a Robin." It was he who made Bentley Senior realize that a family Robin costs but little more to run than the family car, that all four members of the family could operate it, and that it could be bought on the installment plan just like their car.

* * *

The Robin is the plane that flew 17½ days at St. Louis and then had to be told to come down. It is produced in models to suit any family and purse. The 4-place, powered with 185 h. p. Challenger engine is $7,995; the 3-place with 165 h.p. Wright Whirlwind, $5,995, and the 3-place with the 80 h. p. Curtiss OX5, $2,495.

Detailed literature about the Robin—America's family plane—will be sent you gladly if you will write Dept. R-10, Curtiss-Robertson Airplane Mfg. Co., Division of CURTISS-WRIGHT, 27 West 57th Street, New York.



For Business · Pleasure · Instruction

CURTISS ROBIN

Reckless Cinderella

Continued from page 24

There had been none of those paragraphs in the press stating that . . . "Another lovely American who will be seen this season is Miss So-and-So, a niece of the well-known American hostess who took 1000 Park Lane from the Duke of Accorn last season and is vividly remembered for her original parties."

No, there was nothing to say about Ray Beaufort; nothing to discover. She adhered, when politely hunted down to facts, to the story of a childhood in an old white house in Virginia, but she evaded, as far as possible, any more claiming of the Alfred Poinsetters. Naïvely, she set herself to live in an ideal future where she hoped continually to tell the truth and nothing but the truth.

"THERE is just nothing to say about myself," she would protest in answer to Una's hinted questions. "But I didn't realize how little background I had till I came over here. Here you all 'belong' to such an extraordinary extent."

"Of course," said Una, with her languid appraising stare.

"You say, 'Of course' you do. So it's difficult for you to understand about me."

"We understand that you're a perfect love," said Una smoothly.

But, Ray ordered herself, there must be no more posing, and no more fairy tales—more truly called lies—because of Times.

Lord Times, so straight, so clean, so proud, so zestful a man! One must not lie. Subterfuges were unworthy. One must live—as one had always yearned to live—straight; proudly, and zestfully too. So the old days fell behind her; and it seemed as if she were racing from them, so dim they were in the memory. Westward had been very nearly right when, out of his wisdom, he had prophesied an early forgetfulness.

Times rode in the Park with her every morning. This had been another thing to conceal from him—her ignorance of horses and that particular form of recreation. She wished the concealment of so petty a problem had been unnecessary; but she had remembered in the nick of time her talk in New York of that Virginian stable. She must lay truth again upon the altar of expediency. So, those three weeks that she had been alone in Paris, except for the Delmontes and some friends of the d'Estells who had terrified her by calling, after Una and Times had returned to England she took riding lessons. Every day she had gone to the riding school, learned to sit, learned the mystic value of "hands," learned to take low fences. It had all been worth while. Now she rode with Times in the Row.

With Times—though never without Una, who contrived always to make up a party of three or four or more—she went to Hurlingham and Ranelagh; watched polo for the first time but dared not say so; dined on terraces looking out over flower gardens; felt stirring down to her very soul the magic of this beautiful leisured life where voices were pleasant, manners easy, environment so lovely that she wondered at it afresh every day.

She knew now what it was to be one of those women sheltered by money.

Sometimes, dancing with Times at some great house on an occasion of unimaginable splendor and importance, she thought of that evening with him in New York at the Ambassador Hotel, where the other women had looked at her, discovering her.

And here, often, she felt it, the clever look of the clever women; the brilliant social women; and the quiet know-all real aristocrats. That look would rest on her amiably, kindly, courteously . . . discovering her. Discovering some flaw in her, some irreparable rent in the perfection towards which she yearned. How much did they discover, those women? With their transatlantic travel, their Debretts, and their apparent knowledge of all that part of the cosmopolis that mattered, could they not find out anything; everything?

She said to Lord Times as the music wafted them over a faultless floor:

"It's very kind of you all to take me in."

"You've enchanted us all," said Times lightly and reassuringly.

She sighed. "Do you remember our 'good-by' in New York?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes."

"I'll tell you something."

"Now?"

"When the music stops."

"You'll have the next dance with me. We'll sit it out."

Soon they were on a quiet balcony seeming extraordinarily remote from the world. They sat down side by side on two little gilt chairs, leaned their arms on the balustrade, looked over an unexpected London garden, flooded with moonlight.

"Now," said Times, "what were you going to tell me?"

"Something absurd." She laughed. "When you had gone that night I cried myself nearly sick."

"My poor child!"

He was contrite and tender.

"But why?"

"Because I hadn't promised you to be good."

"Why didn't you promise?" he asked slowly. "It's a question I have wanted to ask you."

"Because I didn't trust myself."

SHE glanced at him and saw him frown. He was remembering that night sharply. And she was remembering sharply the half-regretful, half-contemptuous look of him as he had said "good-by" to her in Aunty's basement parlor.

"Why not, Ray?" he demanded.

It was the first time he had called her "Ray." There had been "Miss Beaufort," and "child," and occasionally "my dear." And he repeated it:

"Ray, I don't see why you could not trust yourself to promise then, if you can trust yourself to behave so perfectly now."

"It was all different," she murmured.

"But how? You were the same Ray Beaufort."

"I . . . wasn't happy. There were circumstances—"

"I wish you would tell me."

"No," she said slowly. "I can't tell you exactly. Why do you want to know?"

He laid a hand over hers on the stone balustrade.

"Because I very much want to know all about you, Ray. I want it more than anything else on earth at the moment. And since you're such a stranger to us here—all I can do is to ask."

"Mine wasn't a very happy childhood. That's why I don't want to talk of it. Now, I'm twenty-one: I've got this money—"

She stopped, scared. A slip? Because she had always been the rich Miss Beaufort, hadn't she? And then she heard him saying:

"You had trustees, guardians, who

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kept you strictly in hand, eh?" He laughed at her gently. "I don't blame 'em, little Ray. But now you're twenty-one, eh? Then when was the great birthday?"

One more little lie was not so much; she realized she must account for some of the inferences she was letting him make; and she told him: "The day after you left New York."

"And the first thing you did with complete freedom and control of your own fortune was to run off here!"

He laughed at her again. There was now relief in his laughter though. He felt her recklessness in New York, reprehensible as it was, to have been but the rebellious kicking of a young thing against the last spurs of just authority. She was a naughty child; but oh, so innocent! So transparent! So wistful with her little wisdom!

"Lord!" he cried. "What a responsibility you put on us! We'll have to take good care of you! I think I'll begin first. Thank Heaven for Una and Dukery."

SHE gave his hand a little squeeze; and she might have squeezed his heart, so ungovernably it beat.

"That reminds me, my Court dress has come! And it's too beautiful! Simply too beautiful! As lovely as a wedding dress!"

Then Times put the hand that he was still holding to his lips.

But just then Una came out upon the balcony, followed by her partner.

She made straight for them unerringly; and now Times thought to himself, releasing that hand: "Una's a bit too ubiquitous; though she doesn't mean it, of course." But Ray was woman, knowing woman, and she had divined, very soon after she had left Paris, the intention that lay beneath Lady Una's watchfulness. And she sat mute while the other woman came up to them.

Una leaned against the balustrade, tall and lean; a streak of silver against the background of night.

She had an irresistible way of taking command of situations, of dominating without appearing to do anything so unattractively definite. So now, lighting one of her incessant cigarettes from the lighter held by Times in preference to the lighter held by her own partner, she addressed Ray:

"Darling, how you hide yourself! Quite a dozen people seem to be looking for you; and Captain Welsh wants this tango with you."

Captain Welsh, agreeing with Una, though this was the first time he had heard of it, advanced. "May I, Miss Beaufort? I mean, if you're really not going to sit it out with Times?"

"She was going to sit it out with me," said Times coolly. But still Una dominated.

And Times found Una beside him, in Ray's vacated chair, while the music of the tango came to them through the opened windows.

As Una sat down she was thinking hard. The season was three weeks old, and she had seen so little of Times in spite of all her cautious arrangements. That is, she had seen him so seldom alone. She had seen him in groups, in restaurant parties, or playing polo. But, although she knew he had been alone a great deal with Ray Beaufort, she had not been able to sequestrate him herself. Absolutely not until tonight had they even so much as sat out a dance in quiet. This dim balcony was ideal for the reëstablishment of that friendly, easy relationship which she considered had been theirs; which she had always considered would be the kind of friendship that would lead to engagement and marriage in a life so calm, so ordered, as Times'.

But here Una misunderstood. She fell into the common error of a woman who, finding a man always calm in her presence, puts him down as essentially calm; laconic; cold.

For a moment she listened restlessly to the music. Max Welsh was a marvelous dancer, and the American girl was rather sensational too—"bad style; too good;" Una thought, "but someone will encore the thing for fun, to watch them." She might easily get ten minutes with Times. And, seeing him move also restively, obviously listening to the music of that dance, she began:

"Well, Edward, how's life?"

"Oh, as usual," said Lord Times.

"Haven't seen you for about a century."

"My darling, you had tea with me at Ranelagh the other day."

"I mean, to talk to," said Una. "I don't mean in a mob."

"Well, here we are, my dear," Times answered, but listening to the beat—beat—stamp! stamp! of that heady rhythm.

You could hear, besides the insidious music, the soft slide of the dancers' feet, for the night was very still.

"I want you to take me to the opera," said Una proprietorially. "*Tristan.* Next week."

"But of course! I'll be charmed. Let's see. . . ."

"Don't look at your engagements. Break one."

"Well, I would for you, Una," Times smiled.

"What are your August plans, Edward?"

"Going north, I think."

"He's evading it," she thought. And she pursued:

"Haven't you let your moor?"

"I may shoot over it just the same. Or somewhere else. And you, my dear?"

"Deauville," Una said petulantly.

"However, there's time yet," said Times. "Why so forward-looking? I hate plans."

"Well, I want to know what my best friends are doing."

"Jolly nice of you to include me!"

Her famous temper flamed. But her famous temper had varying ways of expression. She choked it back, and became cold and icy within; particularly bland and good-natured without.

Yet her voice shook a little as she said: "Give me another cigarette. . . . Thanks."

There was a restless silence between them. Then:

"You're looking awfully well, Una," he remarked banally.

"I'm feeling simply wonderful." Her voice jarred.

SHE sat there very close beside him, very tall and thin; an alluring woman, of her type. She had seen him kiss Ray Beaufort's hand—not a surprising gesture between dances out on this dim balcony piled with heavy-scented syringa. Only, never once had he kissed her hand, sought opportunity to make such a situation with her. And this contrast smote her very sharply as she sat there, attuned and alert.

"Well," she said lightly at last, "our little American is going down marvelously."

"'Going down'?"

"With everyone. Everyone's being very good about her."

"Why not?"

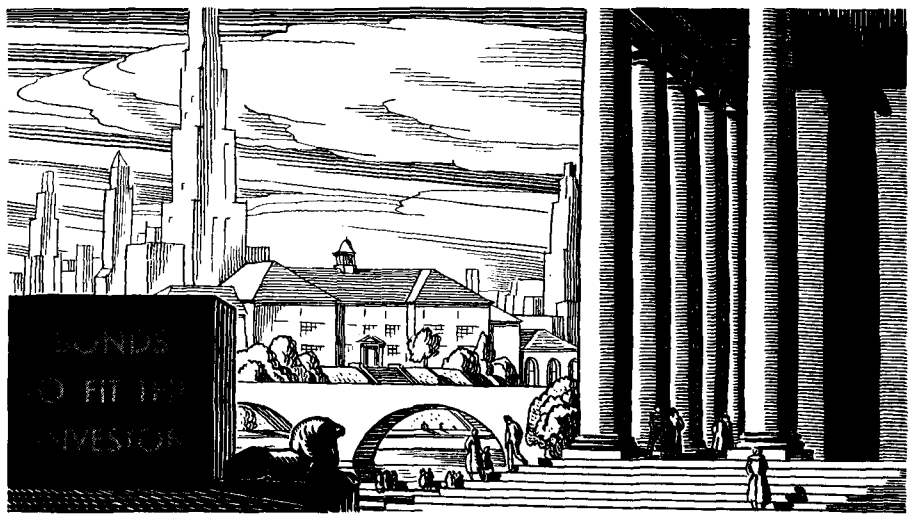
This query came to Una in the nature of a warning, and she took it; but went on, nevertheless, only with due care:

"Oh, well, why not? Why not, indeed? Who bothers these days?"

"How do you mean, Una?"

"Well, dear old thing, I mean she's adorable, isn't she? And pots of money! And people don't seem to bother much about anything else."

(*Continued on page 54*)



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(*Continued from page 53*)

"They don't need to, I fancy," said Times rather coldly; and his coldness warned her again to increase her care. "After all—since these things still matter, to a certain extent, to some of us, I fear—she comes of very sound people. Good stable, I believe. If that's the sort of thing you feel you ought to know."

"Oh, yes. I forgot you knew all about her, Edward," said Una affectionately. "I might have remembered that and asked you before."

"Asked me what?"

"Why, all about her, because you knew it all. I've got quite fond of the creature. I'm so *interested*."

"You've been jolly sweet," said Times, and paused.

IN THE pause he felt Una's waiting attitude. And, all at once, searching his mind for what it knew of Ray Beaufort, he rediscovered that it knew remarkably little. His mind had not been conducting any real research on the subject. He had been looking forward, as Ray herself did. Eagerly and intently he had been going forward . . . to what? He wanted her; he wanted to set her in his fine houses; and to give her all that was his, money, and lands, and honor, and fortune, and name. All this—and he had never undervalued it, so proud he was, so determined on continuing the family immaculateness—for little Miss Beaufort from Virginny!

"She's a connection of the Poinsetters, who seem to be very well known over there," he said, still a little coldly. "She has a place in Virginia where she was brought up. She came into her fortune this year."

He spoke dispassionately; disjointedly; with detachment.

"But I know all that!" said Una in a voice of light disappointment, almost chaffing. "Only Mrs. Van Dike was asking me all about her, and that's so little—I wanted more."

"You mean the woman who has taken Princess Charles' house?" Times muttered ungraciously.

"Yes. Really delightful. A wonderful hostess. And you know, my dear Edward, she knows the whole world."

"How exhausting!"

"My dear man! But so useful! Yes, she was asking me about Ray and I told her, but she—the Van Dike—knows the Poinsetter family fairly well, and she hadn't heard of any Beauforts of Virginia, so that didn't help much. She was surprised that there was so much money in any branch of the family, because she declares they are all poor, for Americans."

Times smiled.

"How you women gossip," he said, but rather elaborately. Una's sharp ears caught the inflection.

She put sincerity into her voice: "You know, Edward, I can't help thinking it would be so much better—I mean for her own sake—if the child just came bravely into the open and owned up that she really hadn't any relations, and the money came just from some five-and-ten-cent store or something hearty and common like that. Because it's not as though any of us would *mind*. Who cares? I mean, money's money, and she's such a *sweet!* But a pose, Edward, a pose is so damned difficult to keep up, especially when everybody knows so much about everybody, and it is all so easy to find out. Only she's so pathetically young that I don't suppose these little probabilities ever occurred to her."

And again there was a trenchant pause after Una's sympathetic voice had hesitated to a stop.

"You're making her out a liar, Una!" said Times, drastically; hard and quiet.

"Oh, my dear soul, for God's sake, now don't be serious."

"It is serious," said Times, staring out grimly into the garden. "To be just nobody as far as social assets count doesn't much matter after all. As you say 'Who cares?' Or, who cares much, anyway? But to be a coward and a liar—"

"Oh, my dear Edward, now don't—be—serious!"

"—to be a coward and a liar and an impostor does matter a lot. And that is how I know Miss Beaufort is all she has said—"

"But what has she said?" Una interpolated the murmur like a thrust.

Again, momentarily, this gave Times angry pause. "That is how I know that all she has let us believe is true," he continued very deliberately. "Because she is not a coward, or a liar. Una. She is just the truest, simplest thing in the world. And, Una, she is such a child. She is not yet sophisticated out of every pure thought. She is still pure; she is still sweet. She—"

Una touched his arm.

"Very well, Edward," she said with infinite kindness. But underneath how her famous temper tore at her! It had claws in her heart. It ran poison in her veins. But she managed that "Very well, Edward," in the tone of a friend, kind, and a little chaffing, and just sweetly amused.

Again Times realized himself.

Again Una knew that her little interruption had set him once more questioning himself and whither he was going. Once more he was self-examiner.

There came a burst of clapping from the ballroom.

"They're clapping that tango. Ray's so marvelous—almost professional standard," said Una casually. "I wonder where she learned to dance like that."

And she felt rather than saw—attuned as she was—the flicker that drew Times' brows together in a deep-set frown. So, feeling that this was the right moment to leave him to those meditations, she got up, said: "Well, goodby, Edward. It will be nice to hear *Tristan* together. I'm going on. Goodby."

SHE was gone almost before he could rise. He relapsed into his chair, and looking out over that orderly London garden, could see a great highway cut round the face of a mountain, dusk coming, and the figure of a girl all alone, crying imperatively, "Stop!" to the car containing two strangers.

Una had sent him back into the immediate past. She had impeded his swift visions of the future. Now he wanted most urgently to know more of the episode of the Storm King Highway. It became of prime importance. When Captain Welsh brought Ray back to the balcony, he got up at once and claimed her. It was a gesture that he could not have held himself from making; and it dismissed Welsh summarily. And he and she took the two gilt chairs in that shadowed corner again.

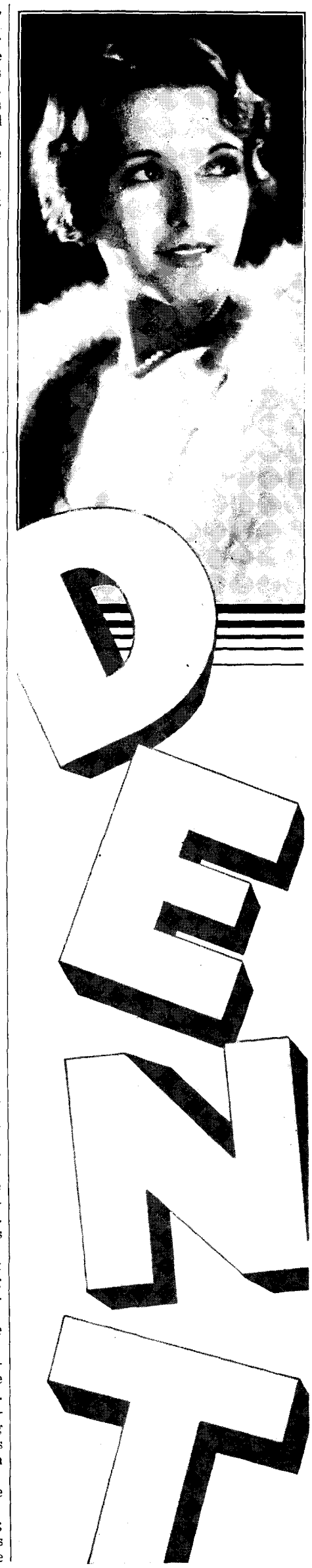
And he found that he could not ask her about the episode of the Storm King Highway any more. Who was he to examine, to judge?

Humility, as crushing as his pride was crushing, fell on him.

Yet the Times men always had examined and always had judged, before they crowned any woman queen of them. They were arrogant men; being stubborn-hearted as hot-headed, moving their own way, and not the light world's way. What had humility to do with him?

But humble he became suddenly, like all lovers.

So he and Ray just went on talking; and even as Una with her cleverness had sent him searching back along the



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past, so the fairy girl with her shining eyes, and her thoughts that seemed so dear, drew him on along the road of the future. Their corner of the syringa-scented balcony might have been a desert. People left them alone. He knew that he was making tacit admission to all the surmises that were, doubtless, being made in the great house behind them. He knew that half London must be talking.

Indeed, that was the night when hostesses and others began to give Ray Beaufort a very definite place in their inquisitorial minds.

He said, abruptly yet softly: "I want you to see Times Manor. Let us get out of London for a few hours some day soon—by ourselves."

Ray Beaufort stood in her bedroom in the Queen Street house that night, and looked in a long glass, and saw herself informed with such happiness as had been unimaginable; and was almost unbearable. She sent Helène away, and undressed herself; and lay on her bed and wept with her happiness. And, just as Westward had said it would, the past fell far behind, dropped from sight, could no longer trail this new life, this gorgeous joyful life.

As Westward had thought she would, for this hour anyway she forgot.

CANCELING immaterial engagements —one of her astonishments was at the way that engagements multiplied, hospitality was extended, in this city of strangers—Ray was driven down to Sussex by Times in his open touring car. And, lightly as both of them entered upon this significant day, she knew what lay in his mind, and he knew—he must have known—the acquiescence in hers. Each knew the tentative significance.

"I wonder," said Times as they drove, "if you are going to like my home as well as your home near those Blue Ridge Mountains of yours! I want you to like it. I spend a good deal of time there."

Then they came within sight of the great gray house shrined in a magnificently wooded park, and he thought as he always thought, approaching it, that it was a symbol to live for or to die for; most certainly a symbol to marry for, and to marry aright.

But the old home said to Times as he drove his lady up to it: "Hold back a while. Be faithful to me, my son."

They stood on the shallow and enormously wide flight of steps, looking out and down over the hill-and-valley of one of the finest deer parks in England.

"It is very beautiful," Ray said humbly. There were really no words that she could find for what she saw about her.

"We might see the gardens before lunch."

For the first time in her life Ray Beaufort entered a really and completely lovely garden of great spaces. Indeed, it seemed to her that they passed from garden to garden. There was the garden of the yew hedges and the lily pond—"where my mother used to sit a great deal," said Times. "She died when I was a boy. Often I think of her in that arbor." That was an arbor of stone, very old and very graceful. One could see the ladies of Times Manor there; medieval ladies in stiff rich stuffs; ladies of a more simply dressed mode and period in Josephine sort of gowns, high-waisted and meek; Watteauesque types of ladies, powdered, with panniered gowns of flowered silks, and fichus crossed on bosoms; Victorian crinolines and tambour-frames; early Edwardian beauties, bright and sophisticated; down to Times' own mother and aunts and sisters.

Ray made in her mind inaccurate pictures of all these bygone women of Times Manor, dressing them hazily from the knowledge supplied by such books from the Poinsetter library as she had read to Aunty; and from "period" films seen at the Roxy. That stone arbor, over which a gnarled-footed wistaria climbed, had sheltered in the flesh such women as these. On summer days they had sat and looked at the lily pond.

"What are you thinking of?" Times asked.

"Powder and patches; and Josephine gowns, and crinolines," she said a little tremulously, but satisfactorily.

He gazed at her earnestly.

"We'll see the gallery after lunch if you like. They're all there."

Then there was the great walled garden with the glass houses, the fruit trees on the walls, the immense stretches of fertile earth on which fantastic numbers of gardeners were working. There was the rose garden, stretching from the lawns right down to the low stone wall that fenced it from the park. There were the spreading lawns with their beech trees near the house; and just in front of the house, running the length of it, beds and beds and beds of radiant flowers. Sheets of orange wallflowers all massed in one row of beds made the lawns look aflame.

Luncheon alone with Times in the smaller dining-room overlooking the violet garden—"my mother was great on violets, and I've kept it up"—was strange and enchanting. One could never have thought that so many violets could grow all together. Violets—little isolated roots in hedges, or big bunches in the florists' shops, was how one thought of violets. This concentration of them sent the sweetest smell in the world through the wide-flung casements of the small dining-room. If one had bought all the violet essence in all the druggists' stores. . . .

That was not the way to think of the violets at Times Manor, though.

Times delighted in her. A nice fat butler was not obtrusive; was very little in the way. She would not have been a human girl if she had not thrilled to a beautiful wonder; if she had not faintly, divinely feared; expected. . . .

She was a human girl. She knew herself to be tempestuously human. But the Old Franks, the Heiners of road-house lunches, all the men who had jostled into her life, had never discovered the passionate woman in her. This passionate woman had been kept secret; pure. She was for Times.

ABOVE everything, Ray Beaufort knew this as she sat at that charming table, with this man, whom, right from the beginning, she had known to be different from all other men, more true, more gentle, more brave, more gallant than all other men. She knew that from the beginning she had thought of him—her inadequate thoughts that were so miraculously now flowering, maturing!—as lover.

She was not looking backward, the world ahead claiming her. Yet she could not help the acute, radiant consciousness that this was the first time. The first visit to a beautiful garden; the first time of a serenity so perfect as, surely, to be dangerous? The first time of being alone, in this particular happy way, with Times.

"So quickly it has all happened!" she thought. "Two months—not more." A miracle!

Times also said to himself with a queer simplicity for his thirty experienced years: "The first time. This is the first time, actually, of loving. I love her. There's no doubting." Although he knew—the old house spoke to him so candidly—that perhaps this

(*Continued on page 56*)

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(*Continued from page 55*)

love was to no avail. The old house whispered to him: "Remember that I must know my mistresses. Be very faithful to me, my son. No upstarts, no woman unworthy, here." Times heard the imperious old house, but for the moment shut his ears.

For here she was, looking at home at this table, so simple, so young, so untouched. Dukery had supplied what Paris calls a "sports suit"; a thin thing of lily-leaf green, with a chastity of white lingerie collar and cuffs about it; a contradictorily bizarre and arrogant buckle at the waist belt. "They've all got to love her," Times thought, thinking of those ladies on the walls of the gallery upstairs. Impeccable ladies as far as the world knew; unstained; untainted; women of fine stock and fine dignity, all of them. Not once had there been a falling off from grace in the pride of the Times men.

HE SPOKE rather huskily, out of these reflections: "Tell me, what do you do when you're at home in Virginia?"

The purity of the moment was spoiled for Ray by that. Had she not promised herself, "No more lies. Because they aren't just dreams—and never were? They're lies. *No more!*"

She said almost piteously: "It's small; it is uninteresting compared with *this.* I would rather listen to you telling me about this place. Your family. All about *you,* you know."

"Come and see the portraits then, and I'll give you their histories," said Times still a little huskily. They had finished coffee. They went to the portrait gallery. For half an hour they wandered there, and Times talked. Lovely women, inscrutable women, looked down upon the interloper. And she felt that, like the living women she met in great houses, they knew. Silently, behind their level-gazing painted eyes they were thinking: "She is a little nobody. And not only is she a little nobody . . ."

They saw men behind her, these women; the kind of men who would never be allowed to touch the hem of their garments. Ah! these sheltered women with their disdain!

"This is the first time I have been in anyone's portrait gallery," said Ray, speaking out, with a queer idea, wistfully defiant, that the women heard her. "Not many of us have enough ancestors for—this, you know." She gestured to the imposing row.

"Things are more interesting always when you're doing them for the first time," said Times. "I was thinking so at lunch."

"Oh! What were you doing then for the first time?"

"Loving," Times could have answered. "Loving you." But—not yet. No. Not yet. He said: "Watching you seeing all sorts of dull English things for the first time, I suppose. And hoping—" he paused, "—hoping you might like them. Any virgin experience . . . do you know that bit of Kipling?—

'Parsons in pulpits, taxpayers in pews,
Kings on your throne, you know as well as me
We've only one virginity to lose,
And where we lose it there our hearts will be.'

"I suppose, as the fond owner of all this during my time, I'd like to see you lose your heart to my house."

They sat down on a long cushioned seat in the center of the gallery. And after a while he turned to her, and said quietly: "You see, one has a trust imposed upon one. One day I must marry . . . I want to marry. . . . But when I marry, it must be a girl who—who—will come worthily after these."

He lifted a hand towards the portraits of the Times ladies, and they all looked at Ray Beaufort, so little, so quiet, in her lily-leaf green.

Instead of crying out the cry that she could have cried, she struggled to remain composed with a composure like his own.

"Yes," she said.

(*To be continued next week*)

"Would this color look well on me?"

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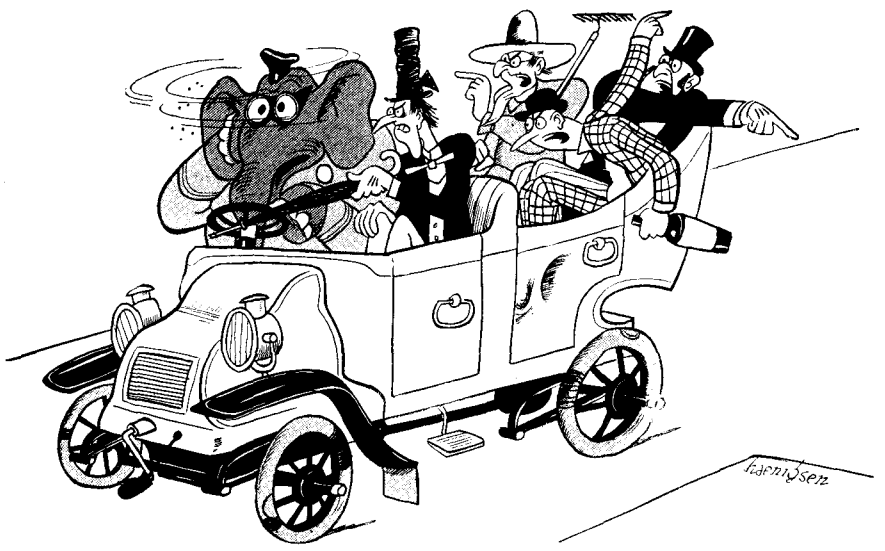


Split Three Ways

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

ONE wonders just how the Democratic party is going to profit in 1932 by the discontent with Republican administration of national affairs. It is a question the Democrats ought to put their minds to, instead of burying their heads under the sand ostrich-wise and refusing to face realities.

The latest light on the public temper was shed in Massachusetts by the election of a Democratic congressman in an overwhelmingly Republican district. That election revealed two factors at work against the Republicans. One is the rising determination of the wets, in some states, at least, to make an end of prohibition. The other is discontent with the existing economic situation with its resultant unemployment.

The Democrats officially ignored the wet element, the largest element in their Massachusetts victory, and solemnly assured the country that only one factor contributed to the Massachusetts overturn—the business depression.

Another factor that might contribute to a Democratic victory in 1932 is the split between the agricultural Western Republicans and the industrial Eastern Republicans.

The Democrats met this situation by leaving the Progressive Republicans in the lurch in the Senate and giving enough votes to Grundy and the Eastern element in the Republican party to put the latter in control of tariff making. That treachery seemed to end the hopes of a Democratic-Progressive party in 1932.

Of the other two chances of success, the discontent of the country with economic conditions will hardly last long enough to give the Democrats any real hope of success in 1932. The panic was not a bad one and it is not likely that its effects will continue to be felt when we come to the election of another President.

The Wet Dry

There remains, then, the wet revolt. It was enough to turn Massachusetts and Rhode Island Democratic in 1928 and to cut the Republican majority to shreds in New York. It has grown in volume and intensity since then.

And all the Democrats do is to cover their faces with their hands to shut out the horrid sight of a movement that threatens to split parties. It is true that it endangers the Democratic party. But the Democratic party is fortunate in having its dry votes mainly in the South, which will probably stay Democratic even with a wet candidate for President.

One of the greatest dangers to the Democratic party if prohibition becomes the issue in 1932 is the obvious temptation to nominate Governor Roosevelt of New York for President. He is one of those persons so attractive to politicians, because he does not seem to be so wet that drys will refuse to support him nor so dry that wets will reject him.

Mr. Roosevelt used to be a very bold young man when, as a Democratic state senator in New York, he led a fight against Boss Murphy of Tammany Hall. He was an equally bold young man when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

No Straddlers Need Apply

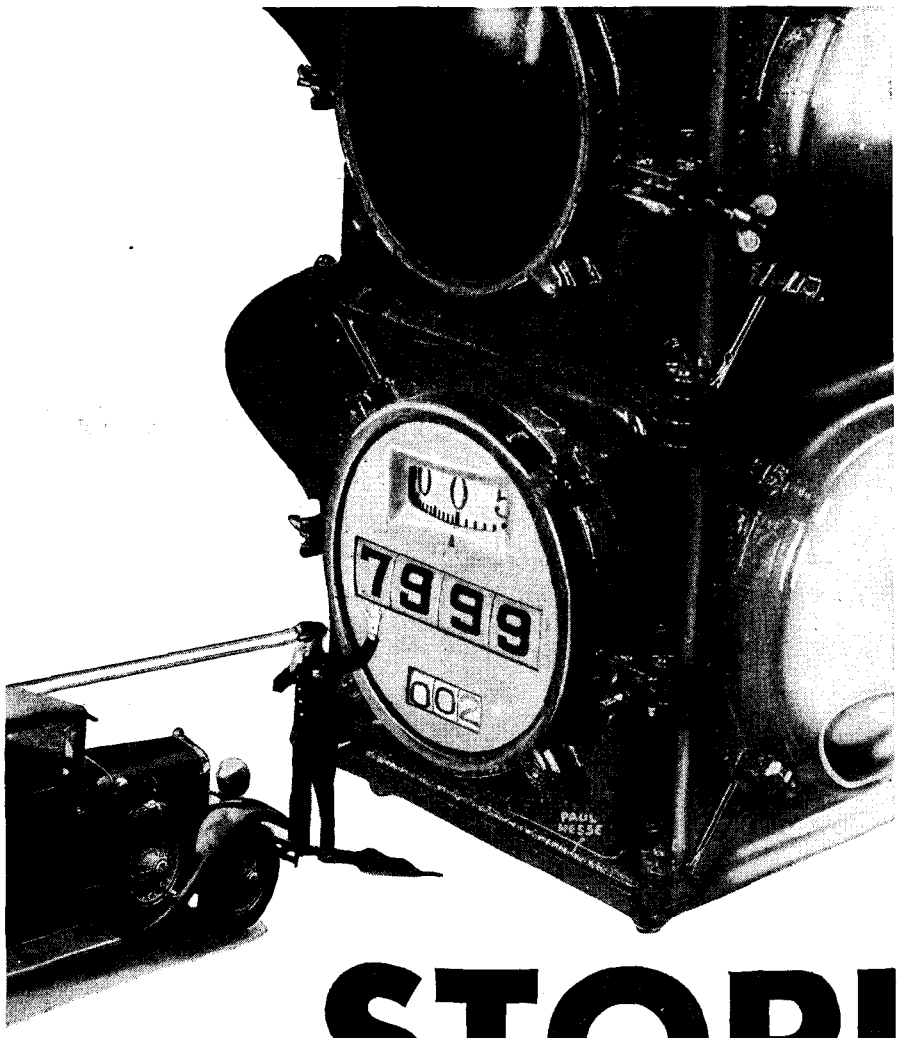
But, despite his firm stand on states' rights, he has been practically noncommittal on national prohibition all through his year and more as governor of New York. "For better or for worse," is about as far as he ever goes on prohibition.

The threat of a third party, liberal and wet, hangs over the campaign of 1932. The wets have already called a convention to nominate a third candidate, one who is sure of his opinions on prohibition, as Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler is.

The wet party, if it comes into being, will have plenty of money and plenty of enthusiasm. And it will come into being if both parties put up drys or straddlers. If a wet candidate is nominated he will wreck the Democratic party by taking away from it all possibility of carrying the Northeastern states in which the Democrats have been making progress ever since prohibition hopelessly split the Republican party in that section of the country.

A wise thing for the wets to do would be to meet in Baltimore, where their convention is to be held, before either the Democrats or the Republicans hold their national convention in 1932, and declare their willingness to indorse the candidate of either party, provided he is a real wet—such a man as ex-Senator James W. Wadsworth of New York among the Republicans or Governor Albert C. Ritchie among the Democrats. They might further declare their intention to put their own ticket in the field in case the two parties nominate drys or straddlers.

If this fall's congressional elections result in important wet victories comparable to that in western Massachusetts, the wet convention in Baltimore can come pretty near to forcing the Democrats to nominate a wet for President in 1932.



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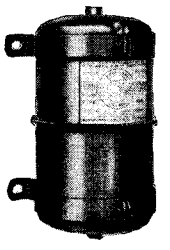

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STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Collier's, The National Weekly, published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, for April 1st, 1930. State of New York, County of New York,—ss.: Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Thomas H. Beck, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the P. F. Collier & Son Company, Publishers of Collier's, The National Weekly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, P. F. Collier & Son Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, William L. Chenery, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Charles Colebaugh, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Thomas H. Beck, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Crowell Publishing Company, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is—— (This information is required from daily publications only.) Thomas H. Beck, Business Manager, Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of March, 1930. (Seal.) Mary L. Walker. (My commission expires March 30th, 1931.)

NOTE—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D.C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.

Be Guyed or Guided

Continued from page 36

baggage generally is inspected in the cars, thus saving time and trouble for its owners while the luckless traveler with trunks awaits the pleasure of examiners at his destination.

Take your golf clubs along if you feel like it. There are scores of fine courses in France, Belgium and Germany where visitors' privileges may be had by showing the membership card of your home club. Hotel proprietors can often arrange for visitors to play. In England there are many splendid public courses while Scotland offers the famous St. Andrews for something like sixty cents a round.

Choosing Wines

In choosing your hotel, do not be influenced too much by the outward appearance of the building. Don't reject a recommended hostelry just because you find that it's on a narrow, uninviting street. Some of the most famous and most comfortable hotels in Europe look out on little better than back alleys. And if real "atmosphere" and the charm of historic tradition mean anything to you, you may often enjoy them in just such places without any sacrifice of comfort.

Just behind the Haymarket in London, and within a stone's throw of a building in which thousands of visiting Americans get their mail, there is just such a hotel. Register there and you are immediately carried back to the England that Dickens knew. Your polished room key hangs beside a row of candlesticks of gleaming brass which travelers used in Byron's day to light their way up the Georgian stairway. You may light your way up with one of them if you will, and sleep in the room that Byron used. There's a modern bathroom adjoining it today but if you leave a call you will still be awakened by a solemn retainer bearing hot water in a pitcher of mirror-like brass—soft water for your shave, sir. He will brush and lay out your clothes and bring your shoes, blackened and polished like a grenadier's.

Garland's is the name and Sussex Street, Haymarket, the address.

Such places abound in the provinces of France, Germany, Belgium, and Luxemburg, and may still be found, with more difficulty, in the capitals. Our embassies and consulates, the officials of American clubs and chambers of commerce, the bankers who honor your letter of credit and other travelers encountered en route will often help you to find them. To follow the conventional tourist trail—the "green" line laid down for the "green" visitor by guide and ballyhoo—is the easy way to ensure a more or less comfortable but entirely conventional European experience. By exerting a little initiative the American abroad may experience the thrill of personal discovery, enjoy more freedom and get a better picture of the countries visited and a less hackneyed experience all around.

If you say "duck" to a Paris guide it's a safe odds-on bet that he'll answer "Frederic" and lead you down by the Quai des Grands Augustins to the Restaurant de la Tour d'Argent. Now Frederic serves a pressed duck that's as pleasant to take as a dividend check but it would require Roger W. Babson to figure out how many American tourists he serves them to every season. If you want to be individual, and have a different sort of duck, why not try the *caneton aux oranges* as Prosper Montaigne does it in his quiet little restaurant on the Rue de l'Echelle? Something simple like a good boiled dinner may appeal to both you and your pocketbook when meal time rolls around again after the visit to Prosper's. If so, why not call on Prosper's friend, Jean Casenave, in the Rue Boissy d'Anglais? Ask for *poule au pot, Henri IV*. It's boiled chicken and it's so good that Prosper often turns up his nose at his own menu and goes and sticks his feet under one of the little tables on Jean's sawdust-covered floor.

If it's hot in Paris and you feel like driving farther out, why not try the Tipperary Bar in Chantilly, a quiet, unpretentious little place with no earthly excuse for its name? Order a steak with pommes de terre *Connetable* and a good bottle of wine. You'll have something to write home about.

I said a good bottle of wine. With a few "first principles" understood it is easy to know what one is getting. Before getting any, it is necessary to know how to choose wines appropriate to the accompanying dish, for chocolate sauce on the porterhouse would be no more of a shock to Beefsteak Charlie back home than Chambertin with oysters would be to the average French waiter. He'll hail you as a gourmet if you drink dry white wines with your *marennes* as the French cousins of bluepoints are called, slightly sweeter white wines with fish, fine red Bordeaux with roasts, Burgundies with game and Sauterne or champagne with desserts.

In choosing wine study the label. No label means *vin ordinaire*, nondescript inferior wine grown "somewhere in France" and worth five francs or twenty cents a bottle at most. Wine labeled "Bordeaux," white or red, is bulk wine from poor vineyards of that region and worth about twice as much as *ordinaire;* slightly better Bordeaux wines are those labeled Medoc, St. Emilion, Pomerol, etc., and produced in undesignated vineyards in the regions whose names they bear; better still are wines marked with the name of a château but bottled by a dealer and best of all are the classified château growths bottled at the château of origin in the best wine years. Good Bordeaux years at particular châteaux were: Lafite '96, '07, '20; Latour '16, '18; Margaux '14, '20. Excellent years for all Bordeaux wines were '90, '93, '99, '00. Good years were: '95, '98, '04, '05, '06, '11, '16.

Literally Speaking

In Burgundy the château system of bottling with its consequent guarantee does not regularly obtain. Burgundy of the white variety such as Chablis, Meursault or Pouilly, or of the red such as Chambertin, Pommard, Romanée or Richebourg, may conceal their vineyard origin and still be excellent. Good Burgundy years were: '99, '04, '06, '11, '15, and '19. For the rest you must trust your wine waiter. Don't forget to tip him if he serves you well. Ten per cent of the wine's cost will do.

I have mentioned only the principal wines of France. They set the standard for wine the world over and, knowing them, one may judge others.

Be prepared to find something "cute" and "amazingly cheap" in the first shop visited at every stopping place. Be prepared also to pass it up. That which seems novel and cheap at first sight generally turns out to be commonplace and expensive.

A tour of a department store is a liberal education on values. Most of them supply interpreters or, in London and Paris, there are professional shoppers who get their commission from the shops. It is not added to the price you pay.

In Continental countries most offices and shops, except department stores, close from noon until 1:30 or 2 o'clock. Walk in at 11:55 and you'll get short shrift from the clerk who had a swallow of roll and coffee at 7 A. M. and has been bearing up solely on the hope of lunch. Don't get up bright and early on Mondays in Paris with the idea of getting to the department stores before the crowd. They are all closed until noon on Mondays.

Don't think the salesgirl is holding you up if she says: "I demand the money!" She's making a literal translation of a polite request. She just wants some small change. Don't think her fresh if she says she's afraid you're deranged. She's not apprehensive of your mental state; she's merely afraid she has caused you trouble.

If the French barber asks you if you want vinegar on your face it is not, necessarily, because he thinks you enjoy being pickled. What he calls vinegar is face lotion.

By observing the unwritten laws of national custom the American in Europe is merely making things easier for himself. There are, however, certain arbitrary rulings governing sightseeing which he should flout unless sightseeing is to become a chore instead of a pleasure.

Do as You Please

In the art galleries, for example—perhaps in the Louvre—you find a little picture which particularly interests you and you linger to admire it.

"Follow along," orders the guide. "We are coming to Whistler's Mother."

Now, no law of the Medes and Persians was more rigidly upheld by custom and tradition than that which decrees that Americans visiting the Louvre *must* see Whistler's Mother. You may have seen it before—you may have seen so many copies of it that you're sick of it; you may infinitely prefer to look at your little picture. But you mustn't stop; custom and the guide urge you back to the trail over which tradition (and the touring companies) decree that all conducted tourists must pass.

Or you are visiting some crumbling old château and want to admire the view. But the guide seems to think your happiness depends upon knowing that Pepin of Heristal went into Austrasia some time in the fall of the year 678 A. D. Don't let him fool you into thinking you must write that down and remember it.

Suppose you get back home and say: "I didn't want to see the Mona Lisa. I was more interested in the Ingres drawings. I passed Whistler's Mother and just glanced at the Winged Victory—I had seen so many photographs of them and I wanted to give more time to the Holbeins. The Velasquez got the missus and we dished the guide and dropped down to Spain and saw the others at Prado."

Suppose you give them time to gasp and then go on:

"History? I didn't worry much about that. I don't remember whether Henry the Fourth was anointed at Rheims or not, but I'll never forget how Charlie Whatshisname and I got pretty nearly anointed at Chartres. The stained glass in the cathedral there is something else I'll never forget; it's swell."

What would happen? You might give the local dilettanti the shock of their artistic lives. But you would have had a really good time.

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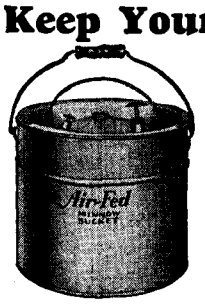

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Lily of the Ballet

Continued from page 17

reptiles poured themselves in a sunlight dance.

She ran away from a convent in Portugal to join a traveling show, and later was sent to a stricter convent in Madrid where her father was engaged at the time. War broke out, and on a grim day in the late winter of 1915 she and her mother received the yellow slip that notified them Captain Carre (her family name) of the French Infantry had been killed in action around Château-Thierry.

Lily's mother was broken-hearted. They had very little property. Lily went shopping for a job and landed one with a ballet, having acquired furtive training as an acrobatic dancer. The child was unusually precocious. As she bloomed into her teens she wore clothes which made her look older, and became soubrette with a road company.

Appearance with Bernhardt

"I discovered," she says, in a lively voice, and with a vocabulary whose range is unaffected by an amusing accent, "that I had a natural bent for languages. Two years in Portugal had given me a knowledge of Portuguese. This was followed by two childhood years in Spain, in which one other language was acquired.

"I read no books. I bought newspapers from Lisbon and Madrid to retain familiarity with those languages. And my native French gave me three tongues.

"Dissatisfied with working for two or three hundred francs a week in stage companies at the Theâtre de Capuchin and other houses, I organized a little company of my own. It was on the American revue plan—a midnight show which I produced myself at the Ronacher Theater in Vienna. It was successful. I made money. The company went to the Tempelhof Theater in Berlin. Then back to Vienna.

"I made more money, no love whatever, and learned German."

A picture magnate in Hungary, named Curtis, saw her perform in her midnight follies. He introduced himself.

"You will camera well," said he.

"When I am ready," said Lily.

"And when will that be?"

"When I shall be a star. It is enough to work one's way up in one profession without repeating the struggle in another."

"I proclaim you a star," said Curtis.

Three months later "La Poupée de Paris" scuttled successfully across European screens and Damita was to appear behind no more footlights until she reached New York.

"I was determined to do two things before I was twenty," she says. "To learn English and to link my name with the great Bernhardt."

By twenty both these things were part of her personal history.

Noel Coward, spotting her in Paris, picked her for the title rôle of his movie play, The Queen Was in the Parlor.

"That," she declares, "was a beautiful picture—for those who like parlors."

Its making gave her six months in England and enough knowledge of English to understand American contracts when they were subsequently submitted. It also enabled her to enjoy conversation with a dazzling young man who later claimed her attention at a fashionable cabaret in Biarritz. After their pleasant meeting had concluded with an exchange of compliments, a dowager brushed up to her breathlessly.

"You've been entertained," she purred, "by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales."

Lily was not caught off base.

"Precisely as I planned, madame," she said.

Amid all this early professional and social success she kept her head—an exceptionally pretty head to keep.

"Were there," the question was ventured, "invitations to be married?"

"Yes," she said, and her eloquent brown eyes became guarded. "A man from—but he is married now. Oh, I know what it is to be in love. It is bruising, even when one deliberately thrusts it aside."

"Why," the interrogation began—and then we remembered Bernhardt.

"French motion picture producers persuaded Madame Bernhardt to make one final appearance before the camera," she said. "I instantly seized the opportunity to join the company.

"My rôle was that of her grandchild. The story was not good. I fear that in her heyday Bernhardt would have scorned anything so trivial as a sentimental piece about suffering mothers. But Bernhardt was broke and very, very old. She was glad to get a few tnousand francs.

"The shabby old house in which she lived was a museum for dusty souvenirs of her great days. The old lady was never tired of pointing these out—a mirror given her by the late Duc d' Orleans, a comb—its genuine jewels extracted and paste inserted—that was the gift of the Empress Eugenie, a beautiful brooch which King Edward, when the Prince of Wales, had given her for remembrance.

"When she faced the camera, even at that patriarchal age, the old fire kindled in her black eyes. She was crippled and could barely move, but she threw her arms into majestic gestures, and her voice, brave and resonant, although not well sustained, would have registered for the talkies.

"But she was ill—living only on bread and champagne, and the wine, of course, not of the best quality. We of the company were advised not to entertain her at meals under any circumstances. Her doctors declared that any deviation from the simplest nourishment would wreck what wreckage was left of this magnificent artiste.

"One evening, after a fatiguing day before the Klieg lights, she told me she was going to indulge her passion for salami, doctor or no doctor. She did.

"And she died—of acute indigestion. Curious how the life of a great tragédienne ended in the tragedy of gratifying a slight desire after a career of rigid self-control."

An Athletic Plunger

To America Damita came, was seen, and conquered.

At first this young Parisienne was daunted by Hollywood, which is just as much a graveyard for talent as it is an incubator. She had, however, the advantage of hard training and a dominating will.

The sensational triumph of the Big Parade led its producers to shoot more war stuff. Geniuses in the Fox outfit produced the script of The Cock-Eyed World. Such an æsthetic title aptly describes such an æsthetic piece. Victor McLaglen, the English giant, who sings like a walrus, talks like a he-man and acts like a fascinating roughneck, played opposite Damita.

(*Continued on page 60*)

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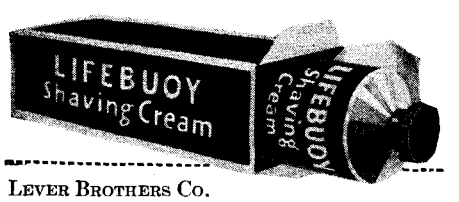

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(*Continued from page 59*)

"But," said an executive to her, "you're a trifle too delicate. See. You're a robust country gal in this piece. See. No archness. Just a dame having a whale of a good time with Yankee fighting men. See."

This called for proof of technique. In a scene where the Yankee fighting men were billeted in her home she had to show her stuff. High executives of the company were there to see it. Fixing her hair—in dishabille, of course—before her bedroom mirror, Lily was supposed to espy the burly Yanks entering the cottage. Their steps resound through the house. What to do? Feign sleep. Not complimentary to the crusading troops, but a way out. With one jump she plunged into bed. Lily is an athletic plunger. The bed broke and she sprawled beneath it.

Sons o' Guns

High executives made an expensive reshot necessary by their laughter, but they certified to her robustness.

Through that entire sequel of slapstick love-making Lily set a pace which even fast-moving Americans found it hard to follow. She was energy personified and "it" to the limit. The picture was what the learned lads of Hollywood call a "wow."

One of the most fanciful narratives penned in years had been acquired for film production—The Bridge of San Luis Rey. Lily wanted that part—of the Spanish danseuse. She got it.

It proved her a fine actress, for if you have seen that picture you have seen the most delicate comedy and the most searching pathos light and darken the same face in the same minute.

There were more worlds she meant to conquer. What was, she asked, this American musical comedy stage? Lead her to it. They gave her the female lead in Sons o' Guns, hit of the season.

"I do not like musical comedy in America," she says. "It is not wisely strenuous. You go through a delicate love scene with your hero and after that is over you break into a gymnastic buffalo dance."

She illustrated. The dance, we report, is gymnastic.

"I know what I am here for. It is to give entertainment and to get money. I am very careful. I do not drink. I rarely smoke. I only go out by myself, for—well, everything seems to be misunderstood. So I go everywhere alone. My friends in Hollywood are the Fairbankses, and they are lovely.

"I have no illusions. For an artist, twenty-four is old. I know that before I am thirty my star will have waned. By that time I shall be back in France, I hope—safely married.

"Yes. I know the man I shall marry. He does not know it. He will."

Thus and so. Somewhere a gentleman perhaps all unaware will some day be clasped for keeps by a vivacious young Frenchwoman who knows how to clasp.

Oats for the Iron Horse

Continued from page 12

Already a wail has gone up in Congress against this unified control of these three great competing roads. Ralph Budd, president of the Great Northern, makes this answer: "There are too many competing roads in the Northwest, in proportion to the number in other parts of the country. This threatens our ability to meet any rate reductions which may be inaugurated by more prosperous roads, and at the same time meet the ever-increasing demands for better service."

And yet Mr. Budd's statement to me would seem to indicate that, while his road would like to have the Burlington, it might be possible to effect the combination "by examining that feature in part if not in whole."

"At least provision should be made," he says, "whereby the unified northern lines would have access to Chicago by means of the present Burlington line."

As consolidation now stands, the I. C. C. has rather unenthusiastically filed its long-awaited complete plan, grouping all the roads into twenty-one systems. A few railroad presidents are willing to attempt to conform to it, but the attitude of the majority ranges from indifference to violent opposition.

Railroad leaders want consolidation. Many critics accuse them of seeking by merger schemes to turn over huge stock profits. Such profits are assuredly made. The Van Sweringens are said to stand to make a hundred million on their plans. Loree made more than twenty million dollars for the D. & H. on one deal.

But there is a more general and powerful reason for consolidations. Railroads make their money out of freight. They do not get all their freight directly from shippers. The New York Central, for instance, in a single month will deliver from 250,000 to 300,000 freight cars to other roads and get as many from them. What roads will it route this business over? Of course, to the roads properly connected with it. It is this huge, indispensable interchange business which drives railroad chiefs to consolidation. It is the hunt for traffic.

So most roads favor it as a policy. But they do not like the idea of being forced, first, to hurry; and, second, to conform to a made-to-order plan laid out by the government. For this reason they are behind the Parker bill in the House, which will repeal the "complete plan" section of the transportation act and permit the roads to engage in voluntary consolidation moves, subject to the supervision of the I. C. C.

Miracles do Happen

Will it ever come about? Certainly the barriers seem insuperable. Stockholders will fight every inch of the way. They will want to get fancy prices for their holdings. Short roads will hold out for excessive valuations. Communities will block it. Thus, the former president of the Marquette warns that consolidation will mean the removal of shops from Saginaw, Grand Rapids and many other smaller places with the extinction of the towns built around them. Many Western congressmen and senators see in it a dangerous tendency toward monopoly. It will not be possible to carry it out without drastic legislation.

And yet the tendency of the times is in that direction. The President is strongly committed to it, and there may be enough railroad presidents favorable to it to drive the others to action, in self-defense. If it comes, says one of its supporters, it will be a miracle.

But miracles do happen. For instance, behold the Congress, which in 1904 was clamoring for the blood of the railroad barons and threatening them with condign punishment if they attempted to consolidate, in 1920 compelling them by law to submit to consolidation! Isn't that a miracle?

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LOCKER ROOM LEGEND NO. 1
No. 2 will appear in this space May 10

"But---ye'll na hit a gude ane!"

Do you take your caddie's advice? Few American golfers do.

Their attitude is not so much a symptom of any know-it-all conviction, as it is a reflection of lack of faith in the American caddie's judgment. The migratory denizens of our caddie corrals are mere bag-toters, not tactical advisers.

It is different at old St. Andrews. The whitehaired, ruddy cheeked connoisseurs of golf who condescend to carry your clubs on the "auld grey links" have a withering contempt for your judgment. These harsh taskmasters contrive to make you feel infinitely small.

Members of this Delphic cult insist on doing your thinking for you and brave is the man who dares dissent. "Ye'll tak the club I gie ye" your armsbearer is apt to snap—fling his clanking burden on the turf and stalk petulantly homeward.

I am thinking particularly of the Walker Cup golfer playing his first practice round at St. Andrews. Deceived by the misty perspective—the absence of distance—gauging landmarks—he called for a mashie on an approach of 160 yards across the Swilcan Burn.

His "boy"—they call caddies boys at St. Andrews even when they're bald-headed, weather-beaten old timers—shook his head decidedly as he held out an iron.

Unconvinced, his patron insisted: "I can get home easily with a mashie if I make a good shot."

"Aye, mon," retorted the skeptic dryly, "but ye'll na hit a gude one."

G. T.

• • •

Golf balls aren't equipped with self-starters. To "hit a gude one" you have to know your game. But when smartly, sweetly hit, the SUPER-HARLEQUIN will do more for you than any other golf ball made.

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The Battle of Gunsmoke Lode

Continued from page 30

claim as his own, with gunsmoke to prove it up. Or he could back-track, establish a defensible position, and back up his rights with gunfire. This meant that Ides would beat him to the record; but he had decided that this was the best he could do.

Instantly he sent word across a desert and a range to the only friend he had whose power exceeded that of Bluegum Ides: Jim Morton, chief engineer for the ten-million-dollar Purple Aster mine. In his message he conveyed to Morton certain explicit directions beginning—"if you can bring a pack train, and half a dozen men that are prepared and willing to fight—" His proposition was to go partners with the Purple Aster.

IT WAS heavy on his mind now that he had little to offer the Purple Aster, even if Jim Morton should come. By this time Ides would have recorded a claim to a site in Crazy Woman's Canyon, and Helms had no more to show than if he had been the claim-jumper, instead of Ides.

Yet he could not persuade himself to yield. He had water and grub. His grip on the canyon might be meaningless in the end—but it was all he had left of his rights to a discovery that he believed worth millions. One thing—he told himself—remained: the gold was still in the vein.

The climbing figure, approaching into closer range, proved to be no member of the Ides gang, but an old Indian known to Helms by the name of Charley Frog. He came on slowly, occasionally waving his shirt; and half an hour passed before he reached the top, limping in high-heeled boots from which gun wads had been cut to make room for his bunions.

"How?" said Helms.

"Yeah," said Charley Frog. He put on his shirt, belting the tail outside of his Levi pants.

"Yeah." The old Indian eased his bow-legged frame to a squat, and twisted a cigarette. "Bluegum says—'Come down now, give you one fifth. Stay up and fight—boy, good-by!'"

"Tell him to go lay an egg."

"You gone nuts," said Charley Frog. "Bluegum, he's beat you to the re-cord."

"You sure he's got it recorded?"

"Gerald Ides high-tailed to Underholt this morning, for that one thing. They wait to see what place you head back for, then—quick re-cord. You make two-ton mistake."

"Yes," admitted Helms. "And if I'd made a run to record it myself, that would have been another. Mono Logan would have back-trailed me to my monuments all right. I'd have got back from Underholt to find my monuments moved two hundred yards down-canyon, and Bluegum's outfit high-grading the vein, with twenty men to swear he located a month ago. My word against twenty, and my monuments moved!"

"No hope," Charley Frog nodded. "You can't do no business in the Little Hat country, not against Bluegum. You should find some place else, far off."

"The gold," said Helms, "is still in the vein."

Charley Frog surveyed him slowly. He liked this tall, sandy youngster. And he recognized that there was a stubbornness in Helms that made talk of no use. Big, quiet, leisurely—but as deadly stubborn as a mountain, or a mule. No setting of the jaw was necessary to Helms, for that single-mindedness of his was built into the fiber of the man.

"You sent for friends? Big miners maybe?" Charley guessed.

"The Purple Aster," Helms told him.

Charley Frog chuckled explosively. "What you got to show the Purple Aster? Pretty quick, Bluegum fills his people in here. Your monuments, to hell. Your word against twenty—to hell. Your re-cord—ain't any. What you got to show?"

"God knows," said Helms.

"No difference. You be all through, pretty quick. Margie Wilson—she likes you; but she won't know which rock pile flowers want put. Bluegum says tell you that."

"Tell him," said Helms, for the first time furiously, "flowers want put in his hair. Now get the hell out!"

"Brains gone bloomp," Charley Frog mumbled, leaving.

Half an hour after Charley Frog's descent the rattling slam of Ides' riflery broke out below, reverberating between the canyon walls. That was an expression of opinion, more than anything else, for the light was failing now. Presently Helms climbed a few yards up the slide, to a place where he had scooped out a rifle pit.

By the time he had eaten a can of beans the sun was deep behind the canyon walls. Beyond the vast vertical rock stands, the darkening sky was saffron, and against it the broken ribs of the world stuck up in silhouette, black and harsh, bristling at the far high crests with a myriad small points which would have been trees in another country, but here were jagged splinters of rock. In a notch of the rock barrier a single puddle of deep color glowed, as if in a cup—purple, blood-red, cobalt and orange, and its warmth made him think of Margie Wilson again.

He shivered, and drew a blanket round his shoulders. Far up behind him against a blue-black sky a single gaunt peak shone with the last touch of the sun, as bright as gold-shot quartz—the quartz that was still in the vein. He set himself to wait.

Bluegum was not a man to remain idle long. Moreover, not too much investigation, by the Purple Aster or any one else, was wanted by Bluegum Ides. Ides held the Little Hat country in a close grip—but Little Hat extended only so far.

JUST before midnight Bluegum Ides tried to force the slide.

There was no moon, and even against the white granite the visibility within the canyon was very low. Helms first fired at six hundred yards, to let them know that they were seen, and rolled a few fifteen- and twenty-pound rocks down for impressiveness. A bounding rock on a loose slide carries a certain loud authority in semi-darkness.

Bluegum Ides, his men fanned out on either side of him, approached stubbornly, crawling upward on hands and knees. At two hundred yards Helms spoke to them from his rifle pit:

"This is your last warning."

He let go a shot that ricocheted almost in the face of Bluegum himself. The shadowy shapes on the granite flattened themselves, and for a time were still; but presently they shifted and began to fade, and Helms knew that the Ides outfit was moving back down.

Twice more that night Ides led his men up the long white slope of the talus, feeling Helms out; and twice more Helms sent them back.

Dawn came slow and late from behind the thirteen-thousand-foot barrier of the Pilots. When the light was clear

(*Continued on page 62*)

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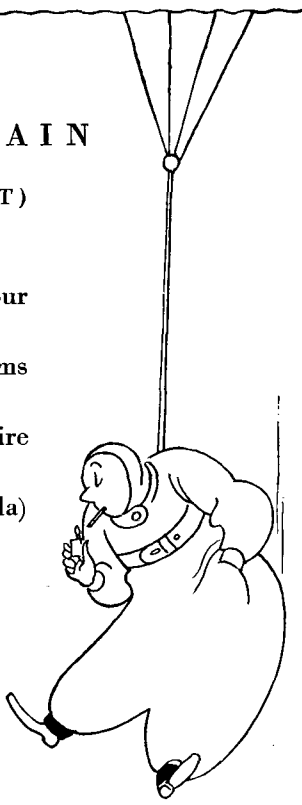

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(*Continued from page 61*)

Helms ate again. Then, deliberately, he stretched himself out in his rocky rifle pit, his hat over his face, and went to sleep. Already he had been awake for twenty-four hours. If he was to hold out long he must outguess his men. He wondered, as he dozed, if the Purple Aster men were on the way; and what they would be able to do for him—if they chose to do anything—should they come.

All day long Helms roused himself at intervals; but the day proved his judgment sound, for the peace remained undisturbed in Crazy Woman's Canyon. At dusk he rose and stretched at last, thoroughly refreshed.

HOURS passed in silent starlight. Ides' watch fire twinkled, a clear spark, far down the canyon, but for a long time Bluegum and his men did not approach.

Then, a long time after midnight, Helms became aware that something was moving on the slide. Bluegum and his men were taking their time, now. Slowly they crawled up the treacherous footing, pinning themselves flat to the chopped granite; and not a pebble rolled down, nor a rock turned under the weight of a knee. Moreover, tonight these men were far less easy to see. Helms guessed they had stripped off their dark outer clothing, and crept upward in their underwear, which matched the rock.

They were in single file this time, working their way close under the shadow of the north wall; and they were within a hundred yards before Helms saw them at all. A shock stirred him as he made them out; he had not believed they could come so near.

Helms spoke in a conversational tone: "Ain't you cold, Bluegum, crawling around the mountain in just your lingerie?"

The gray crawling forms froze to immobility, and were still for so long that they might have been shapes of rock. Helms waited them out. He knew what suspense those men were in, depending for their lives upon a discredited invisibility which was yet their only defense. It was a satisfaction to know that, confused by their long stalk, they could only guess at his general location, above. He could have bagged a couple of them, but he didn't want that, lest it mean ugly complications later on. After all, they could prove him a claim-jumper, unless he got some unimaginable break. The three figures were motionless for a long time, but at last backed down, moving cautiously. It was almost dawn before they were out of sight and range.

As the day came on, Helms leisurely moved his rifle pit from the center of the slide to a point under the north wall. Elkhorn Sneed had been missing, he thought, in the night prowl led by Bluegum Ides; and Helms thought he knew where Sneed had gone.

Consequently he was able to watch sardonically when, in the middle of the morning, a scatter of bullets cracked down from the rimrock a thousand feet above into his position of the day before. For half an hour the unseen rifle talked angrily, raking cracks and corners where Helms might have been, but was not.

Bluegum tried another advance at noon. Four men came up this time, not crawling now, but walking upright, cat-footed, shoeless, with bleeding feet. Bluegum, figuring that Helms had now been without sleep for forty-eight hours unless he slept by day, was trying the latter assumption.

Helms waited until Ides was within four hundred yards, then sent a shot winging over their heads.

"Go on home!" he shouted contemptuously. Then he lay flat on his back in his rifle pit, rolling a cigarette while a dozen shots slammed into the rocks around and over him. He poked his rifle over his barricade with one hand, and answered without looking. Once more he had outguessed Ides. When the counter-firing ceased he looked down to find the four bolting down the slide in headlong retreat. For the first time in days his face crinkled in a grin.

All day long he kept his watch; but though he sometimes saw figures moving far down the canyon they did not come again. All night, too, the watch fire far below told him that the Ides outfit were there, but still they did not come on.

Then, at daybreak, a raking fire from rifles high above began combing Lon Helms' stronghold; and this time, besides a rifleman on the high north shelf which Elkhorn Sneed had used the day before, there was another high on the south wall—a position difficult to reach, but which Big Foot Scott had attained after many weary hours of toil. It commanded the base of the north wall. No longer was there a point on the rock slide from which a single man could hold off those advancing from below. The strong point of Crazy Woman's Canyon was untenable at last.

The rifles, however, swung their searching sights upon rocks only, naked and lifeless. During the night, foreseeing Ides once more, Helms had retired to his second line.

Slowly, cautiously, Ides and O'Case skirmished their way up what little was left of the blind canyon above.

A quarter of a mile above, in a tight winding gulch, lead spat at them from a nest of bowlders, and Terry O'Case spun about and collapsed, shot through the thigh.

Now the slow fight took on an uglier, more savage note. Helms, with his back to the wall in the trap which his own stubbornness had built, was shooting to hit at last. For two hours Ides himself exchanged shots with Helms at the longest range the twist of the canyon permitted. Ides got a broken hand from a shot glanced from the breech of his gun, but was still firing when Scott and Sneed came up to join him.

THE besiegers now began a slower and surer advance, laboriously moving bowlders ahead of them where natural cover was unavailable, forcing the fight to close range. At dusk they were close enough to begin looping broken rock into Helms' defenses. When this brought no reply, Ides shoved his hat into view, then risked his head. Once more Helms was gone.

With Ides it was no longer a question of merely taking possession of Lon Helms' discovery. The prospect hole rested unexplored by its takers. Furious as a wounded silvertip, he sought the man himself. Nor did he believe it possible for Helms to hold out much longer. Except for the long scaling switchback trail to the now blind Upper Shelf, there was little room for Helms to retreat again. Ides waited out the night.

By the light of morning the Ides' rifles prowled what was left of Crazy Woman's Canyon, combing it cautiously. Lon Helms was gone.

Elkhorn Sneed made out a double speck that moved along the goat-walk of the Upper Shelf. That was Lon Helms, leading his horse.

Sneed and Bluegum Ides shook hands, grinning nastily.

"He can't come down, and he can't get out. One of us will set here and gun him if he tries it back. He'll be a pretty starlight mark, working his way back down that bald granite!"

Leaving Sneed to watch, a mustached old he-cat at the trap mouth, Ides went

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down-canyon, to have a look at the fortune he had captured.

"Call it the Fighting Jackass," suggested Big Foot Scott.

"Name it after *him?*" said Ides, nursing his smashed hand. "Hell, no! I'll call it the Gunsmoke—as an example to the next — — — stubborn upstart!"

High on the Upper Shelf, where that ragged edge of rimrock pinched off into nothing at the edge of the Crush Canyon slide, Lon Helms mounted his horse, and gauged the distances with his eye. Then for a long time he studied the far reaches of Crush Canyon, below. To leave Crazy Woman's Canyon to the Ides outfit was a bitter wrench; for though his water was gone, and his cartridges, and he was red-eyed and swaying in the saddle from loss of sleep, that fighting stubbornness of his was rampant still.

HE COULD see now that it was time for him to go. Miles away, toward the mouth of Crush Canyon, he could make out a line of moving specks that could be nothing but a train of men and mules. A slow, ironic smile crossed his mouth; but left again as he regarded the Crush Canyon slide.

This was a moment he had foreseen, and planned for, yet it found him shaky in the knees. Before him the slide of small broken rock gleamed white, a hundred-yard down-striking band so steep that the mind could not understand its temporarily suspended motion. Four hundred yards below, the poised river of rock hung on the dizzy lip of the Crush, with nothing below but a thousand feet of empty space.

In his mind Helms had studied that slide, weighing the chances. He believed it true that no living thing could walk that balanced pour of stone without bringing it down in a mountain-shaking rush. But he had a theory. Once that slide started, a horse that tried to turn up it or across would be smashed and hurled into the abyss. But if a man boldly turned his horse *down* the slide, leaping diagonally downward with the sliding stones, he believed there was a chance that the horse could keep its footing, and reach solid ground on the other side before the roaring slip swept it over the drop.

It had seemed a sound plan, when he had conceived it; an audacious one, but within reason. With the slide before his eyes, it did not seem reasonable now, nor possible at all. A cold sweat broke out on his face. He rolled a cigarette on the second try, and smoked it slowly. A dozen excuses occurred to him for turning away, postponing the plunge. But he knew that if he did so he would starve there before he ever faced the slide again.

Helms abruptly picked a spot three hundred yards below and across the slide, and forced his horse ahead.

Slowly, fly-walking on stiff legs, the animal stepped onto the loose footing of the rock. Three slow quivering steps; five. Under the pony's feet the footing broke suddenly, and they dropped ten feet down the pitch as the slide gave way. The horse under Helms was half down, but fought for its feet, trying to turn back and up. The loosened rock from above smoked downward upon them, and the rock below ran from under their feet. Helms wrenched the head of the horse downward, and slammed in the full gaff of the spurs.

In Helms' ears the roar of the slipping rock rose to a bellow, and a cloud of white rock-dust exploded about him, so that he could not see where he went. Half the mountain had turned to a stone Niagara. He forced the pony's head down, leaping with the catapulting rock. The speed of their drop became impossible, bringing his stomach into his throat. For all Helms knew he was galloping his mount straight over the lip of the Crush itself. He shouted to his horse, but he could not hear himself in the roar of plunging stone. In that moment he believed he faced his death.

Then somehow, on the edge of the Crush itself, the horse found footing, and dragged clear of the clamoring stone. Well, it was over; that fool effort had been the keystone of his plan, and it was done. He rolled a cigarette.

DOWN below, in Crush Canyon, he met Jim Morton, coming in with his men and his mules behind him. Morton, red-faced and foxy wrung his hand.

"Lon, I heard you were dead!"

"I doubt if they can prove it, Jim."

"I heard a bunch of truck. That you didn't record this claim—that it's been jumped and recorded on you, and you haven't any more mine than a rabbit; and that you were trying to jump your claim back, and were having a gun-fight—"

"Oh, that," said Helms.

"If you've brought me clear over here with my gang and my stuff for nothing—"

"They jumped me all right, Jim. But wait a minute. Did you happen to see a tall, saddle-colored Indian buck in overalls, with one ear clipped, as you came through Little Hat?"

"There was one like that drunk in the bar. But—"

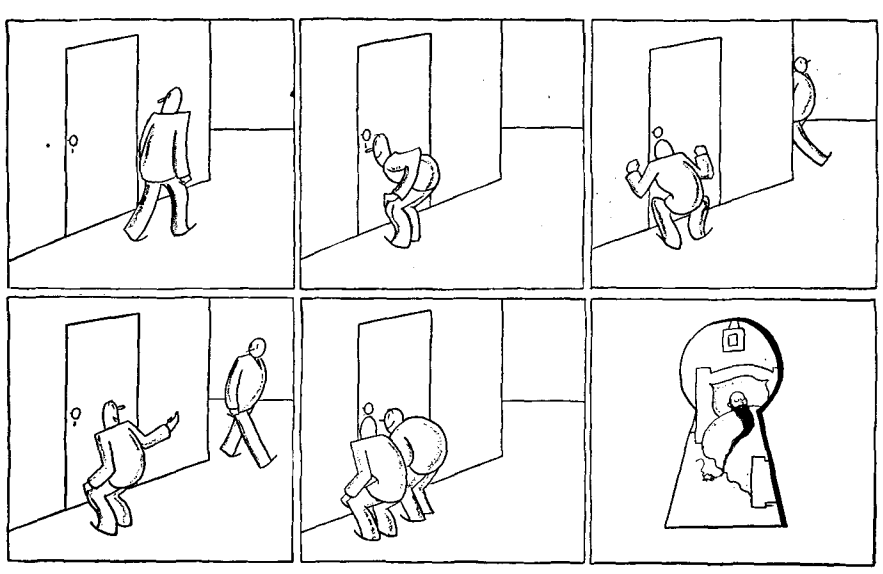
Helms drew a deep breath, and blew it out explosively. "That was a close one, Jim. That was Mono Logan. I gambled they would let him go get drunk, if I made it easy for 'em."

"But if they've recorded your claim on you—"

"I guess I must have outguessed 'em, Jim. I stood 'em off a while in Crazy Woman's Canyon, just to keep 'em diverted, so they'd let Mono Logan off my back trail."

"And your strike?"

"Oh, that," said Helms again. "That's right near here in the Crush."



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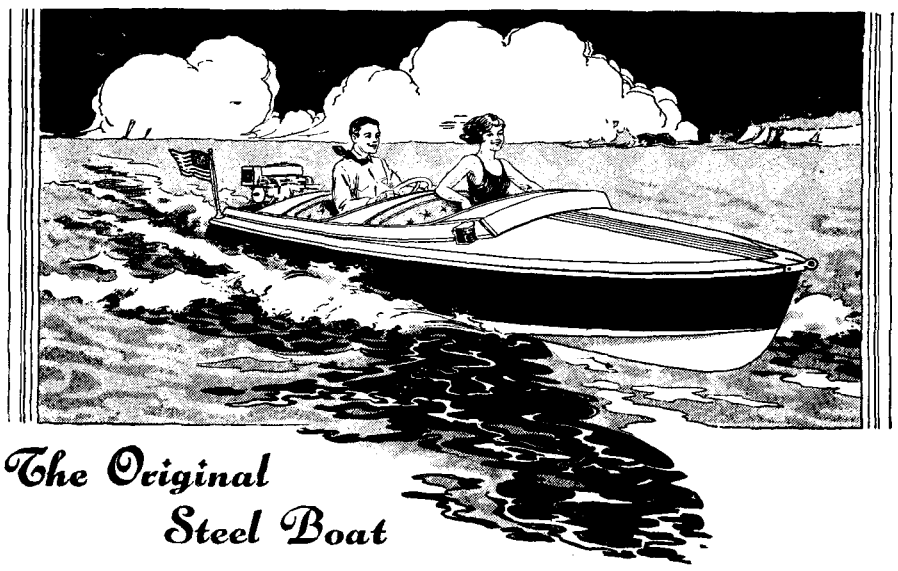

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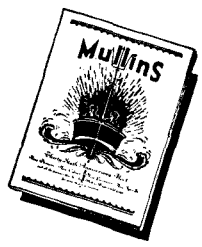

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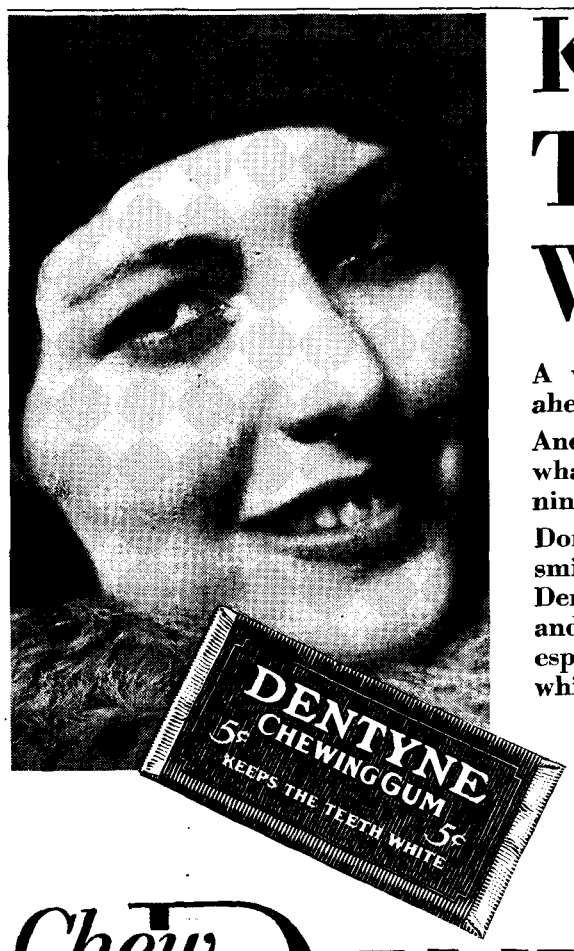

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Chew DENTYNE ..and smile!

The Great Whiskerino

Continued from page 9

"Charmed!" murmured Ruthven.

An orderly brought coffee; and every minute or so other officers came in, bowed, smiled and made strange noises.

After an hour of this, a motor car stopped outside, and a fat colonel entered, bringing with him the sunshine of a vast and toothy smile. The sunshine, thought Ruthven, was like that which emanates from a theater spotlight—bright, but not convincing.

"Oh, my dear Captain Ruthven!" he exclaimed in perfect English, hurrying forward with both hands extended. "You don't know how pleased, how honored . . ."

"CHARMED!" repeated Ruthven mechanically, observing out of the corner of his eye that the younger officers were hastily retreating from the room. "Er—I mean to say, charmed, really."

"Mine is the pleasure, Captain! I am Colonel von Stammer, of Intelligence, Fourth Army. I have looked forward to this pleasure for weeks! You see, we have been trying to get details of the airplane—No. 6182 Scouting Experimental, wasn't it?—ever since you flew it over from Farnborough last spring."

"You don't say?" commented Ruthven, stirring uneasily.

"Yes! But in one week you shot down three of our pilots who were ordered to—er, ha, ha, ha!—how shall I say it? And so I sent for our Captain Wolff to come all the way from Belgium, and for five days he has waited his chance. He was ordered to avoid setting you afire if he possibly could—preferably by killing you or smashing your engine. But, well, you fooled us after all!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" mocked Captain Ruthven. "Rotten shame, wasn't it, after all the trouble you took! And if the wind hadn't been against me, I'd have made the lines. But why in the world didn't your man Wolff follow me down?"

"That," said Colonel von Stammer, a hint of ice behind his bluff geniality, "is something which Captain Wolff has yet to explain. I have sent for him to dine with us. Until then, my orderly is just outside the door. Cigars, whisky, anything—pray command him!"

Dinner turned out to be very pleasant, and so did Captain Wolff, whose English was indifferent but adequate. There was plenty to drink, although von Stammer openly scoffed at the idea of plying Ruthven with wine and getting him to divulge military secrets. "It is purely for sociability's sake," he explained. "Tomorrow, I'm afraid, they'll send you to Karlsruhe, or Schwarmstadt, where the food isn't quite so good."

"Decent of you, Colonel, I must say," conceded Ruthven. "And, Captain Wolff, I want to thank you most sincerely for . . . well, for sparing my life."

Wolff flushed, shifted in his chair, and avoided the piercing gaze of the colonel.

"That," he said, and his hand trembled as he lit a cigarette, "iss most emberressing, Herr Kaptain, because . . ."

"Because what?" prompted Colonel von Stammer. "Your guns jammed of course—or didn't they?"

"No, sir—I vill not lie about it, my guns did not jem. I was frightened away, yes, *frightened* away, by . . . by a bleck ket vich flew across my path on a balloon!"

"What?" roared von Stammer. "A black cat on a balloon? Why, Wolff, my boy—you've been flying too much lately . . . your nerves . . ."

"No, Herr Oberst, it vass not my nerfs—I did not imagine it! The ket vass there in front of me—it came drifting out of a cloud—and bleck kets mean bed luck . . . death! I am sorry, but"—his voice became tense—"such things I belief. . . ."

"Well, I'll be damned!" exclaimed Colonel von Stammer. "Why, what's the matter, Captain Ruthven—you don't mean to tell me you saw it too?"

"No," said Ruthven, "only . . ."

"Come, please!" urged the colonel. "What was it anyway? There's no harm in telling us what you know. Surely such foolishness can't be a military secret?"

Slowly the truth was dawning in Ruthven's brain—the truth, and a devastating rage. "It's a dirty rotten trick, that's what it is!" he shouted, springing to his feet. "I don't care if they are Englishmen, they're a crowd of damned barbarians. . . . I'll tell you—of course, I'll tell you. . . ."

"Yes, yes, of course," encouraged Colonel von Stammer. "There are some things which truly civilized people cannot condone. Have a drink, Captain, and now tell us why. . . ."

There was a knock at the door, and in came an orderly, wiping blood from his face with one hand and clutching Whiskerino with the other. He placed the cat upon a chair, handed the colonel an envelope, and clicked his heels.

"Von Intelligenz Hauptquartier, Herr Oberst," he said.

"Well," exclaimed the colonel, "there's your cat, Wolff, sure enough! Now let's see—h'm, yes, it came to earth in a balloon at coördinates 7:22 82:24 at eight o'clock this evening. Six others were reported in the air today by our aviators in this sector. . . . Great heavens, what *is* the explanation, Captain?"

The Great Whiskerino, his middle still swathed in the first-aid surgical tape which had lashed him to the balloon, was gazing fixedly at Ruthven. In those eyes—those great yellow eyes—was a message!

Suddenly the Englishman gasped, cowered, pushed his chair back from the table.

"For God's sake," he screamed hysterically, "keep that cat away from me! Our Chemical Warfare people, the bloody murderers, are sending over hundreds and hundreds of them! And they're all infected with rabies and anthrax!"

"Mein Gott!" shouted the colonel, overturning the table, and rushing from the room. *"Schnell, Wolff—machen Sie dass Sie 'raus kommen! Bursche, wo ist der telefon, der telefon? . . ."*

There was shouting in the distance, the clump of boots, and the sound of telephone switchboard buzzers. Quickly Ruthven put on the colonel's cap and overcoat, and tiptoed out into the dark, deserted hallway.

"Coast's clear," he whispered. "Come on, Whiskerino, we've got an eight-mile walk before we reach the lines. And then. . . ."

JUST before dawn an infantry staff car turned into the airdrome from the road. In the back seat was Captain Ruthven, and on his lap sat Whiskerino.

Captain Ruthven was thinking of certain remarks he would shortly address to superstitious young bounders who believed in kewpies and rabbit's feet, and who tied black cats to balloons.

The Great Whiskerino was thinking how lucky it was that Rittmeister Wolff's mascot was a mere police dog—a loutish breed which is notoriously deficient in the higher occult powers. He was hoping, too, that there would be liver for breakfast.

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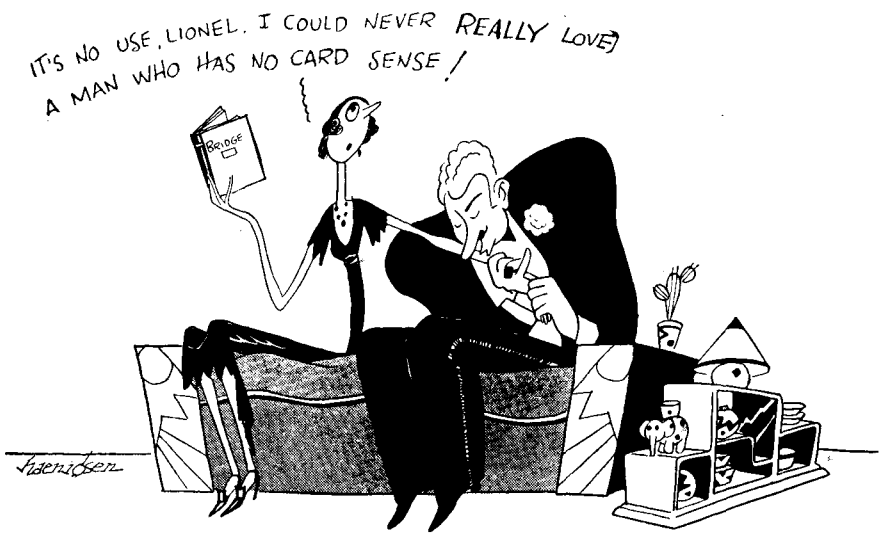

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

	North	
	S. A-J-2	
	H. 10-7-4	
	D. K-J-4-2	
	C. 7-6-3	
West		*East*
S. K-10-7-6-3		S. 8-5-4
H. 9-6-5-2		H. K-8-3
D. 9-7		D. 8-6-5
C. 4-2		C. K-10-9-8
	South	
	S. Q-9	
	H. A-Q-J	
	D. A-Q-10-3	
	C. A-Q-J-5	

I RECENTLY saw the above hand, which was given in last week's Collier's, played in a game of Contract. It was handled perfectly by all four players and embodied several interesting features of bidding and play.

South (dealer) bid two No Trumps. After West's pass, North, with a count of 9, jumped the two No Trumps to three; and that ended the contracting.

While the play demonstrates that a slam can be made by South, it was because the original Spade lead cost the leader a trick, and the location of the adverse Kings of Hearts and Clubs "under" their respective Aces gave the Declarer a chance to shut out both; it is not sound bidding to venture a small slam in No Trumps when the adversaries have three Kings.

Had the hand been played in Auction Bridge, South's one No Trump would have been the only bid.

The Play

West led his Six of Spades, dummy played the Deuce, East the Eight and South the Queen. With the Deuce of Spades played from dummy, most players would have won the trick in the cheapest way with the Nine in the closed hand; failing to appreciate that if the Queen should be retained and subsequently led and West did not cover with the King (with Ace-Jack in dummy, West should play small) dummy could not obtain a Spade entry without sacrificing a Spade trick.

After winning with the Queen of Spades Declarer started to run his Diamonds; but, appreciating that entries were seriously needed in dummy, he created as many as possible in the Diamond suit. To trick 2 he led the Ace, North playing the Deuce; and to trick 3 he led the Queen, North playing the King. The overtake could not cost a Diamond trick even if West held four Diamonds originally, because Declarer was left with two high Diamonds.

With trick 3 won by dummy, the next lead was a Club. East tried to fool the Declarer by playing the Nine, but the Declarer false-carded also by winning with South's Queen; then, as the last adverse Diamond must fall, he led the Ten from South and overtook with North's Jack.

It will be noted that by this method of handling the Diamonds the Declarer was able to take three Diamond tricks in dummy and one in closed hand, instead of two in each hand. When dummy entries are needed, it is by expedients such as the above that the expert obtains an advantage over the thoughtless player who overlooks opportunities for making up hidden entries.

Winning with the Diamond Jack, dummy led a second Club, on which East played the Ten and South the Jack. It now looked to the Declarer as if the adverse Clubs had been evenly divided and by leading the Ace he could establish his Five of Clubs as a thirteener. However, that could be tried later; Declarer's present business was to finesse his Hearts, so to trick 7 he led the Trey of Diamonds from South and won with the Four in North. Then came a Heart from North and a successful finesse by South.

The Declarer, with one more entry in dummy, now apparently had a grand slam assured. West's original lead of the Six of Spades presumably being his fourth best, he was marked with the King, Ten and Seven as those were the only three higher Spades which were not played on the first trick or left in the Declarer's two hands; but it could do no harm to see if the thirteenth Club could be established while South was in the lead. So to trick 9 South led the Ace of Clubs, on which West discarded and East, hoping that Declarer might have miscounted the Clubs, played the King. But Declarer did not imagine that he had the best Club, so he led the Nine of Spades to trick 10 and took the finesse, dummy winning with the Jack. (Note how different this situation would have been if South had won the first trick with the Nine.) To trick 11 dummy led the Ace of Spades, South discarding his losing Club; and to trick 12 dummy had a Heart to lead through East's King-Eight and toward South's Ace-Queen. Result, a grand slam.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

	North	
	S. 7-6-4-2	
	H. Q-8-7-6	
	D. 7-6	
	C. 8-6-2	
West		*East*
S. None		S. J-10-5-3
H. 4-3		H. J-2
D. A-Q-10-5-4-2		D. 9-8-3
C. A-K-Q-10-3		C. 9-7-5-4
	South	
	S. A-K-Q-9-8	
	H. A-K-10-9-5	
	D. K-J	
	C. J	

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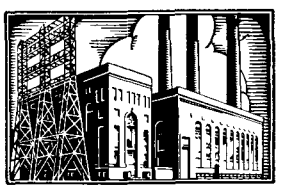

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THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Devil and Diplomat

THE devil was very useful while he lasted. It was very comfortable to be able to shift to his sinful shoulders our failures and our crimes.

His credit is not so good these days, however, and we have to charge to our own account acts which it would be very pleasant to attribute elsewhere.

Many, disappointed because the Naval Conference at London failed to fulfill their most glamorous hopes, would like to put the blame upon some particular devil of their own choosing. A foreign devil especially would fit the case.

After the Peace Conference at Versailles we had a lot of devils on whom to put responsibility for whatever we didn't like of the peace treaty. President Wilson was a stubborn academic devil in the mind of Senator Lodge. Lloyd George was a glib Welsh devil to John Maynard Keynes. Clemenceau was a histrionic French devil to many.

We shall have to change the legend this time. Herbert Hoover is a respectable Republican and a Quaker and he is just as eager to reduce naval building and to assure peace as any man alive. Ramsay MacDonald put in jeopardy his career and his personal safety because even during the World War he favored peace. MacDonald proved his sincerity if ever man did. André Tardieu is a highly civilized Frenchman who infinitely prefers peace to war. The Japanese and the Italians at London are sensible and just men. There is not a Machiavelli among them. Yet very generally disappointment is expressed that the conference got no farther.

This time we, the people, must accept a large part of the blame for the shortcomings of our representatives. If the diplomats at London could not give us a guaranty of peace we ourselves are responsible. We have no devil and no diplomat to blame. They will go as far as we will let them.

We must go on paying high taxes to build ships designed to destroy other ships and to kill our enemies because we, like every other people, are the prisoners of our own fears, ambitions and pride.

Secretary Stimson, Ambassador Morrow and the other American delegates could very easily have worked out an idealistic treaty if the diplomats could have ignored the dominating opinions and prejudices of their countrymen. That was impossible. Treaties have to be confirmed by senates and public opinion.

So we have seen the curious spectacle of highly efficient men failing to do what they were instructed to accomplish because the people back home who want peace were fearful of the machinery designed to give them what they demanded. We are like children afraid to swallow the medicine prescribed by the doctor because it has a bitter taste.

At any rate we want a navy as big as the biggest and we don't want to sign any contracts to help anybody else in the event that war, already outlawed, should unlawfully return.

We don't want even to agree to submit all of our possible quarrels to the World Court or any other international institution. We know we won't do wrong and our dignity does not permit us to submit our controversies to an international court.

All other governments and peoples see themselves much as we regard ourselves. Every nation wants a fighting force capable of coping with any imaginary enemy. Every nation has a natural pride in not wanting to appear inferior in power or privileges to any other people. Italians, French, British, Japanese, are as jealous of their national prestige as we are.

International rivalries often enough have substantial foundations. Trade, immigration, boundaries, investments, these are the solid background of international controversy.

We ourselves are at no great pains to conciliate any foreign people when our own interests are involved. We register protests when France proposes to put a prohibitive tariff upon motor car or motion picture imports but we are little inclined to regard anybody else when we write our own import duties. An American tariff is a domestic American concern and then we think that a French or a Chinese tariff is also an American concern if our exports are involved.

Back of the Naval Conference lay unmentioned issues of this nature. These are the solid but unadvertised rocks which made easy sailing at London impossible.

Public opinion needs leadership. If we had had a frank discussion of the barriers to naval agreement before the conference, hopes might not have been so high and accomplishment not so disproportionately small.

Certain it is that we can't have peace—or much else that is desirable—without paying for it. Equally certain is it that nowhere has public opinion been willing to make the sacrifices essential to naval limitation. Such a dilemma is a challenge to the best leadership statesmen can offer.

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